THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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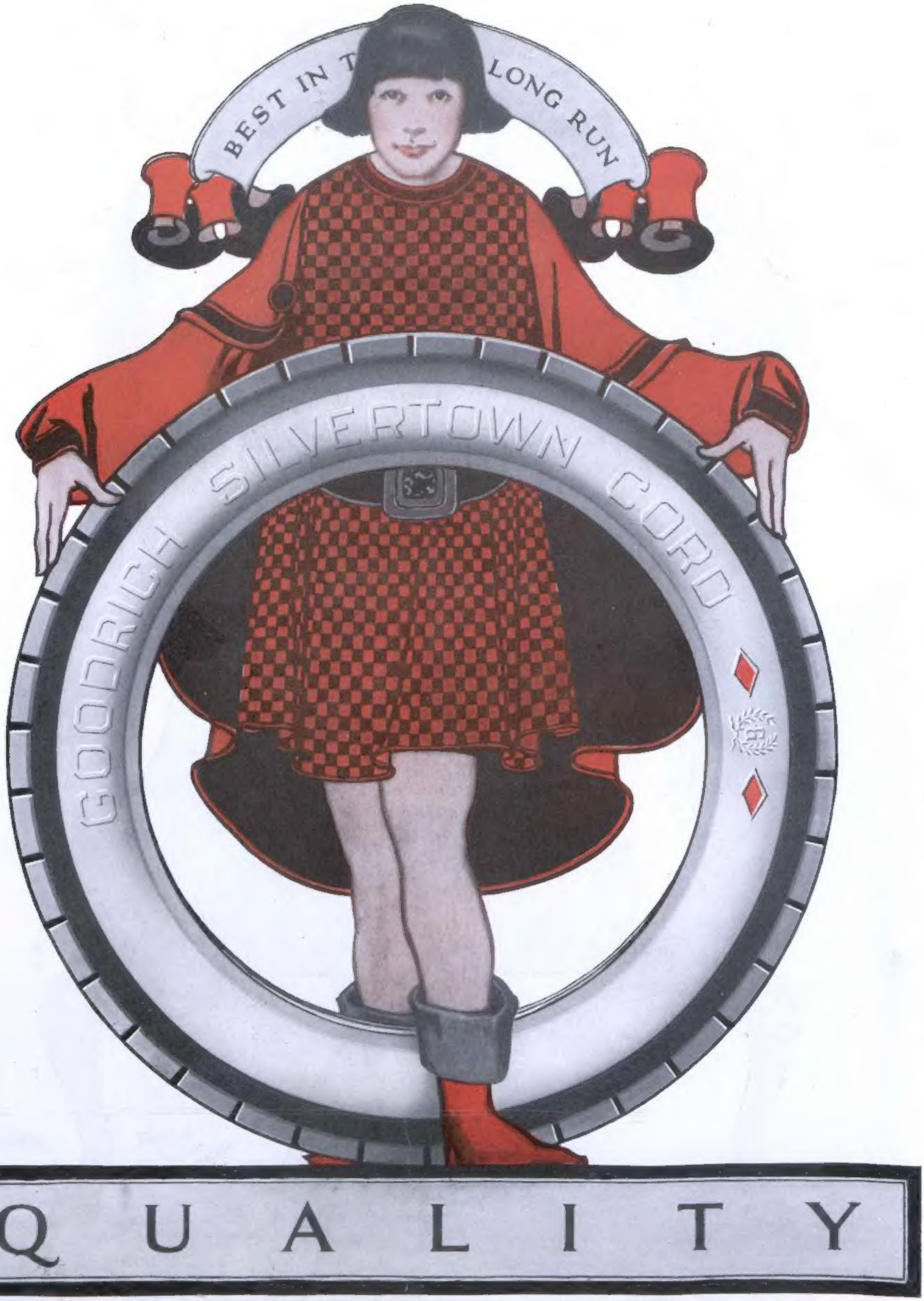
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"Twenty."

"Twenty-five."

"Forty."

"Fifty."

No, this isn't an auction sale. It is just some of Sally Jollyco's friends answering her question, "How much do you pay for your toilet soap?"

"Speak up, Bee Westbrooke, you haven't said anything, and you have the best complexion of us all."

"Oh, I'm not in the running at all when you talk of these high prices," says Beatrice. "I use Ivory. Dr. Verity told me I couldn't get a better complexion soap and I've been using it for—oh, two or three years."

Scene: A hotel bedroom.

Elias Larcom Leffingwell (Mr. Jollyco's business partner): Henry, look here! Ivory Soap in a hotel bathroom!

Mr. Jollyco (with friendly condescension): Well, Larcom, is this the first time you've seen it? You're 'way behind the times. It's been in most of the best hotels I've stayed in for the last six months. But, of course, you haven't been traveling much lately.

Mr. L. (warmly): Feels like home, doesn't it?

How to care for the skin?

Let this well-known physician answer:

He says:

"With a healthy skin of normal resistance the only care needed for the face is to keep it clean and to protect it from damaging influences. The way to keep the face clean is to wash it, sometimes with soap and water, sometimes with water alone."

"A soap should be bought not as a panacea for skin troubles, but for its humbler quality of cleansing the skin."

These paragraphs are quoted from "The Care of the Skin and Hair," the authoritative book by Dr. William Allen Pusey, whose opinion every physician respects.

Cleanliness!

That is the basis of all complexion care.

Cleanliness!

That is the only good reason for using soap at *all!*

Ivory Soap *cleans* and cleans *safely*—these are the only claims ever made for Ivory.

Ivory Soap is pure, mild and gentle. Ivory Soap is white and delightfully fragrant, as the finest soap for the skin *should* be. Ivory Soap quickly produces a rich, cleansing lather, that rinses off promptly. And Ivory Soap floats!

The "magic" of Ivory is simply the magic of delightfully refreshing, healthful cleanliness, the prerequisite of all complexion beauty. Ivory has provided such magic for *forty-four years!*

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The particular blouse she is wearing today is a year old, yet its colors are just as fresh and dainty as when Mrs. Jollyco bought it. It has always been washed, you see, in Ivory Flakes, which is simply the flaked form of the same good honest Ivory Soap that Julia and Mrs. Jollyco both use on their faces.

IVORY SOAP

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Where Do We Go From Here?

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IF YOU could mount some commanding peak and get a sweeping view of the whole world you would find that it is a vast valley of indecision. To the Far East stretches China, writhing in well-nigh incredible political chaos, while her neighbor, Japan, still struggles with the destructive by-products of wartime expansion and extravagance. Nearer to the West, India and Egypt quiver in discontent; and the Balkans continue in eruption. Across the Dardanelles the crescent of Islam once more flouts the cross of Christianity. Europe is revealed as a welter of hate, with the shadow of war, heightened by French military diplomacy, still brooding over it.

This nationalistic ferment is matched only by an economic discord in which inflation has become chronic. Statesmanship seems to be bankrupt; for opportunism, self-interest and political expediency rule. Even America, solvent and self-sufficient, is unstable in the larger matter of a fixed purpose. On all sides lurk unrest and uncertainty. It is a case of a universe adrift.

Most of this mess is the natural and inevitable outcome of the Great War. It not only ruptured international relations, dislocated commerce and begot a heritage of financial debt and human misery, but left mankind at cross purposes. Instead of readjustment and reorganization, peace, or rather the unrest miscalled peace, has brought only discontent, disillusion, bewilderment and a sterilization of will. Everywhere you find transition, no less in America than in Europe, Asia and Africa. What is the objective?

Ever since the signing of the Armistice I have been putting the probe into the happenings of various foreign countries. Reason and reparations have been strangers. The instinct for destruction overwhelms the idea of conservation. A considerable patch of this earth, therefore, remains in the clutches of fear and force. The trouble in some respects is more pathological than political.

Through all the centuries travail has been the cradle of leadership, as the careers of Cromwell, Washington, Napoleon and Lincoln attest. Yet the messiah who is to lead Europe, and through Europe the rest of the world, out of the miasma of misunderstanding is apparently unborn. If alive he has remained under cover.

Out of the maelstrom of selfish conflict and near-disaster abroad, one clear conviction emerges: Isolation is not compatible with general stabilization. It means that you cannot deal with one nation without touching all the others, so interrelated are their economic and political destinies. Before the war the world was an economic unit, the result of years of intensive and more or less harmonious productive effort. Having been sundered, this international economic fabric must be reunited. But how?

An immense amount of publicity has been devoted to the nebulous quantity called international obligation, but it has never been clearly defined. There is a general tendency to shift burdens to other shoulders and let it go at that. No nation seems to have a definite procedure at a time when humanity is at stake.

In the revolt against civilization the essential issue of coöperation has been scrapped. Each year since the Armistice has been hailed as the critical year, but the crisis only becomes more aggravated. Europe has been one futile conference after another. This chaos cannot continue indefinitely, because a world at sea will eventually hit something.

The next twelve months will probably be vitally significant, for one of two things must happen: Either a dominant nation will assume the rôle

of leadership and compel submission to sanity and order through economic necessity, thus showing the way to normalcy, or the whole international economic structure will collapse. Germany today may merely foreshadow other sinister events to come. The rupture of the Entente over reparations and the Ruhr is a sharp hint of a wider fracture fraught with desperate consequences. So much for the bigger picture.

What primarily confronts America just now is not an international but a national responsibility. Sentimentalizing over Europe's plight has made us forget our own. There is much talk about our duty toward Europe and scant realization of our duty to ourselves. It gets down to a case of See America First; not geographically, of course, but socially, politically and economically.

In a cocksureness born of self-containment, the United States has not altogether realized its present-day destiny, because destiny never bends to the haphazard. The proverbial accident that leads men to fame and fortune is usually the result of deep-laid plan and long preparation. In short, like the rest of the world, we grope.

America at the Crossroads

WE ARE duplicating Europe's ineptitude without the provocations that have made Europe falter. We have the wealth, the energy and the capacity, and save for a half-baked radicalism, we escape the mass and class animosities that embitter the Continental peoples. Yet our course is aimless, because we are without a fixed goal. Europe's lack of leadership is duplicated by our own want of direction. Priority must go to the creation of a national and international policy to which the nation can respond with all its resources. That policy should reflect the sentiment of the country if we are to continue as a democracy. It means mobilization of thought and action.

America, therefore, stands at the crossroads of her fate. She can pursue her present aimless way and continue to be the universal cash register, which will only add to her unpopularity—for the surest way to lose a friend is to lend him money—or she can coördinate herself, and through a definite and clearly defined program at home point a constructive precedent for progress abroad.

Incessant foreign loans, like chronic charity, encourage habitual helplessness. They are usually an artificial stimulant. What the country needs is something like standardization of life, labor and law. Once we know what we want, we can readily adjust ourselves to a world attitude, based not on sobs but on business.

Loose talk, shallow thinking and amateur internationalism, all geared up to the universal passion for self-deception, will lead nowhere, because they deal with emotion and are remote from reality.

The immediate task is to appraise the American mind with reference to our problems as well as the problems of Europe. It is idle to assume that they are not linked. But first of all we must find ourselves. By rediscovering America, as it were, we can perhaps indicate some program for the general advancement.

In this series of articles an attempt will be made to appraise the American attitude on the pressing national and international problems. What follows is the result of long travel and much longer talk. I have gone from the Canadian border down to the southern confines of Texas, and ranged the East and West. It has been necessary to regard the United States as a sort of detached country and put its people in the witness box. I have interviewed all types and classes, from presidential possibilities down to the plain man who works with his hands.

No experience of mine has been more baffling. Trying to disentangle the intricacies of German reparations for the benefit of the lay reader, or endeavoring to make an estimate of the maze of quicksilver known as Chinese politics that would stand muster even for twenty-four hours was as child's play alongside the mobilization of what American men and women are thinking about.

One fundamental trouble is that so few of them really think on their own. It is much easier to accept the other fellow's view. The echo is a real menace to the development of an honest opinion. This human sounding board—for such he or she is—is one result of our indiscriminate canonization of material success.

Because a man happens to make more motor cars, boots or anything else than any of his competitors it does not follow that his views on world affairs are particularly sound or accurate. But with an emotionalism more Latin than Anglo-Saxon he is exploited into an authority; and Nature, in the shape of imitation, which follows the line of least resistance, does the rest. Before long he has a school in which ignorant emotion becomes a fine art; and, as someone has observed, "There is no ferocity like an ignorant enthusiasm."

The result is a mass of undigested opinion that rivals the undigested securities of the Hill and elder Morgan era, which only finds its mate in Europe's volume of indigestible hate.

Another handicap is that in a country as vast as ours thought is projected in terms of sectionalism. The South, for example, sees the universe as a vassal of cotton; the Middle West's glasses are colored by the yellow of its empires of ripening wheat; the ear of the North Atlantic seaboard is attuned to the whir of its wheels. So it goes.

Social, political or personal prejudice and preferment also help to distort the perspective. The ribbon hunter—and by him I mean the seeker after European honors in the shape of decorations—can behold no wrong in the lapse of a foreign country, even when his best judgment dictates otherwise.

But he is only one impediment to traffic. Everywhere you run afoul of the jungle of special interests, whose spokesmen cannot see beyond the frontiers of their own domains. In the words of the Washington lady, "There are too many blocs—farm, labor, railroad—and by the same token, too many blockheads."

You cannot wander very far afield, either in Europe or the United States, without discovering that one fundamental trouble with mankind is that it is trying to find a substitute for work. Like the fabled fountain of youth, this panacea does not exist. But in trying to locate the magic waters the whole social and productive machine is clogged. Mass spending for war has been followed by a mass orgy of distraction, when the supreme need is for a mass economy, to be applied to waste, hate and politics.

With politics you really touch the vital spot of the whole international disorder, and these United States of ours are no exception. Ninety per cent of the people with whom I talked from the Atlantic to the Pacific labeled it as the prevailing curse. As in Europe, they have learned the truth of Disraeli's cynical remark that "politics is the art of governing men by deceiving them."

There is likewise a widespread horror—it is the only word to describe it—at the lawlessness of the law, in which the failure to enforce the prohibition act is but a single instance. As one discriminating man put it to me: "We have government by seventy thousand statutes; but when all is said and done there is no standardized government."

But all this is a later story. The effort just now is to set the stage for a panorama of American opinion; a serial of sentiment, so to speak, which may possibly point the path for the progress of the America of tomorrow.

The Moving Finger Writes ——

YOU cannot formulate a policy for tomorrow without understanding the problems of today. But before even this is done it is necessary to get a glimpse of yesterday. We must begin by briefly sketching the chief contributory causes of our present indecision. They involve no elaborate historical approach but a disclosure of the economic and political foundation upon which these shifting times have been reared.

Though we may disdain history, yet we can never escape the significance of its ruthless repetition. It is like the writing of that well-known moving finger, which all our piety and wit cannot efface.

This observation is inspired by the illuminating fact that just as no continent or country at present has a monopoly on discord, so is the very lack of coördination of law, purpose and opinion in the United States

(Continued on Page 181)

THE ENGLISH TUTOR

And Now at Last He Was Ready to Turn Back, Spent and Empty Handed, to the Familiar Misery Whence He Had Come

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE bitter miles of the road, rough with frost-crisped mud that bruised his feet through the broken soles of his shoes, had taken toll of his endurance; the early dark of the Russian November afternoon, venomous with cold, had gathered in about him over the featureless and desert lands. Somewhere in that solitude and desolation there lurked the house that he had come forth to seek—the fabled criminal house whose directions had been given to him in a flutter of whispers—where food was to be had, a sackful for a diamond ring, a truckload for a pair of sound boots. The rumor of its existence had currency in the misery of Moscow like a tale of buried treasure.

"There are no other houses near it. The village is farther on. It stands alone."

It was the woman whom once or twice he had seen and passed on the stairs of the great apartment building that housed him who had told him that. He had never before spoken to her, but he thought he remembered to have heard that she was a nun, escaped with her life, at least, from the plunder and destruction of her convent. She had been coming down the stairs when he returned from his shuddering day-long wait in the four-deep queue at one of the soviet's depots of edible garbage. He had a loaf in the pocket of his overcoat. As they neared each other her eyes went to the bulge it made and rose thence to his face. He smiled faintly and ruefully and drew aside to let her pass. Instead of passing she stood still and looked at him.

Godfrey Hope was a youth in the middle twenties. He wore the wreck of a quilted overcoat and a baldish old astrakhan cap. His shoes were bound together with rope yarns and he had a sack folded shawl fashion about his neck; and for all that, he was as English as afternoon tea. Yes, afternoon tea; the same gentle and genteel amenity, the same small and taking formality that goes properly with the silver vessels and the pretty china. He was of the middle height, slender to the point of flimsiness, small and delicate in feature; and when he made way for a lady, or raised his hat, or performed any minor courtesy, the scenery of a drawing-room seemed to shape in the air about him.

The nun, if she was one, stood some seconds ere she spoke, surveying him with a swiftly narrowed interest.

"Bread?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes," he said, and drew forth the loaf to show her—a thing roughly globular, about the size of two large fists, mud-colored and seemingly made of mud.

It had to suffice for himself and two others who awaited him, huddled in their fireless room above, but he knew he would not deny her a share if she needed it. He was seeking words in which to say so when her gesture put the thing from her.

"Wait!" she said. "I'll tell you. Wait!"

She bent over the stair rail, scouting with wary eyes for possible eavesdroppers. Above them the skylight was opaque with grime. From the hallway below, the light of the open street door rose languidly to show them to each other—he, undisguisable, of a personal quality as fixed and recognizable as his sex; she, tragically grotesque with her dirt-crusted face, her costume of stained khaki trousers and stinking sheepskin jacket, and all her effect of a thing brutally defaced and clumsily patched. They had the stairway to themselves for the moment; and across the great gulf of purpose and experience that parted them she reached, as it were, a hand, crippled and defiled, yet tendering a gift. She spoke, and he listened intently.

"There is such a place, then?"

He stared at her, thrilled yet incredulous, though she had given to him, in whispered snatches of speech, between glances up and down the well of the stairway, directions as detailed and precise as marching orders.

"Truly—truly!" she declared, still in a whisper, but with a manner of passionate assertion. "Would I tell you in jest? Bread—not like that loaf you have there—and potatoes and sometimes other things. I have been there. Why do you doubt me?"

"I don't," he answered, "since you assure me," he added. "I am awfully grateful. But I can't help wondering why you have told it to me, of all people."

Again she steadied her look upon him. She did not smile; it was unthinkable that a smile should ever break upon the breathless tensity of her face. But a sort of bitterness of mirth flickered in the smolder of her eyes. She shrugged.

"Oh, just politeness!" she answered, and moved away.

When he would have called thanks after her she turned and laid an urgent finger on her lips.

"Then I will call on you tomorrow when I return," he promised.

She nodded.

"*Do svidania*—till we meet!" floated back to him.

Her boots, huge and wooden soled, clumped like hoofs on a pavement as she passed on. He watched her to the hall and till she disappeared through the street door. He never saw her again.

Godfrey Hope had been English tutor to the little grandson of Prince and Princess Orlovsky, living with his employers in their great old country house among the woods of Kaluga. The boy's father and mother had fetched him away before the moment when Russia went rabid. Hope had stayed on through the *jacquerie*, when the season of murder and rapine was opened and it was too late to get out of the country. He had smuggled his prince and princess to Moscow, with their jewelry and their worthless store of money hidden on their bodies. He was still with them, finding them food as he could, interposing the little he had of strength and resource between them and the blessings of the red millennium, comforting them and drugging them to tranquillity with his little forms of deference and decorum of manners. They were old, and the times had multiplied their years—old and simple and helpless. They had never known the rough surfaces of life. To desert them would be worse than brutal and cowardly—it would have been caddish.

"That damned house!"

He came to a standstill on the dark road, baffled. All the afternoon he had limped and trudged upon his quest; and now at last he was ready to turn back, spent and empty handed, to the familiar misery whence he had come. He began to do so; he was in the act of turning, when the house itself seemed suddenly to stand up in the darkness, actual and near, its thatched roof humped like a stooped back against the lesser gloom of the sky, as though it crouched there in hiding.

"It stands alone!"

The nun had made a point of that; and it seemed to him now, when he approached it and paused to take stock of it, that no other house had ever been so alone. It stood like a tombstone in a desert. Before it the dreary road dragged its empty miles into the void of night; the darkness crowded in upon it; over it the sky was starless; and to the north, where once Moscow had blazed and boiled, dimming the altar candles of her thousand churches with gayer and more gaudy fires, there was again only the blackness of the night, dire with omens.

No light showed at any chink in sealed door and windows. Only the single chimney breathed forth a slim spire of smoke that poised straight as a rod, ghost pale, and steady in the windless air. Save for an occasional handful of live charcoal in a dish, Godfrey Hope had not seen a fire for many weeks. It needed no more; this was the place. He raised his hand and beat upon the door, waited a while, then beat again. Through the thickness of its planks there came to him no stir of movement within. The door fell open without warning. The shape of a man filled its place, a mere bulk of lowered peering head and massive body silhouetted against a glow of light inside the cottage.

"*Shoto takoe?*" demanded the man. "What is it?"

The sudden opening of the door took him by surprise. He had prepared for this moment a little battery of words, discreet and conciliatory, but now he balked and stammered.

"'Gentlemen Unafraid!'" He Quoted to Himself. "You See Them Too?" She Whispered in a Single Gasp. "You See Them Too?"

"*Prostitye*—forgive me! I—er—I came—I was told that you—er ——"

"*Nu!*" The man in the door broke in upon him. He had a deep voice that boomed with cracks of a shriller harshness in it. "It's food, of course! You want to buy food, eh?"

Impatience and angry contempt were in his tone. With his lighted hearth at his back, and his stores of food, he had power. The trumpet of his voice was a vaunt and a threat; and Hope, trembling in the naked road before him, was afraid. For in Russia to have power is to use it for cruelty.

"Ye-es," he faltered feebly. "I—er ——"

"Of course!" boomed the other. "I knew it! Another cursed bourgeois come begging!"

He was slouched forward between the doorposts to peer at his visitor, and now he jerked upright. Godfrey Hope had a spasm of agony. It looked as though the man were going to close the door and the subject together. In mere desperation he took a quick step forward.

"No!" he cried urgently. "No, I'm not! I'm—I'm an Englishman."

It was not what he had wanted to say, but in that stress he had to take words as they came to him; and even as he babbled them forth he was aware of their irrelevance. But the other man stopped short and bent to stare at him again.

"Englishman?" he repeated stupidly.

It was a moment of respite, at any rate; and Hope gathered himself to profit by it.

"Yes," he answered; "an Englishman; and I've brought some very fine things to show you if you'll let me come in for a minute. Just a minute!" he urged with a sudden force, for while he had been standing still the cold had gnawed in him and he yearned to that glowing indoors he could see beyond the peasant's bulky shoulders. "Beautiful things they are; they belong to a prince. You'll want them when you see them."

The muzhik grunted his indifference to beautiful things. But his mind hung as on a hook upon the other matters.

"An Englishman!" he said again. "I thought they were all dead. Come inside and let's have a look at you!"

"*Sei chas*—immediately!" gasped Hope, and found, when he moved, that his legs were weak under him.

The odorous, breath-laden, heat-saturated air of the interior received him like a bath. The flat-topped brick stove, with tumbled bedding and bundles stowed upon it, stood with its door open; there was a lamp, too, upon a table; and at the table sat people—a woman, a young girl and a small boy, who raised slow-witted faces to stare at him. He blinked and smiled at them dumbly, relaxed in a mere passivity of comfort. The muzhik who had admitted him explained him to the rest.

"An Englishman," he said; "come for food. Are you hungry, Englishman?"

There were bowls upon the table that enriched the room's population of odors with the bouquet of that cabbage soup that is to Russia what macaroni is to Italy, at once an institution and a symbol. Hope had evidently come upon the family at supper. The smell of the good, coarse, belly-filling stuff made him actually dizzy.

The muzhik accompanied his words with a jerked thumb of contemptuous invitation towards the table. Seen in the light, he was a thickset, blunt-faced man of middle age with a short brindled beard. There was a sneer on his lips as he waved the stranger to the food. It was nothing to him, this stuff that gave life and strength. He had fed other hungry gentlemen—yes, and famished ladies too. He had seen them pick up crusts from the floor and tear them like dogs. But it was an invitation of sorts, and to Godfrey Hope an invitation was like a cue to an actor. Desire was ravenous throughout all his body; but he smiled agreeably and deprecatingly.

"That's awfully good of you," he said. "But I couldn't think of disturbing your supper."

"Eh?" The big muzhik did not understand. He frowned in an effort of thought, hanging midway between embarrassment and resentment. Then the explanation occurred to him. He nodded to his wife.

"I told you; he is an Englishman," he said, and sat down to his own steaming bowl.

There was a wooden stool near the open fire door of the stove; and Hope, unwinding the sack from his neck, sat down upon it. He was weaker and more weary than he had known. In that balm of warmth he could have dropped his head and slumbered forthwith; but, like the goads that kept the victim awake in the torture of The Vigil—a fine old medieval third degree that the extraordinary commission had revived—those avid stares from the folk at the table, those eyes that gluttonized upon him, wrenched him back from the blessed torpor.

"Englishmen don't eat cabbage soup!"

It was the girl. She made the statement as though she were giving the answer to a riddle. He had to look round, and, of course, he looked round smiling. She sat facing him, with the boy, a dirty urchin of about ten, at her side. She herself was perhaps fifteen, skinny armed, with disproportionately large knuckles to the bony hand that poised the wooden spoon before her ready-opened mouth. Her neck was meager to the point of deformity, a mere stringy stalk for her head and for the sheer wonder of the perfect face, a long oval—the Madonna shape—that fronted him. She had fair hair with brown shades in it, like scorched flax; and the blue eyes under the broad and serene brow seemed to flicker and waver as though the light that shone through them were an unsteady one.

At Hope's smile she dropped her spoon, and her liveliness broke into an idiot grin. From lips like rose petals there jarred a cackle of witless mirth.

"Oh, *matushka!*" she giggled. "Look at the Englishman! He's smiling at me! He's smiling at me!"

"Hush!" The stolid mother put out a thick arm, took the girl by her thin shoulder and shook her gently. "Quiet, now! The Englishman will think you're a fool. Quiet!"

She rocked her to and fro for a few seconds, and the girl seemed to fall back to tranquillity under the movement. Her face settled again to its still, strange beauty, and she resumed her eating. The peasant woman let her arm fall. She turned to Hope and spoke for the first time since he had entered.

"We've got another daughter," she said.

Hope did not understand.

"Ah, yes!" he answered vaguely. "Another daughter, have you?"

"Yes," said the woman; "we have. A clever one too. Tell him, Pavel Ivan'itch, haven't we a clever daughter?"

The muzhik had finished his meal. He signified as much by leaning back on his bench and stretching himself voluptuously.

"Clever!" he said. "H'm!" His eye came round to Hope with a new arrogance; he had more to boast of than mere edible wealth. "*Uchitelnitsa!*" he said impressively. "She was a school-teacher. She had her certificates. That's what she was!"

"Had she really?" Hope, of course, showed the interest that was required of him. "That's splendid! But you said she was a teacher; isn't she one still?"

Husband and wife exchanged a swift look.

"Well, no!" said the muzhik slowly. "When our revolution started she went to Moscow to work for the soviet. She's there now."

Again that swift glance passed. Hope saw it but could not guess its implication. He would have questioned further in pure amiability, but the muzhik rose.

"*Nu!*" he said. "To business! Let's see what you've got."

He lounged forward, his flat hands stuck inside his leather belt. He was disdainful and arrogant still, but with an undernote of indulgence, a good Samaritan who despised his traveler. His big supper was doing its best for Hope.

"Yes," agreed Hope; "certainly; I will show you at once."

What he had to show was in a knotted handkerchief stowed inside his shirt. He had to unbutton and dig in his bosom for it. The woman was clearing away the supper gear meanwhile; the idiot girl was rummaging in a far corner; the boy drew near, a thumb in his mouth, to watch.

"Now this is a very wonderful thing," began Hope.

He laid the handkerchief upon the stool where he had been sitting and produced from it a gold watch, a big fob-distending packet of machinery that had come to Prince Orlovsky from his father. It was a wonderful thing, with the Orlovsky arms splendidly blazoned upon the case and embroidered in faded silk upon the old-fashioned watch lining between the inner and outer cases, and its large frank face, with the slim brown figures raised delicately upon it in gold and the minute filigree ornamentation of its hands. It came of a day when watches were made to be heirlooms, to tick their faithful way from deathbed to deathbed of the passing generations. The hands that pointed the hour of Napoleon's fall pointed also that of the fall of Nicholas; its mortal owner carried an immortality in his pocket.

"You see?" said Godfrey Hope. "Gold, of course; and the workmanship—I tell you, there are kings who have not such a watch as that! And more! It is now seven o'clock. Listen!"

He pressed the repeater catch. Little and sweet, true in tone and prompt, the bells responded. The maker had copied the famous chimes of some Flemish belfry or other, since silenced for good by shell fire; like spirit voices, still, small voices from the world of shades, the watch evoked them. The last of the Orlovsky line was starving, and thus it sang for his supper.

"Isn't it charming?" said Hope. "Have you ever known a watch like this before?"

He glanced up, full of assurance. The big muzhik had his lips tight closed upon a smile.

"I've got three of them," he answered. "I don't want any more. Yes," he said, when Hope would have broken in, "better ones than that! What else have you got?"

"Three of these!" gasped Hope. "But—you can't——"

"Huh!" The man laughed in a short loud shout. He had the best of it this time, and he was enjoying it. "I've had them crawling here at midnight and waiting in the road till I got up in the morning. I've seen them kneeling, like the beggars outside the churches, with their hands full of finer things than that old clock of yours. Kneeling and weeping—yes! Hi!" he called to his wife. "Let the *Anglichanin* see some of the pretty trash we've got! Bring it over here!"

"But, wait!" begged Hope. "I've got a ring, too; a very valuable ring."

It was the great *cabochon* emerald of the old princess, ponderous, priceless. A pope might have worn it without dishonor to Saint Peter. The muzhik waved it away.

"You just see my rings!" he jeered. "I'll show you rings!"

He did—strewed forth upon the seat of a deal bench, from wrappings of sweat-stained rags and cheap little boxes such as peddlers used to sell in the streets to tourists and children. Rings and brooches, bracelets and necklaces; toys of the dressing table and the desk; gems, gold and silver; the débris of lives that had been stamped into the blood mud of the revolution. The stove fire and the lamplight set the litter of it a-sparkle. Like that which oozes between the floor boards when the executioners come laughing and talking together from the slaughter chamber—harlots and Chinamen and the Russians partake of the nature of both—all this had come trickling down to be at last the price of bread and to shine under the thatch of the bread seller.

"Eh?" The muzhik plowed through the mass with a great spade-ended finger. "I'm a rich man, Englishman. What do I want with your belfry watch? Do you think I need toys like that? Why, if I ——"

He broke off abruptly and stared. Hope thought it was at himself.

They were all around him. He looked vaguely from side to side to see what was the matter, when a hand caught him by the sleeve. Startled, he jerked around. The grave, lovely face of the idiot girl was at his shoulder, with its will-o'-the-wisp eyes. She was tendering something to him with her other hand.

"For you," she was saying; "for my Englishman." Hope was at a loss. She was trying to make him take something. "Nice!" she crooned. "For you—nice!"

"Tanya!" The mother moved to take hold of her, with a glare of defiance and challenge at Hope. The dirty urchin was sniggering. Then from the muzhik came the spurt of an oath.

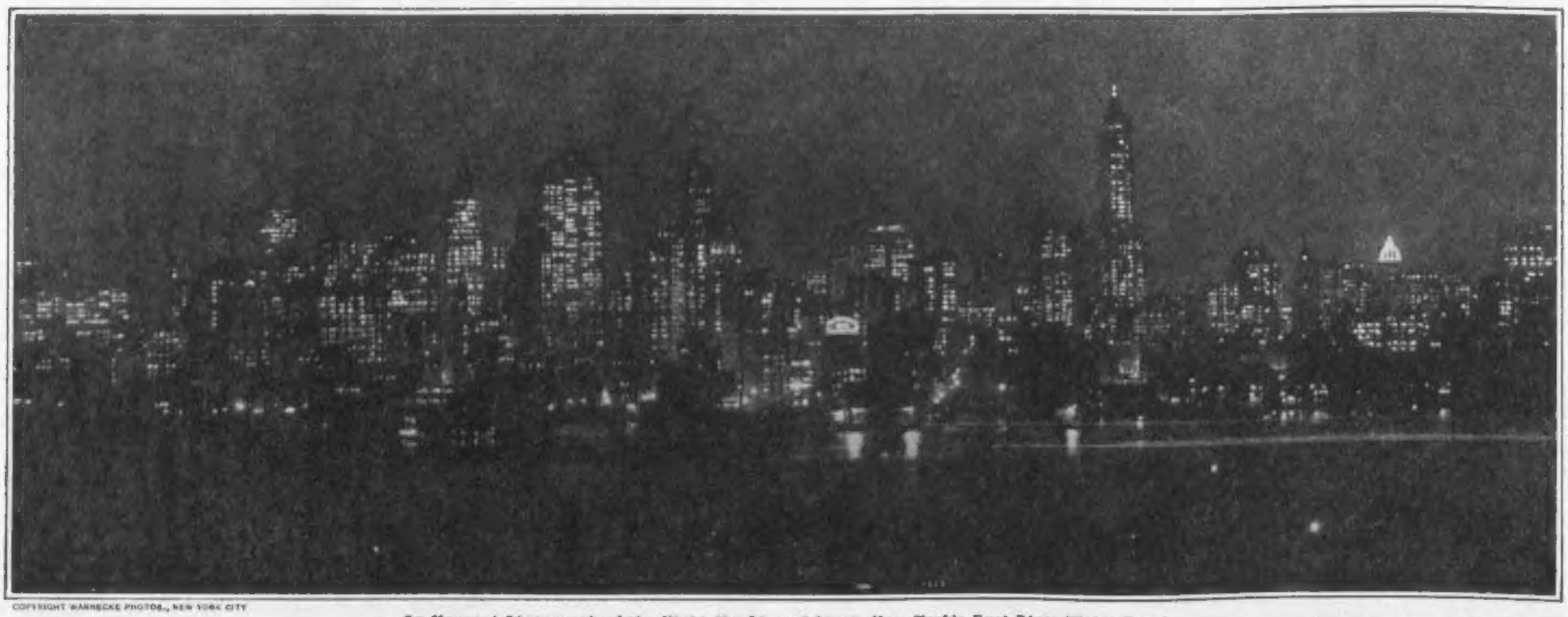
"Don't touch her! Don't touch her!" he cried to his wife. The woman came to a standstill. "She's taken a liking to him. Don't you see?"

He thrust the snuffling boy from his path and came swiftly forward.

(Continued on Page 66)

"Really, Sergeant," Said the Commissar, "You Do Collect the Most Extraordinary Specimens! What on Earth is That Old Creature There?"

Beating the New York Game



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An Unusual Photograph of the Night Sky Line of Lower New York's East River Water Front

By J. George Frederick

THE longer I'm a New Yorker the more sure I am that only the East Sider and the discriminating few are really beating the New York game. Just about seven times a year somebody breaks out into print with another version of the now classic story: How he—or she—came to New York laden with dreams, thrilled at the sky line, dug in somewhere in a poorly ventilated, noisy room or two, and then slid down Parnassus with various degrees of speed and disillusionment and went back home to the old village elm trees, the rippling brooks, the people with warm human hearts, and all the other sure-fire movie ingredients for normal, clover-sweet life. The coldness of New York! Br-r-r! The selfish, hectic existence of New Yorkers! The heartless, ruthless struggle for existence and advancement! The terrible prices! The show, the extravagance, the vanity, the greed, the snobbery, the insincerity! Gr-r-r!

Why the evil little island hasn't rapidly slid back to its condition in 1688, when only six little huts existed about where 41 Broadway is now located, is not yet clear, after one finishes listening to the bleating of the poor sheep who have experienced the shears and the shivers.

Why it grows and grows, not only rapidly but also with an unfailing ratio that would make the boosters of other burgs execute wild whoops of joy; why perfectly sane engineers are planning for a forty-million New York City population fifty years from now, as a matter of course; and why New York is every third American's idea of a bang-up place to live, and draws one hundred thousand visitors per day—all this is certainly an enticing mystery, under the circumstances. Something is rotten in the city of Gotham; else why do the ghosts of our departed walk so disconsolately?

Like Crossing a New York Street

TO AN outsider who, like myself, came to New York sixteen or seventeen years ago, and has cut his wisdom teeth on the Subway straps, the rent ring and the golden calves of Wall Street and Broadway, this mystery is as clear as the sunshine of Los Angeles or Denver. Many thousands of people who come to New York to live and many more thousands of born New Yorkers never learn to beat the New York game; never disentangle themselves from the perfectly natural complexities of a great city, and never assert their individualities and their horse sense sufficiently to kick themselves free from the ropes.

You've got to know the ropes if you want to get value out of New York—quite as you must know the ropes in navigating anything larger than a flat-bottomed tub. There's as much difference between New York and the small towns most of us come from as there is between an eight-foot rowboat and the new Leviathan, Uncle Sam's greatest liner. It takes far more technic to master the New York game than it does to hold down a six-room cottage on Elm Street, Gopher Prairie, and be a contented citizen. There are a thousand more adjustments to make; a thousand more pieces of wisdom to acquire in order to avoid a misfit; a thousand more values to weigh nicely and a thousand more choices to make, shrewdly and sanely. In a sense it's like navigating the streets of New York. A well-oiled, excellently coördinated New Yorker will cross the streets, with their terrific speeding jams of automobiles, and scarcely turn an eyelash, although he appears dozens of times about to be mowed down. He knows exactly what he can or cannot chance; when to stop, stand still and unafraid, or go forward; when to spring or to walk. The man from a small town is likely, at least on his first visits, to get panicky and act like a chicken. Many people—including New Yorkers—never do get accustomed to it. It is dangerous business, crossing streets in New York; but if you're to be a New Yorker it's your job to coördinate or quit.

But I meant to illustrate my thesis on beating the New York game by concrete personal experience, not by philosophizing.

I, too, went through the standard cycle of emotions on coming to New York: First, thrilling attraction; second, strong repulsion; third, sentimental yearning for the vine-clad cottages of back home. I came here after having first gone west to Chicago from my birthplace, a small Pennsylvania city. I had gotten myself engaged to a Chicago girl, and I came to New York six months before the wedding day to stage the new big chapter of life. I got into one of those old downtown brownstone rooming houses you hear described by so many of the disconsolate quitters of New York; solemn old tombs of the early social life of New York. Every word that is said about noise, stuffiness, dirt, high prices and a gray unnatural life is perfectly true. My idea of nothing to live for is, to be incarcerated in one of these typical Manhattan catacombs; and to be quite frank, it is the out-of-towners in their early ain't-New-York-wonderful stage, or the two later stages, who populate these places in the main. The discriminating few and the East Siders—who, I repeat, are the only ones who know how to beat the New York game—despise them.

I was in a business office with one of the discriminating few. He had gone through the mill, and he was a canny Scotsman. I had roamed about the town for a few weeks, more and more bewildered and oppressed by the sheer size and fury and shrillness of New York life; gathering up gradually the store of poisonous reactions that would have culminated in a hate complex for this terrible Molech—when the canny Scotsman took me home for dinner. We rode thirty-five minutes in the Subway and shortly thereafter the rumbling cars emerged into the sunlight, and we got off. It was the Bronx—a foreign land to me. But I saw a row of apartment houses facing an old mansion with pine trees, green grass and a tennis court. The five-room kitchen-and-bath apartment was new, fairly roomy and cost all of thirty dollars! I was amazed. After dinner, during which delightful breezes came through the window, with the soughing of the pine trees across the street, we had a game of tennis, walked half a mile, then followed a lane to Hunts Point, where lies buried Joseph Rodman Drake, on whose tombstone are Fitz-Greene Halleck's famous memorial words:

Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days!

The lane might have been located in the rural quiet of New Hampshire, so still and pastoral it was. I had to repeat to myself in a daze that this was all within the confines of New York City, the frightful, noisy, hectic monster, and so on. After gazing upon Lord Howe's intrenchments, still existing, and at the Captain Hunt's House, built in 1688, and the charming Sound waters, as quiet as a rippling brook, we returned, and the Scotsman and his wife gave me my first lesson in beating the New York game.

He was earning one hundred dollars a week, pray remember, and I think he gave me the lecture because he felt on the defensive. He was afraid I would look down on him socially because he lived in the Bronx in a walk-up thirty-dollar flat. It was so distinctly not the usual New York game. Both he and his wife hung upon my comments a trifle self-consciously; but I registered exactly what I felt—complete approval and appreciation. Then he waxed confidential.

Where Four-Flushing Comes High

"I HAVEN'T invited but one other chap from the office," he admitted, "simply because I don't want to be patronized. These typical New York guys raise my gorge. They're all for front and they're all living up to or beyond their income. They walk down Fifth Avenue as if they owned the Waldorf, when the truth is they probably haven't yet paid for last fall's suit to a tailor who is onto them and charges them one-third more than what the suit's worth. They're afraid to marry for fear of being found out, and because they can't afford the standards of the girls they chum with. When we came to this town we got busy and studied how to live here. We studied the thing as though New York was a college and we had to make a certain mark. We knew some friends of ours who were here and we knew we didn't want to live like they did, not on a bet!"

"They were the kind," put in his wife, "who always bought something for two thousand dollars whenever he got a one-thousand-dollar raise."

"They bought a twenty-five-thousand-dollar house out near Montclair, with first and second mortgages, four thousand dollars down," continued my Scotch friend, "and when his firm struck shallow water and he lost his job he had to let the whole thing go—lost all he paid in."

"And the money they had to spend on credit to put the place in shape and run it!" interjected the wife, a pretty, practical little thing. "And all because they thought they'd get in with people of importance!"

"What bunk!" pursued my friend. "At one of their parties I sized up the whole crowd as being simply duplicates of my friend—all four-flushing each other! And he honestly believed that was the way to play the New York game!"

"We're going to save money and have a nice suburban home soon," continued the wife proudly, "and up here, meanwhile, we're getting fresh air and tennis and country walks. The Subway isn't pleasant, but we'll be out of here in another year or two. And if I'm not downtown so much

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WE CALIFORNIANS

By Lowell Otus Reese

IT IS true. The rumor that you have heard is a fact. California is, indeed, the greatest state in the greatest country on earth. I say it; I, a Californian, *né* Hoosier. Is it proper to use *né* in this connection? No matter; we Californians love euphony and frequently sacrifice many things in order to get it.

Hard-boiled pessimists from other climes have hinted at this, sometimes invidiously. They have even gone so far as to state that California is the home of little matches and big trees and bigger liars. Old stuff, but still sprung on us by an occasionally frozen pilgrim who has been disappointed. He has come to California expecting a choir of flapper angels to meet him at the station and conduct him into perfect bliss, seating him at an onyx table groaning beneath its load of ambrosia and bootleg nectar, with a hatful of nuggets for a place card—all free.

And when he did not realize these beautiful dreams he wrapped his woolen muffler about his ears, cranked up his chilblains and went back home. He went back there and cussed California good and plenty. He told all the boys that California was a bloomer; that you could travel for maybe two miles in any direction without barking your shins over a chunk of gold. He dug his oak knots out of the snowdrift as usual, thawing his blue toes by the sodden sticks that fried and stewed dismally and would not break into a cheerful blaze. He cussed California all through the winter, and when spring came he shed his ear muffs and came back to California. He bought a ranch here and built one of those weird structures that we Californians love; a hermaphroditic pile of shingles and redwood pergolas and river rubble, with climbing roses and bougainvillea half covering it. On Christmas he sends the folks back home a post card with a picture of a blooming geranium hedge and a scribbled message beginning, "We Californians ——"

Just to Make Certain

AND now if you dare hint that he is not a Californian he will call you a liar. You are lucky if he does not pop you in the eye. True, he is not a native son, but he will concede nothing in this respect. He has been emancipated, and he celebrates his emancipation by explaining to the world in a loud, fervent, tireless voice that California is the greatest state in the greatest country—well, he talks like a normal Californian. Perhaps you get me.

Now, there is reason in the din that we Californians make. We admit that we are vociferous, spending our days and much of our nights telling the universe about it. But why not? We are so far away from the rest of the world that we're obliged to holler or you wouldn't know we are still here; and that the climate is still here, and the sunshine and the climate and the geraniums at Christmas, and the climate; that the mocking birds are singing in Los Angeles and that on New Year's Day the members of the San Francisco Olympic Club take a run out through Golden Gate Park and plunge into the Pacific for a swim. These things are facts and we've got to make a noise to let you know about it.

We're obliged to yell. It's the climate. We realize that the rest of you have got it on us numerically; that perhaps a third of you have the vaguest sort of an idea regarding California. A ghastly suspicion haunts us all the time—the suspicion that probably a large percentage of you think we are mostly a bunch of head-hunters, galloping about over the purple sage clad in a flour sack and a look of terrible ferocity. It is not true, of course; but how are you to be sure of it unless we tell you?

That's the trouble; you are so far away. We smile when we read the stuff that some of your writers publish about us—writers who never have been farther west than Jersey City, but who, no doubt, are earnest, sincere creatures otherwise. They criticize us sometimes, betraying by their criticisms that in their minds we occupy the same place as Who Struck Billy Patterson and Why Is a Hen.

This is not square. We seldom get sore about it, though, for we realize that it costs a heap of money to travel; that it is a dangerous pilgrimage and that a man takes his life in his hand when he comes away out here merely to verify the stories that he writes about us. Therefore he plays safe all round and writes frank fiction. That's all right. Still, it seems to us that it would be no more than fair to come out and get acquainted before spreading our theoretical shortcomings before the world.

Moreover, the danger is greatly exaggerated. Every literary explorer into Darkest California is always met at the station by the solicitous sheriff and a detachment of picked policemen and the shotgun squad. Every one of these grim guards is covered with knife scars and carries eighteen pounds of lead in his system. Brave men all. They will see that no harm comes to the shivering adventurer who comes out to write about us. A ring of steel about him, and the scared historian may observe us in absolute safety. I would not mislead you.

Now, for instance, there was that time when some of us Californians got scared about the yellow peril. It seemed to some of us that a grave menace was threatening the nation; that a cancerous growth was beginning in California. We wanted the rest of the country to know, so we yelled about it.

But we were so far away. The trouble, whatever it was, lay so far from the great, complacent body of the country; besides, there were the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras lying between. Therefore certain ones of the East grew snappish; real snappish. Instead of looking into the matter they sneered at us. They quite overlooked the important fact that if, after all, there was a cancer—no matter where—it would end in infecting the whole body of the nation. We Californians thought that was poor business. We thought it at least worth an investigation before passing sentence upon us Why, I remember that one New York magazine came out with a scathing editorial, winding up with something to this effect:

"California would do well to remember what happened to other little rebellions that have occurred in the country."

Rebellions! That of us Californians! As though we even dreamed of such a fool thing; such a treasonable thing; such an unutterably jackassical thing —— Oh, what was the use! Here we were, New Yorkers, Hoosiers, New Englanders, Georgians, Kansans—boys and girls from every state in the Union, still loving the old homes back East, and bringing to this wonderful Western land the best of everything that those dear old states had taught us Rebels! We Californians! My gosh!

East Becomes West

YOU see, the writer of that asinine editorial never had been out here. He visualized us as an uncouth flock of Billy the Kids, shooting seventeen men apiece before breakfast—and it never even occurred to him that we were Tom and Dick and Harry, still thinking tenderly of the East and meanwhile doing our best to hammer the new West into something of which the folks in the old home town would be proud. We were mad about that. We were redheaded about it in fact. Hurt, too. We had found a festering splinter in Uncle Sam's finger, and when we started to tell him about it we got bawled out something fierce And most of us Eastern men! Don't forget that. It's important.

Frank Wiggins is a shining example of the metamorphosis of East into West. He was, perhaps, the pioneer in our beloved ballyhoo. He started the Los Angeles hurrah and it happened this way:

Away back yonder—it was the year of the Big Freeze Frank Wiggins was living in Indiana. A tough winter, take it from me. Ask your great-grandfather about it. Of course he was only a child at the time, but he'll doubtless remember. Anyway, Frank Wiggins froze his ear that winter and it made him mad. It made him so mad that he declared he was going to find a warm spot to live in for the rest of his life if he had to go plumb to hell for it. A joke was a joke, but a man's ear is a sacred thing and he was going to leave Indiana flat on its back.

He first struck California at Los Angeles. There wasn't much to the place at the time not even one cafeteria. But the climate was there, and the poppy fields and everything. It was simply balm to Frank Wiggins' sore ear, and right then and there he knew that he had found his Beulah. Being a big-hearted, generous fellow like the rest of us Californians, he wanted to tell the folks back home about it. It was a man's-size job; he could see that. And Los Angeles was so far away.

He went out in the chaparral and tried his voice. All there! Not for

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There's a Spell That Winds Itself About the Traveler Directly He Hits the San Gabriel Valley, and Los Angeles Has a Copyright on That Spell

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Oh, Man, It Isn't Fair to That Kid!" "That Kid," Said Moyra, Opening Unexpected Eyelids, "Knows. And She's Satisfied With What She's Got"

THE Southampton Waterloo Express stopped for a moment at Chandler's Ford to collect Barton Grover and his belongings. A few school children cheered shrilly as the train pulled out. Settling back on the cushions of his empty compartment, Barton Grover reflected that such cheering was silly. He reminded himself, however, that they were simple country folk and should not be too heavily blamed for small enthusiasms. But it was strange they should have known of his whereabouts, for he had been at pains in no way to advertise his arrival. When the little steamer that had brought him from the West Coast of Africa made port the night before he had stepped ashore unobtrusively, climbed into a waiting car and driven off to spend the night at his cottage and exchange his tropical kit for clothing more appropriate to London requirements. His dress clothes and the two lounge suits that he packed smelled abominably of moth balls after two years of disuse. A firm of stevedores had been instructed to collect and deliver the crates of trophies that were still aboard the steamer. He did not want to be bothered with such concerns, his every thought being centered upon meeting Moyra with the least possible delay.

Adorable, impressionable and romantic Moyra. It was marvelous to reflect that they were still engaged; that her love had survived interminable years of separation. For months on end he had been too remote from civilization to give her the least indication of his whereabouts. Throughout that endless period when he and half a hundred bearers fought their way through the mid-African jungle, scaled impossible heights and bridged appalling chasms, she must have given him up for lost.

Tongue would never tell nor could pen write the full detail of that terrific, that epic adventure that culminated in the discovery and the bringing to the coast of the mythical Gold Stool of Isthwala. Barton Grover was far too modest to describe the achievement and, since neither camera man nor historian had accompanied him, the secrets were locked in his own breast. Rumors of the affair naturally leaked out and found their way into the papers—the swimming of the crocodile river, for instance, and the gulf he attempted to cross on a felled sapling that broke in the center when he was halfway over and left him dangling above a drop of two thousand feet. Enough had gone to press to prove that of her sons England certainly boasted a man to whom courage and fearlessness were a second nature.

This then was the man who was returning to his sweetheart after two years' absence. Adorable Moyra! He had won her heart in face of fearful odds. She was nineteen when he asked her to be his, and even with the knowledge that beneath her pillow on alternate nights reposed the likenesses of Owen Nares and Godfrey Tearle—two gentlemen with whom otherwise she was unacquainted—he sailed in boldly and demanded her hand. And she, forsaking the shadow for the substance, fell into his arms and wept for gladness' sake.

All too slowly the train bore him Londonward, and to speed the leaden-footed moments he shook out the pages of a newspaper and glanced through them. In thrilling headlines he read:

RAY DUKE ARRIVES

THE HERO OF 100 SCREEN PLAYS IN ENGLAND

Then in paragraph:

Our special correspondent was first to meet the arch athlete of the films. . . . A face wreathed in smiles. . . . A handshake like the hug of a bear. . . . I asked Ray Duke for his first impression of England and his reply bore the characteristic stamp of a subtitle: "Bully," he said. Ray Duke did not wait for the gangway to be lowered but went over the liner's side and slid down a hawser like a cat. . . .

There was a great deal more but Barton Grover opened the paper at the middle sheet to see what the leading article had to say about the new government. It said:

Probably there is no better method of inspiring confidence between the two great English-speaking races than by extending the hand of welcome to such men as Mr. Ray Duke.

Barton was getting a little tired of it, and he turned yet another page. Beyond a twelve-by-eight photograph of the celebrated film star, a photograph which by an odd coincidence bore a strong resemblance to Barton himself, there were no further comments upon this remarkable personality. The page otherwise contained a few advertisements, a warning to subscribers to insure that very day, and in minute print somewhere near the foot of the last column the small announcement:

Barten Grover [misspelled], the explorer, landed at Southampton last night from the steamship Ivanhoe and is expected in London today.

It has already been suggested that he was a modest man; yet, absurd as it may seem, he could not entirely conquer a slight feeling of irritation. He threw the crumpled paper aside, lit a pipe and folded his arms. A moment later he was laughing at himself and turning happy thoughts toward his meeting with Moyra.

The outer fringe of London houses, gray and squalid, flicked into view, and Barton Grover rose to his feet. He felt in his pocket to be sure his ticket had not disappeared, humped his Gladstone bag off the rack and tightened the strap of his overcoat. The train began to slacken speed, and a glance out of the window revealed the outline of Waterloo Station, from the iron girders of which hung a variety of flags and bunting and a huge streamer that fluttered the word "Welcome." It puzzled him. As they slid alongside the platform there rose a roar like unto the roar of a cataract. It was the cheering of many people. Barton was puzzled by that too. Down the whole length of the platform a rope barrier had been erected, supported by wooden uprights and half the police force of London. Behind the barrier fought and struggled a dense crowd of yelling men and women. The train came to a standstill and a porter flung open the door.

"I say," demanded Barton Grover, "what the devil is all this?"

"Why, to give 'im a welcome, of course!"

"Give who a welcome?"

"The bloke wot done all them marvelous things—hangin' on by 'is eyelids and Gawd knows wot else."

Barton Grover fell back on his seat and gasped.

"I say," he exclaimed, "but this is too damned silly! Good Lord, I can't face that! I'm a quiet man. I don't want all this hullabaloo."

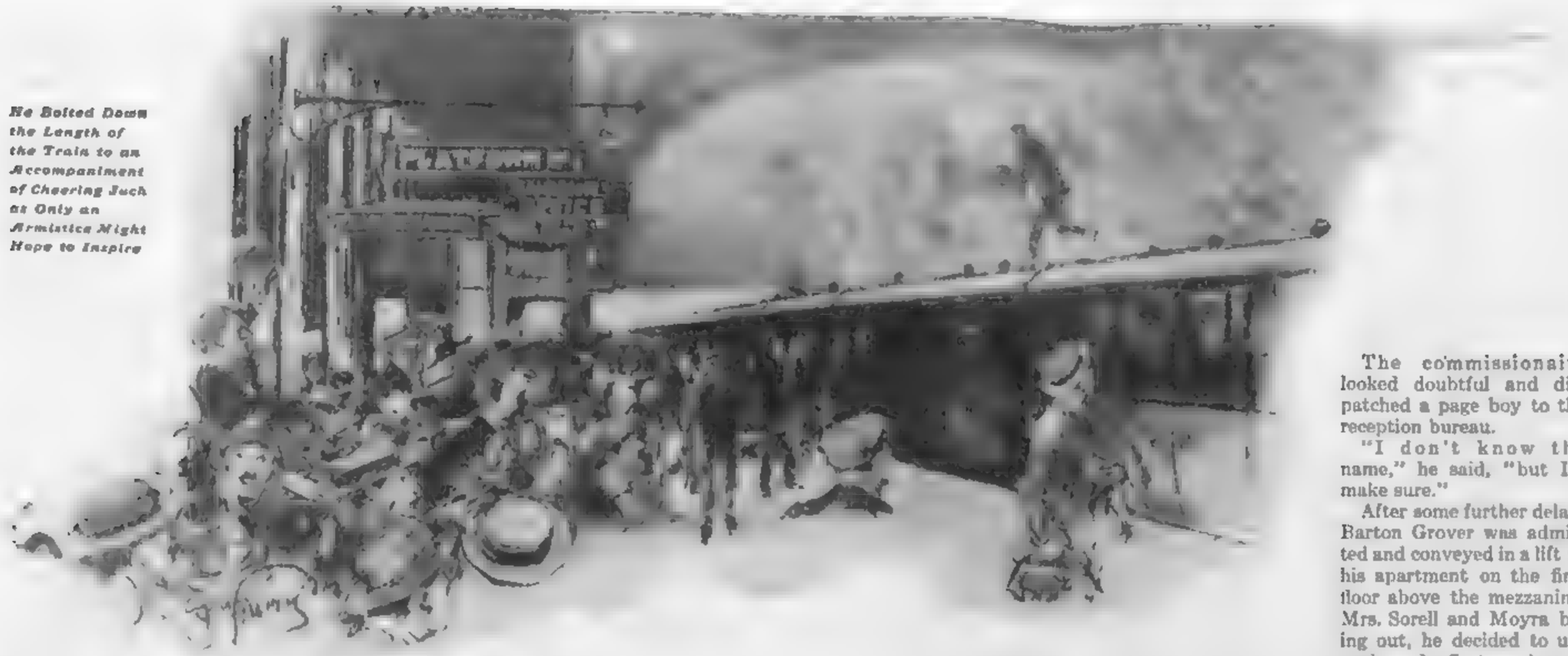
"You don't want it?"

"Well, I suppose I'm the chap they're looking for."

"Wot, Ray Duke?" gasped the porter.

A flash of blinding shame smote Barton Grover across the face and turned it scarlet. Seizing his bag he flung open the offside door of the compartment and dropped to the line. As he came level with the engine he saw an athletic figure that bore a strong resemblance to his own swing up to the top of the cab, armed with a lump of coal in either hand.

"Say, boys," shouted Ray Duke to the grinning driver and stoker below him, "keep that bunch at bay! I'm gonna hit it!"



He Bolted Down the Length of the Train to an Accompaniment of Cheering Such as Only an Armistice Might Hope to Inspire

He sprang to the coal in the tender, scrambled across it, hauled himself up to the top of the first carriage and bolted down the length of the train to an accompaniment of cheering such as only a cup-tie final or an armistice might hope to inspire.

Barton Grover and his Gladstone bag entered a taxi and drove away without exciting attention, and all the streets from Waterloo to the Hotel Colossal were lined with expectant crowds.

To those unacquainted with the West End of London a description of that mighty new luxury hotel, the Colossal, would not be out of place. The Colossal is on the south side of Piccadilly, with an entrance almost facing Burlington House and another in the narrow thoroughfare of Jermyn Street. The architecture is in imitation of the Tudor style, a great feature being made of oak beams and external timbering. How the plans ever succeeded in passing the County Council will never be known—nor does it affect the narrative. Suffice to say, an effort was made to reconstruct, on modern lines, a piece of old-English architecture, the finished result calling forth more hostile criticism than any structure in this country since the Albert Memorial.

Ambition on the part of the directors to supply ample accommodation for their patrons robbed the building of every resemblance to the period aimed at. Height was not a feature of Tudor construction, yet the Hotel Colossal boasted eleven stories, each story projecting a foot or two beyond the one below. The critic of the Architectural Times likened this epitome of contradictions to a flight of steps upside down.

In the center was a courtyard of a size adequate for the turning round of a coach and four, but since the exigencies of modern travel render this proceeding of rare occurrence, the studded doors in Piccadilly and Jermyn Street were kept permanently barred and the space was used as a kind of outdoor dining hall. In this relation, however, it achieved but small popularity on account of being overlooked by a vast number of bedrooms, through the windows of which the thoughtless were apt to throw such trifles as empty cigarette boxes, bits of shaving paper and combings upon the heads of those who feasted below.

Yet despite most cogent reasons for stopping elsewhere, the Colossal, if only by virtue of its newness and the variety of its discomforts, was always crowded to suffocation. People came, hated it, went away and came again. They bumped their heads on the beams in the low-pitched passages, they stumbled and fell on the narrow stairways—these and many other matters they communicated to their friends, who booked rooms forthwith that the experience might be theirs also. There was simply no holding the success of the Hotel Colossal.

When Barton Grover announced the date of his return Moyra insisted that her mother should bring her to town and book rooms for the three of them at the Colossal; and since Moyra generally had her way, she had it also on this occasion. A message of love, joy and address was wirelessed and the golden hour was at hand.

Arrived at the corner of Jermyn Street, Barton Grover's taxi was held up by a cordon of mounted police officered by an inspector.

"But look here," he protested, "I want to get to the Colossal! I've rooms there."

The inspector shook his head.

"You'd better try the Piccadilly entrance, sir. We're holding this route for Ray Duke."

"The devil you are!" said Barton, and pulled in his head savagely.

One or two members of the crowd heard him, and as the taxi drew away he was favored with a hostile snarl.

At the Piccadilly entrance things were almost as bad. It took him twenty minutes to fight his way through the scrum, and he was an angry man when at last he made the swing doors. Here a massive commissionaire barred his way.

"Reporter?" he demanded

"Reporter be damned!" said Barton, and gave his name.

Proximity With the Public Idol Caused the Romantic Moyra to Behave Very Badly Indeed

The commissionaire looked doubtful and dispatched a page boy to the reception bureau.

"I don't know the name," he said, "but I'll make sure."

After some further delay, Barton Grover was admitted and conveyed in a lift to his apartment on the first floor above the mezzanine. Mrs. Sorell and Moyra being out, he decided to unpack and effect a change. He had, however, barely loosened the strap of his bag when a tumult in the street below brought him to the window in time to witness the spectacular arrival of Ray Duke. The police cordon had been broken and the narrow street was densely packed with excited people. A huge limousine was drawing up at the door, upon the roof of which stood Ray Duke, like a triumphal statue on an arch. As the car came to a halt he took a flying leap over the heads of the crowd, caught the framework of the arc light that projected from the hotel entrance and dropped neatly on the rubber mat. Then with a wave of the hand he was gone.

"H'm!" growled Barton, and proceeded with his unpacking.

He was not, however, to be left long in peace. Following a commotion in the passage outside his room came a knock. The door opened and one of the hotel managers bowed himself in, leaving the door ajar.

"Ah, I perceive monsieur has not yet unpacked."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Barton.

"It appears that Monsieur Ray Duke is requiring another apartment and it would be very convenient if monsieur ——"

Barton Grover saw what was coming.

"I'll see him damned before I'll shift!" said he.

The manager began a polite expostulation that was cut short by a singularly sweet and singularly authoritative voice outside.

"Say, please, I'll inconvenience no one."

The big smiling face and broad shoulders of Ray Duke appeared for a second in the doorway.

"Sorry," said Barton Grover.

"Don't name it; he shouldn't have asked." And with a smile and a nod he entered a room on the right.

From the street below came a growing roar of "Ray Duke, Ray Duke, Ray—Ray—Ray Duke!" which burst into a tumult as the hero of the hour stepped out on the iron balcony—iron balconies are a feature of modern Tudor construction—and performed a short-arm balance on the rail.

Barton Grover abandoned the intention to unpack and stalked downstairs to the main lounge, arriving simultaneously with the coming in of Moyra and her mother.

"Barton!" she cried, and kissed him ecstatically before the scandalized gaze of everyone present. "Oh, how lovely that it's really you! We went to the station and, of course, couldn't get anywhere near the barrier; but mother and I stood on a seat and saw him run down the top of the train. It was gorgeous."

"A slight sense of chill stole through Barton's veins. To conceal it he shook hands warmly with Mrs. Sorell and congratulated her on looking so well. As a matter of fact, the good lady, as a result of much congestion, had the appearance of having been pulled through a hedge backwards.

"Can't we go upstairs and have tea in your private sitting room?" he suggested.

"Oh, that would never do!" trilled Moyra. "We've booked a table between the stairs and the lift so if he does come down we shall be able to see him near to. Oh, Barton, weren't you thrilled at being on the same train?"

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CARA WONDERS

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

CARA, please, please!"

"You ought to have been a siren, Terry!" The girl leaning against the white pear tree kept her voice carefully light and her eyes skillfully averted from the vivid and purposeful countenance not two inches away. "A gentleman siren lashing a golden tail and singing a golden song for a poor lady Ulysses who hasn't anyone to tie her to a mast and nothing to put in her ears! It's a perfectly beautiful song and you sing it perfectly beautifully, only—I wonder!"

"Oh, Cara, for the love of the Lord!" The voice was suddenly edged with impatience. "Honestly, my dear girl, it's getting to be a disease. Would you mind telling me what you wonder?"

"Oh"—she spread her hands in a light, eloquent gesture—"about you, and spring, and me, and the world that we're using as a playground, and the things that we're using as playthings. I wonder—I wonder, Terry!"

Terrence Reid contemplated her with a mixture of despair and irritation on his expressive countenance.

"Well, you've managed to jolly well ruin an absolutely heavenly Sunday that the gods had presented to us, with your infernal wondering! If you knew how I'd been looking forward to Elysian fields all this week in that blasted office you'd be ashamed to look me in the eye. Perhaps that's the reason that you aren't doing it." He leaned still closer, dropping one long brown hand over her linked fingers. "Cara, you heartless baggage, I dare you to look me in the eye!"

"Terry, don't be absurd."

"I double dare you!"

"Oh, you impossible infant!"

She swung squarely about, lifting her eyes to him, with more of challenge than surrender in their shadowy depths. Those eyes, the color of blue smoke in the clear, bright pallor of her face, were the bane of Caraday Fane's existence. She could sweep her shining dark hair back from her unruffled brow as ruthlessly as she pleased; she could tilt her chin at its most defiant angle and school the corners of her flower-colored mouth to demurest mockery; she could train her tongue to gay scorn and stern wisdom and prudent raillery—and in less than a second those shameless rebels would lift the veil of their lashes and give the lie to the entire adroit performance. They were the eyes of an arrant dreamer, a reckless romanticist, a believer in fairy tales and a dealer in them—tender, fantastic, wistful and enchanted, with tears just behind them and laughter just before them; the eyes, in short, of that great artist and incorrigible scamp, Patrick Donnegan Fane, who had bestowed them on his daughter as the only heritage that he was ever likely to leave her. Every time that Caraday caught them in the mirror, every time that she remembered the way in which they were undoubtedly regarding some befogged and unsuspicious beholder, she yielded to a rueful grimace. They would undoubtedly be her undoing, and even though she had known them intimately for every one of her twenty-four years, she was not yet clear in what she flattered herself was an unusually clear mind as to whether the two of them were deplorable liars or despicable traitors.

They were evidently up to their old tricks now, judging from the sudden swift elation that swept across Terry's face.

"Two Great Grown-Up Children Wasting Precious Hours Playing at Such Nonsense"

"Lord, that's better! I knew that you didn't mean a word of all that rot, only every now and then you have a terrifying way of sounding as though you meant what you were saying. I swear that it still gives me a turn! Now will you be good enough to remember that this is an orchard, not a laboratory, and that you are the loveliest thing in the world, not a dried-up professor in a classroom, and that I am your adoring slave, not a nicely preserved specimen in a bottle of alcohol! What's happened to you, Cara mia? Have you forgotten that you're Juliet and Francesca and Isolde and Genevieve and my Heart's Delight?"

Cara smiled a trifle wanly.

"No, I haven't forgotten, thank you kindly! I haven't forgotten what happened to those ladies, either, thanks to the affectionate young gentlemen who were keeping company with them."

Terry groaned audibly.

"Lord help us, we're going to be logical again. Logical in an orchard—logical in May! It ought to be a penitentiary offense."

He rolled over on his back and lay staring up gloomily at the fluttering canopy of white stars laced with blue sky that hung above him, light and gracious and fragrant as a dream.

The corners of Cara's mouth tilted abruptly, derisive and tender.

"Well, it doesn't happen to be. You're not an especially good little boy, are you, Terry? When you can't get exactly what you want exactly where you want it you retire inside of yourself and lie down on your mental floor and kick and scream and howl until you're morally blind and deaf and black in your face. I used to go in for it myself at the age of three."

"You must have been a very nasty little girl," commented young Mr. Reid pensively. "And if you don't look out you'll be a very nasty old lady. I give you fair warning, you're killing my love. I can feel it curling up and dying by inches."

"I wonder just how many inches there are of it to die," Cara retorted.

"You would!" he rejoined bitterly. "You most certainly would! You'd be capable of using a tape measure on a corpse; that's the kind of a girl you are. However, inches wouldn't cover it. It's yards and rods and leagues long, but I give you fair warning that it's dying fast."

Cara sat staring down at her linked fingers, forgetting to look diverted; forgetting, for once, her indulgent smile.

"You think that love's frightfully amusing, don't you, Terry?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the gay voice replied, casual and caressing:

"Frightfully. Don't you?"

Cara drew a long breath, clasped her hands more tightly, steadied her uncertain lips.

"No," she said clearly.

He jerked himself to his knees in one swift motion.

"Cara, for the Lord's sake, what's the matter? Do you want to ruin everything?"

"Please, Terry." The lips quivered again, but she managed a gallant smile. "Please, just this once, let's remember that we're sane, grown-up people, not a nasty little girl of three and a bad little boy of four. After that—after that, I'll promise to forget again, if you want to. But just this once?"

"Go ahead." His voice was suddenly hard. "Pull all the wings off the butterflies, by all means, so that you can see just what made them fly. It ought to be a diverting pastime, and I don't see how anyone's going to stop you."

"Oh!" cried Caraday passionately. "You're not fair—you're impossible! I can't talk to you as though we were both human beings. You won't let me. You sit there looking hateful and outraged, and I have to say to myself: 'This isn't another person like you; this is one of those tyrant baby monster slaves called men, that we have to humor and cajole and caress for hours at a time before they're fit to indulge in reasonable human speech!'"

"Don't be an idiot!" advised the tyrant baby rudely. "You don't mean a word that you're saying when you get started like that; it takes you just about thirty seconds to get so intoxicated with the sound of your voice that you'd tell me that it was axiomatic that two and two made five, and platitudinous that black was white. The trouble with you is that you get simply roaring drunk on words!"

"Thanks—thanks a lot! I wonder whether Paolo used to wind up his discussions with Francesca by saying: 'The trouble with you is ——'"

"He undoubtedly would have if his brother hadn't mercifully slain them both before Francesca had started wondering. That girl knew what orchards and arbors and gardens were invented for. Do you think that they stopped reading in their book that day to start arguing? Ha!"

"Do you think that Romeo used to tell Juliet to stop being an idiot?"

"He didn't have to," retorted Terry triumphantly. "She was a nice, polite little girl of fourteen, who agreed with every word that the young man said, except once when she pretended that it was a nightingale and not a lark that he'd heard; and that was good manners and an affectionate disposition, not wicked perversity. Heaven knows what he'd have said to her if she'd lived to be twenty-four years old and acted as cruelly and outrageously as some people that we could mention. Ah, Cara carissima, don't—don't! Heaven knows I'm not asking much. All I want in the world is to crawl over to you and put my

head down on the edge of that lovely green dress—my head feels so everlastingly hot and tired and rotten, Carine—and have you put your beautiful cool hands on it, and stop talking, and smile. When you smile I can feel it in the tips of your fingers, and it feels cool like stars and water and singing in the mountains. Cara, I do think you might. It's not asking much, after all, is it? Just to put your hands on my head?"

"No," replied Cara, her eyes on the beautiful, cool hands. "It's not asking much, Terry. It's not asking enough." She gave a small unhappy laugh at his electrified gesture. "Oh, don't be stupid! You know that whatever you are, my dear, you aren't stupid! I'm not maneuvering for a more ardent form of flirtation; you ought to know me better than that. Even after three months of not knowing me a bit you ought to know that much about me, I think."

"I know all about you," said Terry impatiently. "I know that you like coffee without cream, and blue flowers and green dresses and Anatole France and Sole Bonne Femme and perfume that smells like rain in spring behind your ears and motoring at night and wearing new hats and doing accounts and riding on the top of busses and going to roof gardens and eating almonds while you read Russian novels about idiots and criminals and ——"

"Oh, be quiet!" implored Cara, her hands over her ears and despairing laughter in her eyes. "I believe that you've been taking one of those dreadful memory courses! The more that you go chattering on like that the more you prove that you don't know anything in the world about me."

"I know everything in the world about you, except what you're going to do next; and it's a melancholy consolation to realize that you haven't an earthly thing on me when it comes to that!"

"Well, this is one time that I know exactly what I'm going to do next. Let's compromise, Terry. You can crawl over here, as you so ingratiatingly put it, and use a corner of one ruffle for a pillow, on condition that you stop screaming and kicking inside, and keep your eyes tight shut and your mouth tight shut, and speak when you're spoken to, and listen very, very carefully to Cara, who's going to fold her hands in her lap and lift her voice and talk and talk and talk until the birds fall out of the trees and the ——"

"Oh!" groaned Terry heavily. "Why was I ever born? Why didn't I die yesterday? Why don't I die now? Aren't you going to put your hands ——"

"No," replied Cara, lightly relentless. "Certainly not. Don't be a goose. I talk very nicely; you've told me so yourself. Where was I when you interrupted? Oh, yes, about how you didn't know anything about me. No, keep quiet; you don't; no more than I know about you. Oh, I don't, I don't. I know that I saw you four times in January, and twelve times in February, and sixteen times in March, and twenty-eight times in April—I know all that because I keep an engagement book and know how to count on my fingers, but right there my knowledge ends. Why, in all this time I've never been able to find out whether your hair is brown with gold lights or gold with brown shadows; whether your eyes are gray, or brown, or brown and gray; whether you're a spoilt child or an uncomplaining hero; whether you use nonsense as a shield to protect your heart or a screen to hide the fact that you haven't any heart to protect; whether ——"

"Oh, stop it!" implored Terry frenziedly. "For heaven's sake stop and I'll tell you everything. I'm fit for a lunatic asylum already! What do you want to know? Height? Weight? Age? Profession? Name? Terrence Reid, architect, age twenty-nine, height five feet eleven, weight one hundred and fifty-nine. What else?"

"A good deal else, please. The height of your ambition, the weight of your word, the age of your mind, the profession of your beliefs, the name of your dreams—and then a good deal more still. Whether life's just a game to you in the end; whether you mean one single, solitary word that you say; whether you mean much more ——"

"Cara, listen to me!" His fingers closed so hard over her slim wrists that she winced involuntarily, but he did not loosen them, the gay and reckless face suddenly fiercely intent. "This time I mean every word I say; you can believe that. I loathe all this soul searching; I abominate it. I'm tired down to the bone after an absolutely infernal week at the office. I get enough solemnity there to nauseate me at the very thought of that estimable quality. The firm has the privilege of reminding me several times a day that I'm no very brilliant success, and I'm not totally unaware of it myself! It may amuse you to hear that I find facing that fact absolutely intolerable. I'm eaten up, consumed, crazed with ambition; and I'm not making even moderately good. It's incredible, and it's true! At Columbia and the Beaux Arts I was cock of the walk; that may sound blatant conceit, but I find the memory ludicrous enough, I assure you, when I see the mess that I manage to make of the hashed-up routine that I stagger out from under every evening. Why didn't anyone give us classes instructing us how to adjust ourselves to patronage and drudgery and thankless trivialities instead of teaching us how to build palaces and stadiums and marble towers that would reach to the stars? And then just when I was beginning to see daylight, even if I couldn't find the stars, along came that infernal war to throw everything out of joint for God knows how long."

She Sat Quite Still, Looking at the Little Black Words Dancing on the Little White Page

"Well, but, Terry, how much were you in it?"

"In what?"

"In that infernal war?"

"Oh, Plattsburg, training camps, the usual thing, I suppose. Why? Were you hunting around for a white feather?"

"You know, you really are impossible, my dear. You haven't any right in the world to take that tone with me. You never talk about it, and the year that I spent over there was so much the realest one that I ever spent in my life that I wondered ——"

"Yes, I don't doubt it. Well, you can stop wondering. I spent the realest year of my life sitting in a filthy camp, watching everything that I cared for in the world drift out of my reach, and harvesting the patronizing contempt of every lucky devil on his way over or on his way back. It doesn't console me any to know that some of the lucky devils were women, either, I may add."

"Terry!"

Cara lifted a startled voice above the bitter clamor, but Terry was well under way; no woman that breathed could have checked for as much as a second the torrent pouring through the broken dam of his reserve.

"No, this time it's you who are going to listen to me. Try and look at things my way; just try, won't you? I'm all on edge today; yesterday evening Bob Grant asked me to throw up my job and make tracks for France with him. He wants to travel for a year—Russia, China, Japan, Korea—he'll pay my way because he wants a companion who can chatter in three languages."

"Oh," she breathed. "It—it sounds wonderful! Are you going to go with him?"

"No. How can I go? I have my way to make, a living to earn. I'm years behind at it already. Even in Plattsburg we learned that you're supposed to go forward under fire, not backward. But that doesn't make it a more agreeable occupation."

"Poor Terry! I *am* sorry. I know how it hits you too. New countries, old ones, ships and seas and roads—there's nothing like it. Patrick gave me the love of that for a heritage, anyway."

"It's no fortunate one," he said grimly. "Wait—I've just begun! I come to you out of that office, sick and tired and torn to rags, worn out trying to decide what to do

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"You Must Have Been a Very Nasty Little Girl, and if You Don't Look Out You'll be a Very Nasty Old Lady"

Yours for Better Real Estate

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

"What About My Money? What Have You Got to Say About My Seventeen Thousand Dollars?"

"THE girl I marry, Miss MacGowan," said Dick Bettinger, frowning at the weaving traffic of Broadway and Seventy-second Street, "must be a girl who loves the quiet places; one who will go with me far from the mad hurry and bustle of the city."

Under his eyes the traffic promptly halted in position, balking him; the traffic policeman walked slowly to an advanced taxicab and spoke at length and at leisure to the vacant-eyed chauffeur. Dick's accusing gesture became an off-side sweep which pointed successively at a uniformed door man standing like an image before a fashionable apartment house, and at a gentleman in a *robe-de-chambre* who was yawning in a window, and at a Maltese cat asleep in the morning sunshine beside a barrel of ashes.

"She must love the country and the simple things that are worth while. I will give her a little vine-clad cottage, with ancient elms about, and leafy horse chestnuts, and a still apple orchard. There will be a few acres of tillage, and cows and horses, and a nice big barn. What is any home, Miss MacGowan, without a barn?"

"You mean a garage, of course, Mr. Bettinger," said Miss MacGowan. "You are dead right; a country house without a garage is an awful mistake. And have you got the cottage you speak of, Mr. Bettinger?"

"No," said Dick.

"Oh!" said Miss MacGowan.

"Well," she said, continuing notwithstanding, "I was always a perfect nut on the country. I adore the idea of living in a cottage and growing nice crisp hearts of lettuce and your own violets. I was always crazy about hearts of lettuce and violets. I guess I get it from my mother, who used to live in the country. 'Edna,' she used to say to me, 'never marry except for love.'"

"Your mother had the right idea," said Dick as they turned into West Seventy-second Street.

"Yes, she married for love," said Miss MacGowan, nodding the bobbed blond curls beneath the smart sport hat. "Father was an inventor and a regular genius, and I wouldn't have to work if he had only thought of inventing something useful that people want, like the toddle top, for instance. There is lots of money in that business, Mr. Bettinger, if one only thinks of inventing the right things; but all father could think of was wheels. 'Edna,' my mother used to say to me, 'never marry except for love. And never forget, it is just as easy to fall in love on Fifth Avenue as it is on Third.' Well, mother married for love, and naturally she had a tough experience, so that is no argument. I do not care so much for Fifth Avenue myself. It is getting so ordinary, with the cloak-and-suit factories around, and you never know who you are meeting. Which is why I say that I am sold on love in a cottage. A man who can afford to have a cottage may not be a Fifth Avenue millionaire, but he is pretty well fixed, and he is bound to have a nice apartment in an elevator house for the winter time."

"You do not understand, Miss MacGowan," said Dick.

"Oh, indeed, I do, Mr. Bettinger! And I think you are awfully sensible. Every summer I read in the papers that New York is the finest summer resort in the world, but they can't rub that on me. I've spent too many summers in New York not to know what I'm talking about. Give me the cottage and the orchard and the simple things that are worth while, every time!"

They passed between the high bronze doors of a stately marble mausoleum that stood on the south side of Seventy-second Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Broadway. On the lintel of this stately sepulchral monument was lettered in imperishable bronze FELIX J. HOPPER, INC. Felix J. Hopper, Inc., was one of the biggest real-estate firms on the West Side, and a very live concern; but its building was a mausoleum. The plans had been ordered by a Western millionaire who had wished to hand himself down to posterity in style, but who had neglected to make the expense of building his mausoleum a charge upon his estate. The scrubs who came into his money thought he could do with less, and Hopper picked up the plans for a song.

Miss MacGowan nodded brightly and hurried down the marble floor to Mr. Hopper's private office. She was his private secretary. Dick Bettinger turned toward the brokerage department with a dissatisfied frown. He met Miss MacGowan always with pleasant anticipation and parted from her dissatisfied. He knew in his heart and soul that he and Miss MacGowan would understand each other perfectly if only they could get to talking the same language. He did not know that Miss MacGowan made many other young men feel the same sympathy; he had never thought of that.

Lloyd Cantlon looked up from his finger nails when Dick opened the bronze gate in the marble railing that fenced off the brokerage department. Lloyd glanced instantly toward the aisle in the center of the office.

"Good morning, Miss MacGowan!" he called gladly. "Waited for you on the L this morning, Miss MacGowan. Must have missed you, hey?"

She entered the private office without answering him.

"Hello, Bettinger," he said, sinking back.

Lloyd made Dick feel countrified. Lloyd had the build of a dancing instructor—tall, lithe, elegant. He was a handsome fellow, small headed, round faced, with large dark eyes. Young ladies newly employed in Hopper's liked Lloyd at first sight, and less only on better acquaintance. He was conceited, but he was a shrewd and wide-awake broker, and Hopper thought highly of him. He had been doing most of the appraising of late; appraising in the first instance, his opinion being subject to review.

"Met Jake Brower last night at the club," he said, trying to speak casually as he teetered back in his swivel chair and plucked at the legs of his Shantung-silk trousers. "In a personal way, you know."

"You mean that big speculator that they call Hungry Jake?"

"I mean Jake Brower," said Lloyd. "Don't call names, Bettinger; it's low. Yes, I met him in a personal way, and we were quite intimate. He had heard of me. Rather surprising, isn't it?"

"Not at all," grunted Dick. "You weren't surprised, were you, Lloyd?"

"Well, I will not say that I was surprised exactly," admitted Lloyd. "I should rather say that I appreciated it. Jake Brower, you know, is one of the biggest operators in New York. Yes, we were on quite intimate terms. We must have sat there talking and smoking for nearly an hour. He's really a very decent and well-meaning fellow when you get to know him, Bettinger; though, I suppose he is not that way with every Tom, Dick and Harry. You could hardly expect him to be. He asked my opinion on several big deals he was contemplating—in strict confidence, of course—and he owned up to it very candidly when I showed him where he was making a mistake. He said he had never met a man who could rap out an opinion so quickly on New York real estate. I guess he would not have been so surprised if he had known that I was the chief appraiser here, hey?"

"He must have a lot of property."

"Oh, I guess friend Jake has got five or ten millions' worth on his table any day through the year. Wonderful man, though he doesn't impress you as being very clever when you get to know him in a personal way. You know, I was wondering just now how he does it. Mostly nerve, I guess, and asking his way of people that know. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if I could do it myself if I had the capital to start. It takes capital to speculate in New York real estate; and confidence in your own judgment, and I have that."

"Jake Brower is the next thing to a crook, if you ask me," said Dick with a tightening of his lips.

"Oh, come, my boy!" said Lloyd. "You've been listening to people that Jake Brower has burned. They try to match wits with him and they lose out. Serves them right, I say. You talk like that because you've never had any dealings with the man. If you met Jake in a personal way you'd find he was a prince. You don't know him, Bettinger."

"Don't I?" said Dick. "Never mind about that. But I don't envy him his money, if I had to get it the way he got it. I know he has plenty. But he has only one property that I'd care to have."

"What property is that?"

"He has a little farm in Bergen County, about opposite One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, and a half mile back from the Palisades. Over in Jersey, you know. If he'd give me that he could keep the rest."

"What's so good about it?" asked Lloyd alertly. "What did he take it for? Do you know how he got it?"

"I know how he got it, and I know why," said Dick. "I was over that way last week, and the folks were talking about the bridge that was going to be thrown over the Hudson from One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street; and this

little farm is right in the way of the expected boom. I guess Hungry Jake knew about the bridge. They say he's got his ear to the ground all over. I know about it, because I'm a Jerseyman myself."

"You needn't tell me!" laughed Lloyd. "I spotted the red mud on your shoes the minute you walked into the office to ask for a job a year ago or so. And that coonskin cap! Say, Bettinger, you looked like General Jackson's army coming back!"

"It wasn't coonskin," said Dick, reddening.

Mr. Mahony, the head of the brokerage department, was opening his mail. He rose and walked to Lloyd's desk.

"Jump out and look this property over," he directed, laying an opened letter on the desk. "It's an application for an appraisal from the Uptown Savings Bank. The bank has an application for a loan of two hundred thousand dollars on the Chagornac—that six-story on Ninety-third Street—and they want a careful estimate, as the present loan is only one hundred and forty-five. Say, Dick, here's a private house on Seventy-ninth Street that just came in. The owner's asking fifty-five, and wants us to sell it for her. Go over there and argue her down to fifty, and then offer it together with the adjoining house to Hansen the builder. He's looking for a plot on Seventy-ninth Street that can be had under two thousand a front foot, and the house next to this one can be bought for forty-five."

"Who's the applicant that's asking the bank to lend him two hundred thousand on the Chagornac?" asked Lloyd, reaching for his split sennit.

"Jake Brower. He's trying to refinance, no doubt, for a resale."

Mahony bent over Dick, suggesting arguments to beat down the price of the house he was sending him forth to sell.

II

LLOYD CANTLON was opening his letters. He picked out those that were addressed in temperamental female hands and marked Personal. He ripped these open, glanced at them cursorily and tossed them into a drawer; those that bore typewritten addresses he opened carefully with a paper knife. He came to a square envelope of good and opaque paper, with nothing on it but the address. He opened this with care, but with suspended judgment. Such an envelope might contain an invitation to a select society function, or a personal letter from a bank president, or the masquerading announcement of the opening of a new and up-to-date men's-wear establishment in the neighborhood. He had the latter-day dread of disguised advertising.

The envelope held a personal letter from Mr. Jacob Brower:

My dear Mr. Cantlon: In accordance with my custom, I am sending you a little check, which I ask you to accept in the spirit in which it is sent. I realize that what success I have had in operating has been due to the excellent coöperation afforded me by the brokers, and I feel that I should, in common fairness, let them share in the fruits of their good work. You are probably aware through experience that most operators do not feel this way.

Yours for better real estate,

JACOB BROWER.

P. S. The placing of that two-hundred-thousand-dollar loan on the Chagornac enabled me to resell at a nice profit, and I understand that they lent upon your appraisal. The inclosed is purely a gift, and I am sure you will appreciate the motives that caused me to defer any attempt to gain your good will until the loan was approved. J. B.

The check was for five hundred dollars. Lloyd held it poised in contemplation, frowned, smiled and slipped it into his inside pocket. He tore up the letter and threw the fragments into the basket—on top of an appeal for funds for a worthy charity, a letter from a down-and-out suggesting a call to talk over old times, and a flattering invitation to join a select group of business and professional men who were to be let in on the ground floor of an oil stock. If he had compunction about accepting Brower's check in the spirit in which it was sent he overcame it. Where was the dishonesty in taking the money now?

Dick Bettinger was talking to a client—an elderly and well-dressed gentleman whom Lloyd had not seen before in the office.

"A fair price, Mr. Bettinger," said the elderly gentleman with an air of caution. "I'll pay a fair price. The house must have at least ten rooms, and must be between Eighty-sixth and Ninety-sixth Streets, and between West End and the river. Oh, I imagine I'd go twenty-six or twenty-seven thousand dollars."

"I think I have a house that will suit you, Mr. Creighton; and, if I remember rightly, it can be bought for even less than you say," exclaimed Dick pleasedly. "Wait a moment and I'll look it up."

Lloyd arose and followed Dick to the card index. Over Dick's shoulder he caught a glimpse of the number of the house. "I have a party on that house now, Bettinger," he said sharply.

"You should have marked the card," protested Dick. "This is a very live proposition, Lloyd. I sent for Mr. Creighton to talk about this very house. Why, look! This house can be had for twenty-three thousand!"

"Then it's not the house for him," said Lloyd. "He's willing to pay more, isn't he? Sell him another house."

"But there isn't another anything like as cheap as this!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Lloyd. "I'll be fair with you. You take this old fellow around and show him this house and see if he likes it, and meanwhile I'll get a definite answer out of my party. Whatever you do, Bettinger, don't talk less than twenty-six thousand dollars to Creighton, because if he doesn't get this house he'll be spoiled. Find out if he'll take that house at twenty-six, see? I'll have an answer from my party by the time you get back."

Dick's face was clouded momentarily as he returned to his client. The commission on the sale would have been five hundred and seventy-five dollars, of which he would have received half. Now that nice little profit, which had been between his fingers, had slipped out again, even though temporarily.

"I feel sure that this house can be bought for what you are willing to pay, Mr. Creighton," he said. "Let's go around and look at it."

He and his prospect left the office.

Lloyd lit a gold-tipped cigarette from a monogrammed case of silver and smoked satisfiedly. He was acting cleverly. To heighten his contentment with himself, he opened the drawer containing the temperamental letters and passed an agreeable half hour with them. At the end of that period Dick reappeared alone.

"He'll take it," called Dick. "Naturally I didn't talk price to him under the circumstances, but he said he'd take it, and only asked me to get it as cheaply as I could."

"Sorry," said Lloyd, shutting the private drawer. "The house is sold. I had my client on the wire and he said he'd take it. Sorry, Bettinger."

"What's the price?"

"A shade under twenty-three "

"But Creighton would pay twenty-six!"

"What difference does that make?"

"No difference," admitted Dick glumly. "I'll have to find him something else."

"Don't do anything about it until noon, and then I'll see you again," said Lloyd. "I'm going down to close up with my party now. If he doesn't sign on the dotted line you can have the house."

He clapped on his straw hat and hurried from the office, every inch a snappy, clean-cut young broker; shrewd, alert, energetic, prepossessing. Men with half his advantages were winning every day to prominence and fortune.

He went down the Subway steps two at a time, bolted through the turnstile, forced back a closing car door and was on his roaring way southward. He emerged from the underground at Fulton Street and walked north on Broadway to Park Row. He entered a new skyscraper off the corner of Park Row and ran up the steel stairs to the third floor without awaiting the elevator. He entered an office whose door stood ajar invitingly.

He was in a large anteroom From this chamber several offices gave off, the ground-glass doors being shut. Under a sixty-candle-power lamp in the center of the anteroom was a long and solid mahogany table. On the table were ranged neat piles of paper. Each document—mimeographed—consisted of a single sheet. There were thirty or forty such sheaves. Several men were moving about the table, lifting a sheet of paper for better inspection, putting it back, occasionally folding a sheet for the pocket. Four men were sitting against a wall in a row, immobile, as though awaiting a hearing. The room was silent, with the nervous silence of a dentist's antechamber. Where people are gathered by haphazard the strain of curiosity is unbearable and talk bursts forth; but every man here knew what the others were there for.

An overenergized young lady—bright-eyed but worn thin—came quickly toward Lloyd, nodding her head evocatively as though trying to snare the words from his mouth.

"Mr. Brower," said Lloyd.

She flitted away. To improve the interval, Lloyd joined the students at the table and went to examining the slips, each sheaf of which was made up of copies of the particulars of a property in the temporary custody of the operator.

III

MR. JACOB BROWER—known familiarly, but not affectionately, as Hungry Jake—was at his desk when Lloyd entered. The day was warm, and Brower was short and stout. He had discarded his

(Continued on Page 117)

"When a Man is Twenty-Four it is High Time That He Settled Down and Got Married"

SALVAGE

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CAP'N JETHRO

NOEL PEASE

SETH NOAKES

EPH BROWER

THE keepers of the lightship rubbed their eyes, and well they might. Sailing serenely past in the lightest of late-fall airs, so close that the film of oil she spread from her saturated old hull left a line of grease on the red side of the lightship, the ancient whaler Gayhead headed up for her port.

She swam slowly, but with the placidity of a fat old duck on a swarming pond. She shrieked old age from every seam and butt, from every spar and stay. Men visible on her decks seemed as if they had been built with her, had aged with her, were part of her. Most of them had already got out their shore-going clothes to air; some wore hard hats and heavy pilot-cloth trousers; all smoked or chewed, as habit urged, and there seemed to be no definite grades as between officer and man. A whiskered ancient, wearing a high beaver hat and choker stock, lounged against the mizzenmast, chatting amiably with another weathered old salt who wore a visored mate's cap and a frown of reproof. The beaver-hatted one noticed neither visored cap nor frown of reproof. He pointed his remarks with the stem of a long clay pipe that had valiantly burned itself out in hopeless competition with the sizzling, reeking, short black cutty of the mate.

"Free and ekal we be, Eph; all free and ekal. And 'tain't actin' free and ekal when Cap'n Jethro tells a man t' go knit mittens 'cos I says he oughter hev took thet thar tug ez offered a bit ago."

"Cap Jethro knows, don't he?" demanded old Eph, he of the sizzling, reeking pipe. "'Tarnal fire!" he exclaimed, for one instant removing his cherished old cutty from his leathery lips to express his rising indignation. "'Tarnal fire, Seth Noakes! Do yew put up tew know more'n th' skipper, ez has brung in two o' th' dum-swingin'-est trips of lie ever knowed? Free and ekal? So we are. Free and ekal in sharin' profits, but not nohow by no means ekal in th' headpiece, Seth. Yew quit yammerin' about Cap'n Jethro's leetle ways. Ef you don't like 'em, wall, theer's th' same way out ez thet young squirt Jed Roach tuk last v'yage. 'Tarnal fire!"

Seth Noakes was quieted. Last voyage the old Gayhead had marked up an amazing record. After lying beside a rotting wharf for many years, her owner and old skipper, Jethro Scraggs, had fitted her out for another whaling voyage. Broken and beaten by sinister influences, of which his late wife's son, his stepson, was not the least sinister, he had gone to sea again in a desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes. He had manned his ship, fitted her out and stored her, by raking the many Snug Harbors for ancient mariners and finding a crew of old whalemen who had a few dollars put by and a spirit that would not down. All hands put in three hundred dollars each against his ship. Then every man was free and equal as to share of the profits, except that Cap'n Jethro had one share extra for the ship. And they had made a record trip. In less than six months the Gayhead returned to her haven loaded down to the channels with oil, and with a great lump of ambergris to boot. This was the second trip, not quite so record-breaking, but astonishingly good; and of the crew that sailed her triumphantly home on that first memorable trip of her renewed life, only one man was missing. Jed Roach, the first mate on that other foray against the sperm whale, had got gold fever along with his pay-off. He had bought a share in a small steamer and gone master of her. He had even tooted a signal of farewell to the old spouter on his siren as she towed past him to sea, turning his back as he pulled on the cord so that his old shipmates might not see the furious blush of shame on his weathered face. Old Eph, who had sailed second mate then, was now first mate, and one Noel Pease headed the starboard watch in his stead.

Seth Noakes slowly filled his pipe, mumbling over the mate's reproof. Then he borrowed a light with all the utter free-masonry of the unusual situation.

"Yew're right, Eph," he puffed between draws. "I be a dum idjit to squawk about what Cap'n Jethro does. I guess I must be feelin' too good, what o' these two full trips arter so many years o' softness and shore-goin' silliness. Jed wuz nothin' but a green young squirt, nohow

"Want a Tow, Cap'n? Better Give Up. Take You in for Half Your Cargo!"

Guess because he wuz over fifty or so he thought he knowed it all. Betcha he's down seekin' a job soon's we git 'longside."

He passed the almost dead match to Eph, who was hurriedly stuffing his hot cutty with coarse nubbles of plug to save the light.

"What d' yew figure th' wind'll do, Eph?" he said, sweeping a wise old eye around the steely horizon.

Eph held the match until his horny finger and thumb sizzled, shooting out short, quick blobs of pungent smoke. His eye roved around the sky line meanwhile.

"Die out fust, then come a-bustin'," he returned shortly, and turned to meet Cap'n Jethro, coming out of the companionway, telescope in hand.

"Thet thar tug'll be out again if th' wind

gits lighter, cap," grinned old Eph. "She ain't quite out o' sight yit."

"I wouldn't take thet thar tug ef 'twuz th' last chance I had o' savin' my 'mortial soul!" snapped Cap'n Jethro, reddening. "Yew seen who wuz in her pilot house, didn't yew?"

"Not rightly, cap'n. I see a mug ez looked ez crooked ez thet thar Steve Latta ez got hisself smashed between th' casks last v'yage. Didn't see nobody else ez looked diff'runt frum any other putterin' steamboater."

"Percival's aboard thet tug!" said Cap'n Jethro.

Old Eph Brower stared at his commander, then swung his gaze towards the distant speck that was the tug in question; then his deeply seamed old face wrinkled in a grin, and he met the skipper's eye. Percival had been an unwilling member of the whaler's crew on that record-making trip. He had not suffered the tragic punishment that befell Steve Latta, his crony, though heartily deserving no better; but his lot had been such that his exit from the whaler the moment she touched the dock left nothing to be said about his yearning for a shore life.

"Shorely he ain't sech a fool as tew meddle wi' th' old Gayhead again," chuckled old Eph. "'Tarnal fire! How many seconts wuz it he tuk tew make the end o' the dock?"

"'Twuz purty fast, Eph; purty fast," the skipper replied, some of the anger vanishing from his fine old face at the memory. He darkened again, however, as his keen eye lit once more upon the distant tug. "Percival ain't much account alone, Eph; but thet thar crooked gang he mixes with is up to every dirty trick thar is. He hollered what he'd do to pay us fer his last onpleasant cruise, didn't he? Ez he went up the dock, 'member?"

"Huh! I don't take no stock in sech promises!" old Eph growled stoutly. "Them young squirts sez things ez they don't know th' meanin' of. Thar's Jed Roach. Green ez bottom grass. Jest 'cos he wuz topped fifty he thought he wuz a man. Goes steamboatin' instid o' stoppin' along wi' a payin' whaler. I'll bet he's on the dock tew take our fust line, Jethro. Hev gall enough tew ask fer a berth next v'yage tew. So don't worrit none about Percival. He can't tech us."

Cap'n Jethro was focusing his telescope on the tug. The land was the dimmest of hazes. Evening was coming on, the wind was all but dead. The ancient shellbacks lounging about the decks, one by one, went to the forecastle and returned shorn of their shore-going glory, attired again more fittingly for another night of sea watches.

"Better haul up th' courses, Eph," said the skipper. "We ain't goin' in tonight, and 'tis no manner o' use threshin' good canvas to pieces against th' masts"

By the time the far-off lightship set in motion the clockwork of the light, the wind was dead, the sea a glassy level. Old Eph kept the deck, keeping an eye to windward, too, momentarily expecting to see the side lights and masthead light of the big new ocean-going tug that had hailed them earlier in the day. Cap'n Jethro was below, making up his log, preparing for shore going in the morning. Every few minutes he glanced at the old-fashioned table-leg barometer swinging in its gimbals against the bulkhead. The mercury had fallen was falling still, slowly, steadily. The warm, odorous interior of the old spouter's cabin was noisy with the clash and racket of volleying sails and slatting gear overhead; the rudder post thudded against the trunk as the swells passed beneath the bark, adding a hollow note to the sharp chorus of the rest. Then into the medley crept another sound, and Cap'n Jethro started up with a muttered curse. It was the distant boom of a steamer's siren—the siren of a tug. He stumbled out on deck as Eph Brower started to come down to report.

"Tug's a-comin' out," said Eph; and he added, with a fine air of indifference, "Ain't much wind, is thar, cap'n?"

"We'll wait till thar is!" snapped Jethro.

Fifteen minutes later a hail came through the night, as the big tug stormed abreast of the old bark, spattering the calm sea with the sheen of her lights.

"Better take a tow, cap'n!" The voice rang out with a note of triumph in it. "Take ye in for ——"

"Sheer off!" yelled Cap'n Jethro. "I wouldn't take yew if yew offered fer nawthin'!"

Somebody aboard the tug laughed, and another voice sang out, "Price of oil's ready to fall, cap'n. Better accept ——"

"Eph," roared Jethro furiously, "git all hands up here wi' swabs! See ef yew cain't stop thet thar squirt's yapper! Offer me a tow, and at a price already twice what 'twuz two hours ago!"

"It'll be higher yet, cap'n. So long," returned the mocking voice from the tug. Grinning ancients armed with swabs that dribbled slush and tar regretfully watched the tug turn and vanish in the darkness. They set their missiles tenderly aside, hoping that chance might again offer.

The winking eye of the lightship seemed nearer rather than more distant. The sigh and hollow ruffle of the flapping canvas, mingled with the shrill chirrup of sheaves and the squeak of worn parrels, filled the still air; the watch smoked or dozed about the decks; here and there a low voice indicated that the night was not utterly as dead as the sea and wind. On the short poop Noel Pease stumped his watch through, puffing away at the big cigar he had saved for shore going. It had got broken while lying in his clothes in his bunk. Now, parceled with a bit of twine and a scrap of paper torn from the Nautical Almanac, it gave him solace where the stark calm irritated him.

Every few minutes his seamanly eye scanned the windward sky. The cloudlets of sunset had grown into clouds full formed and black. The heavy pall covered half the starry vault above the old whaler's lofty trucks. Yet there was no wind. The lightship was anchored, that Noel knew; but she was nearer, and that told of a big seaward drift for the whaler. A mile or so distant, nearer the invisible shore, the lights of a steamer appeared stationary, but even as Noel watched, they began to move in a wide curve, and then to come towards him. That made him glance more closely at the weather, for he knew the skipper's opinion about that tug. He had dubbed her a jackal. Noel stepped below and closely scrutinized the barometer. Even as he peered at the mercurial column Cap'n Jethro came from his cabin, fully dressed for the deck and carrying his slicker coat.

"Gittin' dirty lookin'," grumbled Noel. "Glass is fell a smart bit since eight bells."

"I know. I felt it," returned Jethro shortly. "Git your watch awake and we'll git her a movin'."

"Thet tug's steamin' out ag'in, cap."

"Ef she wants tew burn up coal, let her."

The tug was within half a mile. There was a warm gust of wind that died as it was born, filling the bark's sails and

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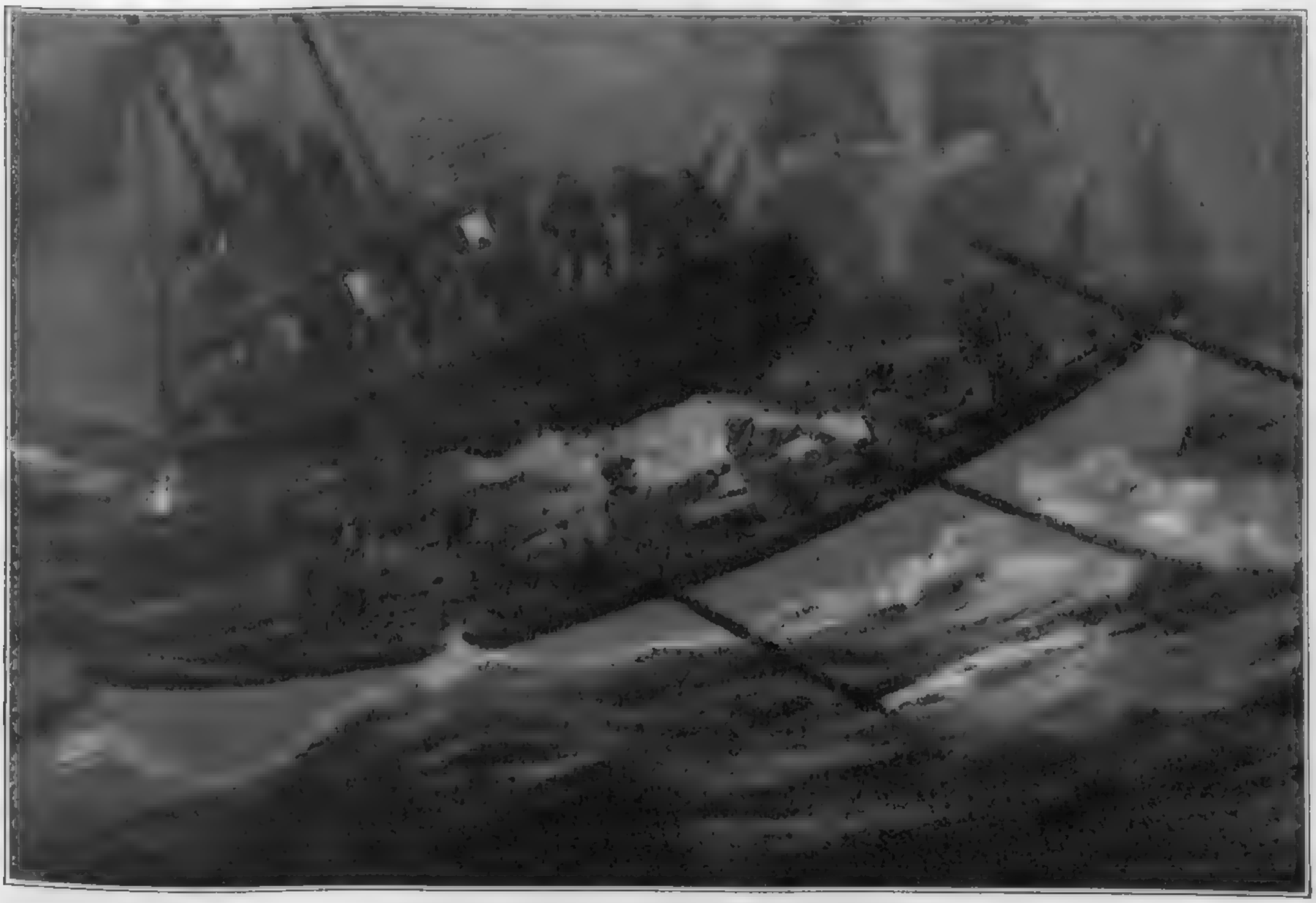


Angry Voices Assailed the Boat. Eph Obeyed Orders and Made No Retort

Sierras by Camp Fire and Pack

By HAL G. EVARTS

LOOKING backward down the aisles of Time, the Roman conquests, the tender dalliances of Cleopatra, the wooden horse of Troy, converted into dust these many centuries, all seem so much a part of the hazy, long-dead past that the possible vital influence each of them exercised in the building of our present causes us small concern today; we're here because we're here.

Looking ahead into the haze that is tomorrow, just what effect will the converting of our last wooden giant into grape stakes exercise upon our not-distant future? We'll be there when we get there and we're wastefully on our way.

Speculating thus upon the limited horizon of mortal vision, I stood before the giant and realized that while the Romans were conquesting, back in the days when Cleopatra was still a shallow flapper, the giant even then had lived for 2000 years, its mighty frame containing more lumber than the wooden horse of Troy. The giant was a wonderful sequoia. It had reared its tender head from the prehistoric dust: a head that, now gnarled and battered but unbowed, had defied the march of Time and weathered the storms, upheavals and climatic changes of forty centuries. It had seen the rise and fall of nations whose history is mere speculation on the part of present-day man. It had witnessed the passing of one horde and another, each intent upon its own ambitions, the futility of which is proved by their collapse in periods that antedate the records of mankind. Four thousand years had gone into the fashioning of the tremendous trunk that would be converted into grape stakes in the span of a week or so, thence back into dust in the course of a few short years. Jack the Giant Killer was already setting about his work.

Jack has attained considerable fame and popularity; but even so, we concede that he is somewhat of a fanciful little hero, this slayer of giants, rather than a model of wisdom and forethought whose ways we should emulate. Yet the present generation of Americans is going Jack one better, and much of our national prosperity has resulted from giant killing of one sort or another. Rather than trouble to harness them for long-sustained work we slew them and wrangled over their carcasses.

One of these giants was the timber supply within our borders, the finest and most abundant forests that have ever fallen to the lot of any nation since the dawn of man; and in the lifetime of one man that particular giant has been slaughtered and his carcass parceled out, all but the choicest cuts tossed into the national garbage can.

Lumberjack the Giant Tree Killer

WITHIN the last sixty or seventy years at least nine-tenths of our timber has either been cut or transferred into the hands of private owners. At the present rate of cutting it is estimated that another thirty years will find us importing practically all our lumber. Add to that the fact that in the last five years fires have destroyed 56,488,000 acres of forest lands and it requires no great acumen to see the bottom of the grab bag. One day soon we shall thrust in our hand and find the bag quite empty of all save the shattered splinters of waste that will sadly lacerate our grasping fingers.

These facts, quite naturally, were uppermost in my thoughts as we rode through the Giant Forest, for here was a stand of the mighty sequoias that would never be converted into grape stakes. That is, one would have presumed the safety of this grove a few years back, since it had been set aside as the Sequoia National Park; and, believing in the integrity of our parks, we would scarcely have predicted that the future of these trees—the preservation of which was the original basis of the park's creation—would so soon be in doubt. Perhaps this grove through which we rode will not be cut, for this was the Giant Forest proper; but since its fellow, the Garfield Grove, seems slated for the ax, we can no longer feel assured that the immunity of the Giant Forest itself is more than temporarily guaranteed. A block of the present park, comprising three whole townships and including the Garfield Grove, may soon be thrown out, traded off for other areas that will presumably compensate the people for the loss.

At the Foot of Black Rock Pass

It was this proposed extension toward which we were heading.

As units of the American public we were joint owners both of the tract that was to be excluded and of that which was scheduled to be taken in; and we would still be joint owners of both areas after all the juggling and horse-swapping arrangements had been completed; consequently we felt a natural curiosity to discover just what constituted the necessity for this sleight-of-hand transfer of our property.

As far as we could see all the signposts pointed toward the suspicion that it was merely Jack the Giant Killer playing with our blocks.

The pack outfit had gone on ahead. It had been hot, well over the 100 mark in the valley; but here on the flanks of the high Sierras it was cool and comfortable as we rode under the big trees. This was the mightiest of all forests, for these trees were the giant sequoias of the mountains, not the redwoods of the coast, and the tawny trunks rose in ponderous ranks that closed in and shut off our view. Darker trunks, almost black, and shaggy with light-green moss, rose among the buff columns of the patriarchs; firs they were, some five feet through, and rising straight as rifle barrels as they reached upward toward the sun; monster trees themselves, but appearing as mere slender saplings beside the giants.

One needs some gauge, some familiar object with which to contrast, before he fully comprehends the size of these sequoias. Where all the trees are large the process of estimation resolves itself into a mere comparison of like objects. A trunk that is eight or ten feet through at the butt becomes a small tree when compared with those of medium girth; and those in turn, of course, appear rather noticeably smaller than monsters of twenty or more feet in diameter. But that is all. It has ever been true that man, in estimating the forces of works of Nature, must balance and compare with some man-made object before really grasping the minuteness, magnitude, strength or artfulness of her various elements and creations. When man compares lake with mountain, rushing river with desert plains, he is but weaving word pictures. True comprehension dawns only when he contrasts the works of Nature with objects that he fondly fancies are those of his own creation.

Nature in Terms of Man

THIS trait originates, perhaps, in man's eternal clinging to the assertion of his own omnipotence and his age-long rebellion against the inherent knowledge of his impotence in the face of Nature's cut-and-dried ordering of his existence. The magnitude of the Grand Cañon is best perceived from the swaying insecurity of the suspension bridge across the Colorado at the foot of the Bright Angel Trail, and so on all through the list. The size of a sequoia is comprehended with some clarity only when one travels along the automobile road that passes through the trunk of a giant in the Mariposa Grove of Yosemite; when he views a troop of cavalry drawn up on a single fallen trunk or watches a boy who rides a pony for 100 feet into the cavity of a hollow down log and emerges through a knot hole; and perhaps it is this same eternal complacency of viewing man's power first, then using it as a gauge by which to evaluate that of Nature, that has fostered man's favorite method of estimating the size of a forty-century-old sequoia. It will make 100,000 grape stakes, he asserts, and is well content with his unit of measurement.

It was somewhat so with me as we rode through this most magnificent of the world's forests. There was nothing to use as a gauge, no object with which I could compare. Here was the hush of primeval solitude, engendered through those 5000 years that have passed since the birth of the Giant Forest, as if those ancient trees had learned the futility of clamor; for the usual creaks and groans, the swaying together of wind-lashed tree tops with resultant clashes such as one hears in lesser forests, all these were lacking, the hoary patriarchs standing in silent majesty. There was only the prehistoric hush, freighted with the bare suspicion of a sigh far overhead, the soft earth of the forest floor muffling the hoof beats of our horses.

I felt again, as I had on other occasions, that sense of an unseen power that compels the homage and reverence of mortal man when he finds himself isolated in the heart of a virgin forest. A woodpecker drummed stridently from some point high overhead, and the sound shattered the cathedral silence as the strokes of a workman's hammer high up in the bell tower might startle a congregation engaged in earnest prayer before the altar. Yet, feeling all this, there was still no way in which I could estimate and compare, and it was only after dismounting in an unsuccessful

Junction Pass—A Desert of 12,000 Feet Elevation

effort to photograph a deer that I looked up and saw Mrs. Evarts riding under the trees 100 yards ahead and found true comprehension of this forest dawning upon me. For here was a familiar object with which to contrast. She was just rounding a tree perhaps twenty feet in diameter, while scores of similarly massive columns rose on every side; horse and rider, moving among those colossal trunks, might well have been a wood mouse gliding timidly through a grove of six-inch lodgepoles. For half a mile I rode some distance behind, comparing — comprehending its magnitude at last.

Then, quite suddenly, we were beyond the sequoias, riding a dusty sidehill trail in the glare of the sun. A few miles of this and we dipped again into a forest, a stand of fir this time, and came upon the first night camp of the trip.

The boys had unpacked on a tiny spring creek, and Red Buchanan, who was slated to preside over our larder for the next three weeks, was even then lifting a batch of hot biscuits from the Dutch oven. Clarence Britten, guide, and Ollie Osborne, packer, completed the personnel of the party.

The sun dropped behind the hills as we sat round the canvas tarp that Red had spread on the ground to serve as a tablecloth. Midway of the meal a stone was dislodged a short distance up the slope, and as we turned to determine the cause a buck stepped forth some thirty yards above us. His arching antlers were still incased in the soft velvet sheath of summer, his coat of short new hair a reddish tan. His big ears shifted inquiringly as his quivering nostrils tested the tempting odors from the camp, for deer are extremely fond of salt, bread scraps, corn meal and other such delicacies.

A second buck joined the first, and they moved cautiously down the slope until they stood within thirty feet of us.

Self-Invited Guests

FOR a time they would venture no nearer, but circled the camp, spurred into startled leaps for cover by any quick move by a member of our party. But always they returned. A huge down log, perhaps six feet in diameter, flanked one side of the camp, a bowlder of similar dimensions standing some four feet from it; and the two bucks crowded into this narrow passage and peered curiously at the dancing flames of the camp fire. Presently they crowded through and began prospecting among the kayaks in which our food was packed, keeping a wary eye upon us meanwhile. The larger of the pair dipped his muzzle into a pannier containing flour and sacks of various cereals. Red tossed a pine cone at the animal.

"Here, here!" he reproved. "You-all can't come in the house!"

They retreated to a little distance and I placed salt and bread scraps on adjacent bowlders. A third buck and a band of does put in an appearance, but these veered past the camp and held on down the mountain.

The outfit included a small tent, but we did not pitch it, electing instead to spread our bed rolls in the open, for, as every native had repeatedly assured us:

"It just naturally don't ever rain in these mountains this time of year; but if it should it won't be at night. No, sir! A night rain has never been known in these hills."

Wherefore, I prepared for floods; for be it known that in ten years we had struck naught but freak seasons, when the weather acted up in a fashion hitherto unknown in the annals of the countryside since the first residenter drove his claim stakes. The inhabitants of the Wyoming hills had once assured us that the winter temperatures had not registered twenty degrees below zero since who knows when. Lured thus into taking up our habitat in those sunny mountains, we saw the records shattered on three consecutive years, for the mercury did register twenty below several times during each winter; and on such days we stepped out to take the sun and uttered mutual assurances that spring would soon be here; but our hopes proved only temporary, for the thermometer always dropped back to thirty or forty below and hovered there for weeks.

We had encountered villainous heat in lands where the highest temperature previously recorded had been back in the memorable summer of '86; mosquitoes in billions in localities where they had previously been so rare that a few specimens, captured alive by natives, had been placed on exhibition. Reflecting upon a long procession of such freak seasons, I drew Mrs. Evarts aside and counseled thus:

"Be prepared for floods," says I. "When the deluge sets in sometime around midnight you mount the first down log or other piece of bric-a-brac that comes floating past. If it's thundering so I can't hear your cries, just wave something white and I'll locate you in the lightning flashes. Someway I can't help but feel that our time has come to be drowned."

Weather as Forecast

WITH that warning croak I fell asleep, only to wake some hours later with the startled impression that I had slumbered on till high noon. The mountains were wrapped in that same unearthly silence that had been so marked in the Giant Forest, and it was quite light, the shadows of the big trees clear cut and distinct. The Sierras were bathed in the white radiance of the moon, its brilliance a reproof of my skepticism. A most wonderful night, and just a fair sample of every other night throughout a three weeks' pack. It actually doesn't rain at night in the Sierras; anyway, not in August.

We turned out at dawn, and as we breakfasted a party of three girls, their outfit packed on a single burro, hiked past on their homeward way after a day's pack out from Giant Forest for an overnight camp.

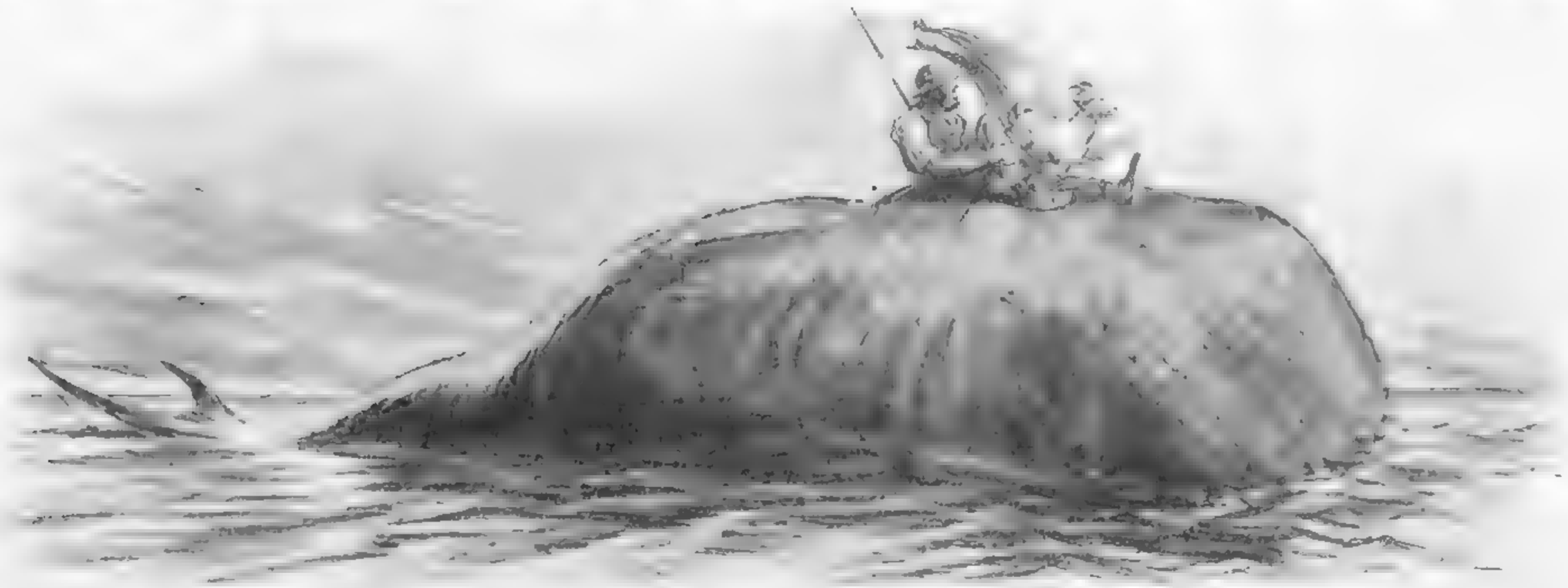
Our way led down Seven-Mile Hill, and we set forth on foot ahead of the outfit, sighting perhaps a half dozen bucks and a score of does and fawns, all moving uphill, leaving the lower brush-covered sidehills where they had fed throughout the night for the shelter of the timber on the higher slopes.

Bear signs were abundant. The trail was carpeted

(Continued on Page 101)

An Arm of Beach Lake. Above—A Fair Sample of Traveling Over Loose Rock

THE JONAH FISH



Sailing South Into the Clutches of Whatever Reception Committee Lady Luck Might Have at Some Unknown Rendezvous, He Sat Pretty and Talked Politics at His Mascot Goat

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

ADORNED with a shad-belly cutaway coat whose luster had been dimmed in spots by misdirected splashes of gin and vittles during the prosperous hours of Christmas week, the Wildcat, towing his mascot goat, marched toward the porters' room in Union Station at Los Angeles.

On the end of her towrope Lily hung back with a fatigue inspired by a full week of what had seemed senseless prowling. The Wildcat jerked at Lily's leading string with an expression of impatience.

"Come 'long, mutton chop, befo' you gits garnished wid a tombstone. All de time laggin' an' draggin' back; fust thing you knows us misses de limited."

In the porters' room the Wildcat removed the shad-belly coat and revealed the buttoned blouse of his official uniform. He took off this blouse and after pinning up the long tails of the shad-belly coat he got into the unofficial garment and then above it he replaced the blouse with the shining nickel buttons. When the transformation was accomplished a companion porter addressed a languid question to the Wildcat.

"Whut run you got, boy?"

"Ise due out on Numbeh 3. Ise runnin' de cañon car on de limited."

His professional companion looked at the Wildcat and then at the clock on the wall of the porters' room. "Chances is you aims to show some speed f'm now on."

"How come?"

The critic's gaze returned to the clock. "De limited ain't changed no habits lately. It's still got de 11:30 leavin' habit. You sho must feel agile to give dat train a twenty-minute start on you. Almos' twelve o'clock now. Yo' train is almos' as far f'm heah as you is f'm a job."

The Wildcat's jaw moved up and down four times before his speech became articulate. "You means de limited done left?"

"Dat's whut I means. You is high an' dry, like a church ceilin'. You betteh git leavin', too, befo' de inspector sees you. Dat boy feels rough f'm his Christmas an' de chances is does he see you you overtakes yo' train on foot wid speed to spare."

The Wildcat was prompt to accept his companion's advice. He switched his costume again to where the unofficial shad-belly coat was once more on the outside, and with Lily dragging along as usual he retreated from the scene of this latest disaster with which Old Man Trouble had pestered him.

Answering an instinct born of long campaigns on life's battlefields he headed direct for a lunch counter whose motto was quantity and lots of it.

An hour later, gorged to the gills with an assorted ration which stretched the fabric of the shad-belly coat, the victim of time's implacable march warmed to the first benevolent reactions of his old philosophy.

"All us loses, Lily, is whut some otheh boy found. Heah us is, eatin' heavy whilst de otheh boy contributes de sweat. 'While back us wuz moanin' wid grief. Kain't see no grief now. Otheh boy has de work whilst us has one mo' holiday. Come 'long heah whilst us 'vestigates whah at is Lady Luck. Kain't see me no pussonal trouble. Mebbe it ain't so much whut you sees as how you looks at it."

The Wildcat began his retreat from the theater of industry. Half an hour later, at a clothing store that specialized in secondhand uniforms, he stopped long enough to trade the porter's blouse with its bright buttons for a five-dollar bill. Thereafter, adorned with the shad-belly cutaway coat and wearing the blue pants, which had seen too much sitting-down service to be salable, he continued his flight from Los Angeles.

In the open country, away from the city, he answered some wild-bird instinct within him and headed north a month or two in advance of the early spring.

Within a week the tension of the march had relaxed until now the Wildcat's progress became an aimless succession of minor adventures linking the vagrant's yesterday and tomorrow with the casual checkered hours of his present day.

Throughout the month, neglected alike by Lady Luck and Old Man Trouble, he suffered the lot of a neutral on life's battlefield, and then, tramping north through the benevolent empire of the Western Coast, he realized one morning that the long line of breakers before him was pounding the beach which fronts Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco.

"You Means I Gits a Bonus fo' Ketchin' Mo' Fish Den You Expects?"

In the warm sands in the lee of the sea wall near the life-saving station, with Lily beside him, he lay for a while contemplating the breaking blue margin of the Pacific, the gray horizon, the soaring flight of a hundred gulls, and an interesting strip of his personal future.

"Us is loafed 'long fo' two months, Lily. Seems like Lady Luck done fo'got my name. I craves me a three-time ration 'stead of dis now-an'-then nutriment whut lazy folks gits. Dis is de best town in de world when you has a job. Us locates a job of work so as to git 'long till dat Lady Luck woman gits back."

On the instant of his resolve Lady Luck started back toward the Wildcat, but for several subsequent days the protégé of the goddess of fortune remained unaware of his divinity's renewed attention.

Any job hunter coasting the semicircle of the San Francisco shore line from the beach at Golden Gate Park to Mission Rock on the other side of the city will be confronted by various opportunities wherein he can trade his labor for money enough to get along on.

The Wildcat craved to get along, and midway of his journey around the edge of the city he suddenly encountered a job that seemed to offer exceptional opportunities for a worker equipped with a proper appreciation for food and drink.

The Wildcat's job met him at Fishermen's Wharf.

"You means I gits all de fish I kin eat, all de red wine I kin drink, all de boat ridin' I kin do, an' five dollahs a day fo' helpin' you fish?"

The Italian operator of the fishing boat confirmed the Wildcat's summary of the rewards incidental to the life of a fishing captain's lieutenant.

"All the fish you can eat, all the wine you can drink, all the work you can do," the Italian confirmed. "The life—not so bad. The money, five dollar a day." He subjected the Wildcat to a sudden inspection whose intensity burned its victim with all the sting of a popping blacksnake whip. The inspector's eyes narrowed. "And maybe if you are faithful there will be other rewards."

"You means I gits a bonus fo' ketchin' mo' fish den you expects?"

"A bonus for catching fish in bottles. From the north comes the whisky ships. Their cargo is gold. If you are faithful some of it may be yours. If you are not faithful ——" The Italian sliced his fingers across his throat.

The Wildcat shuddered. "I knows yo' meanin'. My name begins wid Faithful an' stops wid twice dat much. Whah at is dis fish work?"

An hour later, wearing a suit of flapping yellow oilskins, the Wildcat began his return journey toward the Golden Gate, but this time he traveled in one of the fleet of fishing boats that headed for the open sea.

At Mile Rocks seasickness claimed him, and until the boat reached the fishing grounds, eight miles out, the new hand endured a fate that looked twice as black as his complexion had been before it turned a sickly sea green.

With his recovery he engaged with deepening interest in the capture of half enough fish to sink the craft wherein he rode, and then when his companion sighted a red-painted spar buoy a thousand feet away he gained the rudiments of his first lesson in open-sea bootlegging.

Slung on a rope lashed to the floating spar was a wheat sack, and in the wheat sack, padded and packed in their protective sheathing of oakum, were six full quarts of Scotch whisky.

Before nightfall the pair had picked up five more prizes.

"Three dozen bottles," the Italian summarized, when they were homeward bound. "It means more as two hundred dollar profit to me. Black man, you have make five dollar wages, and I have make fifty times that much. It is a good day for de boss."

"Sho looks like a good day to me," the Wildcat returned. "All de fish I kin eat, all de likker I kin drink, an' five dollahs cash." He turned to his mascot goat, who was crouched near the coughing auxiliary engine. "Hot dam, Lily! I says Lady Luck is found us. Us is ridin' high on de gold ocean. Scoop down a bucket an' dip yo'self a million dollahs wuth of luck befo' de luck ocean dries up."

Lily, engaged in munching a gratifying salad of seaweed, replied to the Wildcat with a bleat that served to express her satisfaction with her participation in the fisherman's life on the rolling wave.

For a week, eating heavy and drinking deep, drawing five dollars a day and seeing lots of new life, no suggestion of the unfair division of the profits entered the Wildcat's mind.

The mascot goat, enjoying a more varied menu than any she had known, drifted rapidly into a belief that here, at last, on land and sea, she occupied the royal suite in a heaven reserved for good goats.

The Italian boat operator, bootlegging his way into a limousine life, was content with the drift of events, save that now and then he knew the anguish of that great ambition which comes with the first minor increment of great wealth.

Within the month a desire to make big money, and to make it quick, impelled the small-business bootlegger to draw cards in a broad-gauge syndicate involving profits to be counted in thousands of dollars instead of the smaller sums that had rewarded his illicit activities.

With two of his countrymen he journeyed to Seattle, where, after a series of conferences with the wholesalers operating out of the north, he became party to a whale of a project that promised to flood half of thirsty San Francisco with imported hooch.

While the Italian boat owner was away from his field of legitimate activity the Wildcat, tagging along single-handed at the heels of the fishing fleet, navigated his boat and day by day caught enough fish to make expenses.

During the first few days of his work loneliness occasionally overtook him, but when his industry had settled into a routine that gave him opportunity to look around him his hours at sea were crowded with too many interesting things to permit him to be lonely.

On a day that started under a gray fog, and that later brightened until the lone fisherman and his mascot were drifting on a choppy sea that glittered under a noonday sun, came the whale.

The Wildcat had seen submarines and destroyers, cargo tramps, square-rigged ships and passenger liners, but with the lifting fog, a mile away across the surface of the sea he sighted a floating mass that quickened his fish-hunting instinct as soon as he had solved the mystery of identity.

"Fish is fish, Lily. Beginnin' wid a minny an' endin' wid a whale, fish is fish," he announced to his mascot. "Does us git five dollahs fo' ketchin a load of dese heah halibrutes chances is whale fish is wuth a hund'ed dollahs. Looks like fish meat 'nuf to feed de town a week. Kain't use no bait hook on dat big boy. Us gits him wid sumpin' dat won't leave go."

"Blaa-a!" Lily agreed to everything.

"Hush yo' mouth whilst us 'cumulates dat ol' whale fish!"

The Wildcat busied himself with the business of retrieving the drifting fishing gear, and when it was stowed away he tied a long hand line on the shaft of a pike pole and laid this improvised harpoon along the narrow forward deck of his fishing boat.

In the distance the whale, undisturbed by a dozen protesting gulls that were circling above him, floated high in the flooding sunlight that had replaced the lifting fogs.

The Wildcat started the boat's engine, and a moment later, with the exhaust coughing its harsh and whale-scaring note at the water line, the craft swung about and headed in the direction of the whale hunter's prey.

"Chances is dat varmint is restin' himself f'm a hard night's swimmin'. Us sneaks up f'm behind him an' stabs him in de tail wid dis pike pole. Den de ruckus begins! Ol' whale fish whirls round to see who us is. Den I bats him in de head wid dis ax!"

Within a hundred feet of his victim the Wildcat began to doubt the efficiency of his ax, but now, quivering before the crisis of the chase, no thought of retreat stayed him.

He headed the boat for the whale's tail. While the boat was yet thirty feet from contact with the inert monster the Wildcat shut off the boat's engine. He clambered to the bow deck and picked up his pike-pole harpoon, from which trailed the hand line. Bracing himself before the instant of collision, he rammed the steel-pointed shaft into the whale's tail. It was then that the harpooner realized that the whale was considerably larger than it looked.

Under the impulse of the Wildcat's terrific effort the harpoon buried itself a full three feet in the tissues of the whale's tale. The Wildcat leaped back and grabbed his ax, a little doubtful of his ability to strike the killing blow and yet resolved to go through with the attack as far as conquest or defeat, now that it had begun.

With the ax swinging easily in hand the Wildcat waited for a whale's dance of death to bring the bulk of his head within striking distance. The whale failed to respond.

Lily, standing out prominent on the bow deck of the little fishing boat, wrinkled her nose in a sudden criticism of an aroma that pervaded the atmosphere of the battle sea.

An instant later the Wildcat reacted to the effluvia. "Mebbe de whale is sick." He looked at his mascot goat. On Lily's face was the semblance of a sneer. "Whut you mean laffin' at a poor whale? Dat varmint don't smell half so bad as whut you did befo' you got deodorized."

"Blaa-a!" Lily laughed a goat laugh at the master of the whaling ship.

"Shut yo' mouth! Whut you mean sneerin'? Whut if dis whale hez gone 'way f'm life heah below? Ain't no time fo' a measly goat to laff. By rights whut you ought to do is take off yo' hat an' pray. Git out of my way befo' I uses dis ax on you!"

The Wildcat made a threatening gesture toward the mascot goat and it carried the dignity of a promise.

Lily retreated in sudden fear. She trotted three steps across the deck of the little fishing boat and leaped wildly aboard the whale's tail. She stood for a moment with one foot braced against the wooden shaft of the harpoon, which stuck up out of the victim's propelling gear, and then, seeking a more stable footing, she climbed up the sloping area of the whale until she had gained the comparatively level expanse near the floater's equator.

The Wildcat, forgetting his whale fish in a new ambition to retrieve his truant mascot, abandoned the problem of dragging the pike pole out of his mammoth trophy. With a threatening gesture of his ax he leaped on board the whale in pursuit of Lily.

The mascot goat looked back for an instant over her shoulder and took three or four quick steps forward. Then, to the Wildcat's amazement, Lily bleated one despairing bleat and disappeared suddenly into a void for which the Wildcat found no explanation until he had gained a vantage point on the hurricane deck of the mysterious monster.

Here, looking down in a well, eight feet square, which had been excavated out of the whale, the Wildcat saw Lily splashing around in two feet of sea water.

"Cap'n, Suh, Dere Ain't Enuff Driftwood in de World to Burn Dat Whale. Only Way You All Kin Git Rid of Him is Wid Damnite"

(Continued on Page 177)

UNDER A CLOUD

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

IF THOMAS H. LANG was a scoundrel—and there are many who do not believe it—he was at least a genial one. He came to New York from Keys City, a small town somewhere in Iowa; and although we did not learn of it until later, he came, as they say, with a cloud over him. Exactly what he had done I have never to this day been able to discover. All I know is that he had held a position of responsibility in what was at that time a one-man concern—the Jamieson Paint and Varnish Works. He was, it appears, Jamieson's right hand and more than half the old fellow's brains, and he worshiped Jamieson.

It was a question, of course, of misappropriation of funds; it generally is a question of that. When the deficit was discovered and it came to a show-down it was completely evident that there were only two men who could by any possibility be guilty—Tom Lang or Jamieson's son Charles. Both of them sturdily declared their innocence; neither of them could be convicted; but one of them had to go, and naturally it was Lang who went. Jamieson would believe no evil of his own son. Like Cæsar's wife, he must be above suspicion. In the case of Lang there was, unfortunately for him, no such necessity.

Pamela Had Not Spoken, But Now She Got Up and Moved Across the Little Parlor to Stand Behind Her Father's Ugly Red Plush Chair

Jamieson, beset, it is possible, by a fear which he would not admit even to himself, refused to investigate the case very deeply; and transforming what was really an act of injustice into an act of apparent leniency, contented himself with dismissing Lang and admonishing him to leave town. The fact that Lang did so without further protest is perhaps proof of his guilt—perhaps not. Perhaps it was proof of a quixotically generous heart, to which, however, he never laid claim. There are few men living in this hard-boiled age who would believe that a man would passively permit the guilt of another to be thrust upon him simply to shield his employer's son. One may love one's employer, but seldom to that extent. However, these are the facts of the case as well as I have been able to get at them—and it was a long time before I could get at any of them at all. You can judge for yourself. You must, indeed, judge for yourself, for if you go to Lang and have the impudence to ask him point-blank about it he will answer with a serious, childlike smile: "I must refuse to commit myself, by advice of counsel. Besides, I don't remember anything about it." Which, as you see, proves nothing one way or the other.

Lang was, I suppose, between forty and forty-five when he packed up, left Keys City and came to New York. His daughter, Pamela, could not have been more than ten. His wife had died some years before. They lived at first, he and Pamela, in one of those horrible shabby-ornate hotels on the upper West Side; one of those hotels named grandly after some English duke, which, like courtesans, put all their finery on the outside. There were columns and imitation marble, and a dejected palm in the lobby, and two red plush throne chairs beside the elevator. A sallow-faced girl with stringy black hair sat at the switchboard, incessantly chewing gum. A sallow-faced clerk with varnished black hair stood behind the desk, incessantly picking his teeth. It was a very splendid hotel.

Pamela Lang was the only splendid thing therein. When I first met her she was a slim, quiet, grave young girl with brown eyes and smooth yellow hair, a combination that I hold to be irresistible. The hair was so light as to be almost lemon colored—which made the contrast of her dark eyes the more striking—and she brushed it straight back from her brow with scarcely a ripple, and gathered it into a heavy knot low on her neck. She showed by this method her ears, which I think was very wise of her.

Lang and Pamela had been almost ten years in New York before I happened to come across them. What employment he had found whereby to support himself and his daughter during that period I am not certain, for his jobs, as he explained to me, were many and diverse, and none of them very conspicuous or lucrative. His references, you see, were nonexistent. But one thing I am sure of: Whenever he was fortunate enough to possess a five-dollar bill which was not imperatively needed for food or lodging he would gamble with it, either on a horse or on a roulette table or, indeed, on anything in the world. He was an incurable gambler, craving the game as others crave drink or drugs; and, as often happens, when it was so necessary that he should win and so catastrophic if he lost, he played in consistently bad luck. I imagine that had he saved those occasional five-dollar bills young Pamela would have had an extra dress or two, and certainly could have worn silk stockings.

It was through this propensity for gambling that I met him. At that time I was employed in the customers' room of a small brokerage house—Gishing, Ventnor & Shriner. We were not members of the big exchange, and we dealt mainly in small lots; but we played the game honestly and with reasonable conservatism. We were no bucket shop. I had been with the firm almost six years, having begun, I am not ashamed to admit, with the arduous job of snapping the cardboard quotation slips into the wall racks. I was poor and forced to support myself as soon as I left boarding school; but I was learning the business rapidly enough, and the partners liked me, especially young Ventnor. I shall have more to say of him later.

Well, it appears that after almost ten years of bad luck, Thomas Lang reaped the reward of his persistency and patience and put one of his fivers on a winning horse. It won at thirty to one. No sooner had he counted the hundred and fifty that his bookmaker handed him than he began to cast about in his mind for some good way to lose it. I might explain, in passing, that had his winner not been in the last race of the afternoon he would undoubtedly have lost it on the succeeding races. As it was, he was forced to return to his hotel with his roll of bills intact.

That evening, sitting with Pamela in one of their two shabby little rooms, he picked up the evening paper, and turning to the financial page, read our modest advertisement. Then he read that Spitz Motors had jumped four points that day; and then he decided what he should do with all that money.

The next morning at about a quarter to ten he appeared in our office. He was a cheery little fellow, whom misfortunes had failed completely to crush. He was a trifle bald and a trifle gray, and he wore rimless spectacles in front of his friendly eyes. That morning he had bought himself what were obviously new brown gloves and a new cane, of which he seemed as proud as a boy of his first long trousers. I suppose he had not worn gloves or carried a cane for a long time, and their acquisition restored his buoyancy and his confidence. Almost he swaggered.

"Good morning," he said to me. "I should like to open an account with the firm—oh, a very small one, a very modest one, a mere trifle."

"That's what we're here for, sir," I replied, and I led him to the cashier's window.

"Thomas H. Lang's the name," he explained; "Hotel Rutland. That's right—West 116. Now I'd like to put up a hundred in cash against ten shares of Spitz Motors. Just a starter, you know; just a starter. Expect to add to it later if all goes well."

He drew out a roll of yellow and of green bills as big as his wrist, and he peeled off twelve fives and two twenties. The remainder he returned carelessly to his pocket.

"Must keep a little something for car fare," he explained with a smile that was so youthful it was boyish. Then he lit a big cigar, sauntered over to the board and surveyed yesterday's quotations with the authoritative air of a John W. Gates.

"U'm," he mused aloud. "Spitz closed at 46¾, eh? Up four. Nice little stock—nice little stock."

"It's been very active lately, Mr. Lang," said I at his elbow.

"U'm," he said, rolling his cigar about in his mouth. Then he turned to me abruptly and asked, "What's your name, young man?"

"Richards," I told him.

He extended his hand, shook mine cordially, and said: "Now we know each other. I guess I'll be coming in here often and I like to know you folks by your names. It's more friendly. How about this Spitz? Know anything about it? Got any dope on it?"

"We're bullish on it, Mr. Lang. We're bullish, as a matter of fact, on the whole market. We advise buying on any reaction."

"Yes, that's what they all say; but how do you tell a reaction, and how do you know how far it's going to go, and suppose there're not any reactions? Then you get left, don't you?"

I agreed that you did.

"Suppose," he continued, "that you'd bought New Haven a few years ago on a reaction. You'd be in the poorhouse, I guess, by now."

I agreed that you would.

"Well," he said, "I'm not going to wait for any reaction. I'll buy ten shares of Spitz at the opening."

He made out the order and we managed to get him his ten shares at 47⅛.

The market opened with a rush and was buoyant for the first two hours, weakening toward noon. Spitz got up to 49 and then sagged to 46½. At one o'clock the bears got busy and made a serious drive on the motors and the oils. Spitz dropped to 45.

"What do you say, Mr. Richards, to coming out to lunch?" suggested Lang, as cheerful as ever. "There don't seem to be much going on just now."

I said that I'd like to, and thereupon I put him down - and correctly, of course—as having come to New York from some point west. One does not often encounter New Yorkers who will feed one at first sight.

"Yes," he said later, in reply to my inquiry; "from Iowa. I'm what you call a small-town man. That is, I was originally. Now I'm only one of five million. And I tell you, Mr. Richards, I don't like being one of five million. I feel lost. I don't know anybody on the streets. I've lived here now almost ten years, and the best friend I've made, I guess, is the clerk in the hotel. Now at home ——" He stopped, hesitated, continued with an outburst which he evidently was unable to control, "Say, Mr. Richards, have you ever lived in a small town? Do you know what a small town's like?"

I confessed that I had not and did not; that I had never in my life lived outside of Manhattan.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you. Keys City, we'll say, has twelve thousand inhabitants—maybe fifteen thousand by now. Ten years makes a difference. Keys City! Never heard of it, I suppose?" He paused to laugh—rather a wistful laugh. "They called it Keys City because they hoped some day it would grow up to be a city, same as people christen their babies George Washington and Warren Harding in hopes they'll grow up to be Presidents. Well, anyhow, the town runs uphill—built on a slope, I mean. Going east, the trolleys just coast along with the brakes screaming most of the time; and going west they throw 'em in low and put sand under the wheels. That's on Main Street. No, you needn't smile; of course, we have a Main Street. And we have another trolley that runs on State Street, at right angles to Main. Those are all the trolleys we have; and believe me, Mr. Richards, those are all we want."

I protested that I had no intention of smiling. Why not Main Street as well as Broadway? The conviction came to me that Lang, when he talked of Keys City, was talking of something that was very dear to him—something very dear to him which he had lost and for which he would never cease to mourn. He was far different as he sat there across the table from me, eating his chop and his fried potatoes, from the cocksure, genial Lang who had swaggered into the office that morning, displaying his new gloves and his new cane. He was far different—simpler, more sincere, less hearty and less hard. I liked him better.

"When I get started on my home town," he continued half apologetically, "I get like those trolleys going east. I ought to put the brakes on, I guess. But I tell you, Mr. Richards—and perhaps you'll understand and perhaps you won't—I just love that place."

"I think," I said, "that I do understand."

"The factories and the business section lie to the east, down the hill; the residences are up to the west. And every single solitary house, whether it's a mansion or a shack, has a lawn around it and usually a wooden picket fence. And every single solitary street has trees growing on it. You ought to see those elms and those maples, Mr. Richards! Beautiful, they are—beautiful! Why, our Main Street's about as wide as your Grand Concourse here, and the branches of those elms pretty near meet over it. Yes, sir, pretty near meet. And the magnolias in the spring! Our orphan asylum's got grounds around it bigger than all Madison Square, and just full of magnolias. And almost everybody has a little garden—sweet peas and nasturtiums and pansies and asters; and crocuses running up alongside the front walk. You see the young girls or even the old dads coming out every late afternoon with watering pots and trowels, working over 'em; and the young men hanging over the picket fences, watching 'em."

Although this last was a little vague, I did not choose to interrupt. My sympathies were all with Lang, but I could not help wondering to myself if he were ever going to finish his chop. I soon saw that, for the present at least, he was not.

"In the evenings," he said, "after supper, the young men get inside those fences and sit with the girls on the verandas. You can see bits of white dresses through the vines and you can hear sometimes mandolins or banjos or guitars, and a little low singing. It isn't jazz music, either; at least it wasn't in those days. And the moon would come out and everything would look like silver. I got married back there, and—well, I know what I'm talking about."

He stopped abruptly—so abruptly that it seemed as if he was angry with himself for not having stopped before—and he devoted a sort of furious attention to his long-neglected chop.

"Wonder how old Spitz is doing," he said.

I glanced at my watch.

"Perhaps we'd better go back and see," I suggested.

II

FOR some time—an uneasy time, I fancied, for Lang, although he betrayed no uneasiness—Spitz Motors failed to respond to the bullish tone of the rest of the market. It had its ups and downs, and these were violent and abrupt; but at its highest it showed Lang no profit and at its lowest he saw his margin almost wiped out. Accumulation by the insiders, all the wise men in the office said. As it turned out, they were right for once in their lives.

Lang was in the office, watching the board every day, and that was the only indication I had that he was at all worried about his ten little shares. He had reverted to his attitude of bored but critical veteran who had weathered many a campaign of speculation and to whom this trivial flyer of his was a bagatelle—an amusing gamble to obtain pocket money or to buy Christmas presents with if it went right.

It was not until later that I learned how terrifically important the thing was to him.

I had introduced him to Jack Ventnor and the two had become very friendly. Indeed Lang had become the best of friends with everybody in the office, customers and employes alike. That was a salient characteristic of his the ability to make friends if given an opportunity Hitherto I imagine that New York had given him little opportunity. *(Continued on Page 58)*

Lang, Who Was Standing Beside Me, Murmured, "Some of That Ought to be for Me, I Guess"

The Ellyphants are Coming-g-g!

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ONE drizzly, murky day last spring a heavily loaded freighter pushed a course through the fog toward New York, then brought up clumsily at quarantine. A tug approached in cocky haste. A man climbed aboard, searched through the few passengers, found the person he sought and asked a hurried question.

"How many bulls did you bring over?"

The other, a representative of the Hagenbeck interests, of Germany, wholesale dealers in jungle animals, grinned.

"Seven. But——"

"I'll take 'em all!"

"But—you can't. They're not for sale."

"Not for——"

"Nope," the animal man grinned again, "they're all sold. The Mugivan-Bowers crowd heard somewhere that I had 'em aboard, and they bought 'em by radio, a thousand miles out at sea!"

Following which, there were swear words, expressed in circus fashion. Elephants, or bulls, as they are known, are becoming scarce. They're as protected in India—and India, not Africa, is the supply point of the circus elephant—as deer in America. They're hard to get—and yet they must be got, for the simple reason that they are the backbone, the sinew, the bones and what not of the circus. The menagerie is only a vacant tent without the pachydermic stake line and its peanut mendicants; the circus parade is only so much hollow mockery without that inevitable cry of: "Hold yo' hosses, everaybodie-e-e! The ellyphants are coming-g-g!"

With the result that the notice of a shipment of elephants is a signal for scurrying about in the outdoor show world, of hasty summoning of finances, of notes at the bank if necessary. Circuses are in the business of knowing what the public—the mass public, gauged upon a standard of millions of persons a year—really wants. And what that public desires above everything else—is elephants! This in spite of the fact that this same public knows less about the big mammals than almost any other beast in the menagerie, notwithstanding that element of personal association via the bag of peanuts, and the daily visiting in front of the picket line before the announcers begin their bawling warnings that the beeg show, the be-e-g show, is about to begin!

A Key to the Elephant Language

NOR is the public alone in its affection. Back of the public is the circus man himself, with a love for those same elephants exceeded only by his love for the "opery" itself—a love, incidentally, expressed in the reverse—you'll never hear a circus man announce his affection for the trick while the season is in progress. On the contrary, he swears at it, at the hardships, the weather, the long jumps, the longer hours and everything else connected with the life of his canvas world. In the same fashion he swears at the elephants—for their prankishness, for their prowling proclivities, for their temperamental natures, their appetites, their inclination to rampage at the slightest provocation and for the very fact that they're elephants. But nevertheless he'll fight for them almost as soon as he'll fight for the circus itself, because he loves them and because he knows them. The reason? Simply because they're circus folks themselves in a different sort of package—even to the extent of conversation!

A few years ago a scientist discovered that monkeys could talk, and thereby believed he had discovered something new about animals. It created a great deal of interest—except in the circus. For why should a showman worry about a little thing like a monkey, when he can not only listen to a pachyderm's conversation but understand it! The veriest punk about a circus menagerie can tell you, without even a glance at the picket line, what is going on among the elephants, from ordinary contentment to the preludes of a breakaway!

Elephants Among Other Things are Egotistical, Hence Easily Trained

Incidentally it is simple to learn that language. When an elephant desires to make an imperative demand, it does so by a sharp blast which is used for that purpose and that alone. When it begs or coaxes, the trumpet call is soft and pleading, almost a whine. When one elephant is frightened and another isn't, the calm member soothes the other by a soft announcement that carries a low and self-expressive note. To say nothing of the love lullaby—and an elephant in love is as thorough about the matter as a sixteen-year-old boy—the fear signal, the danger signal, the warning chirrup which inevitably gives the announcement of an impending stampede, the wailing cry of pain or distress by which a bull tells when he is ill, and lastly, the sound of gratitude or contentment. When a pachyderm thumps on the ground with his trunk to attract your attention, then places the end of his trunk in his ear, using that ear as a sort of diaphragm, and blows with the softness of a reed instrument in the hands of a practiced musician, you can mark it down for certain that there's one elephant in the world that is pleased almost beyond speech!

So perhaps it's because they understand the elephantine language that circus men like elephants. Perhaps it isn't. For the one real reason is the fact that the bulls can be the most foolish, yet at the same time remain fundamentally the most sagacious beasts of the whole animal kingdom! This goes for everything, from government on down. In elephantdom there are even elections, to say nothing of a rare case now and then of a complete change of administration.

The elephant is a strong believer in government, of the feminine sort. There aren't any male party leaders. It's the female every time that forms the head of an elephant herd and that handles the reins of administration. But one queen can be better than another, and the subjects are quick to recognize the fact!

A Pair of Queens

IN 1903 a Western circus, which at that time possessed a herd of six members, ruled by a comparatively young and inexperienced queen, decided that it needed more elephants. It therefore sent to Germany for two additions, with the result that a month or so later there arrived in America a determined feminine named Mary, accompanied by her equally feminine side kick, Frieda.

Mary and Frieda had been boss and assistant boss of a herd in Germany. A wise old bull was Mary. Sixty years of age, slightly puffy under the eyes—elephants have a strange way of showing their years in much the same manner as a human—with a few teeth missing, but with a bump of sagacity and determination that had made her outstanding even among a group of thirty elephants in Germany, old Mary was a sort of Queen Victoria among pachyderms. An intense friendship between the owners of the animal farm in Germany and the owner of the circus had been responsible for her shipment—friendship that the circus owner looked upon as a bit left-handed as he read the letter that announced her coming.

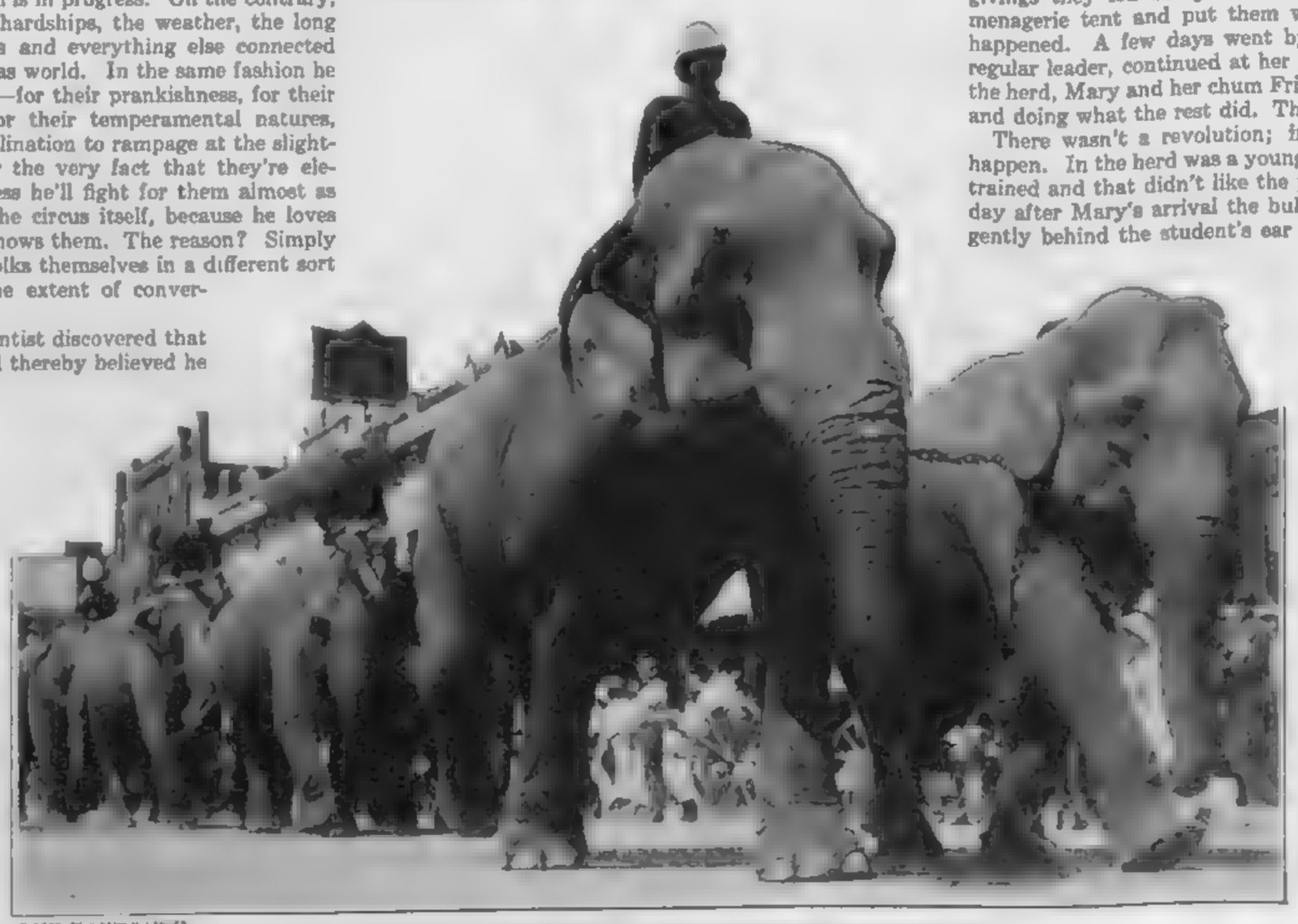
"Fine bunch Hagenbeck's handed me!" came dolefully. "He's sent over a bull that's used to running things in the herd. I've already got a leader. What'll happen when they get together? Fight their heads off, I guess."

Nor were the bull men quite sure themselves what the outcome would be—it was about the same proposition as a general manager being hired for a factory where the only executive position already was filled. With some misgivings they led Mary and her friend Frieda into the menagerie tent and put them with the herd. Nothing happened. A few days went by, in which Bumps, the regular leader, continued at her job as the mainspring of the herd, Mary and her chum Frieda merely tagging along and doing what the rest did. Then something happened!

There wasn't a revolution; in fact, it just seemed to happen. In the herd was a young elephant that was being trained and that didn't like the procedure. On the third day after Mary's arrival the bull keeper placed his hook gently behind the student's ear to lead him forth to his lessons. The elephant protested, squealing as though in pain—as though the keeper were using cruelty and really plunging the hook deep in his flesh. Old Mary watched the proceeding with interest.

More, when that scholar came back to his place in line, still squealing the distress signal, old Mary walked over to him, eyed him carefully, reached forth her trunk and very tenderly examined the skin behind the ear, as though searching for some evidence of a wound. She didn't find it; the elephant had lied

(Continued on Page 139)



"Hold Yo' Hosses, Everaybodie-e-e! The Ellyphants are Coming-g-g!"

NORTH OF 36

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VI

AND I'll bet this is the sorriest herd of cows that ever was made on the soil of Texas!" There was grief in the tones of old Jim Nabours as he turned away from the dusty flat where the circling riders were holding the main body of the T. L. gathering. For many days the men had been riding mesquite thicket, timbered flat and open glade, sweeping in the cattle in a general rodeo for the making of the trail herd. This was the result.

"About one in ten of what we'd orto of had, and what she still thinks she's got," he added, speaking to his own trail segundo, bearded young Del Williams, as they pulled up and looked back at the cattle.

Williams nodded.

"It's been a system," said he. "Someone's stripped the whole upper range. We'd orto had fifty riders instead of ten—and not a Mexican in the lot—to ride the upper water fronts. I got my own suspicions."

"And me. But what's the use? The war come and we couldn't help it. But even if cows wasn't worth a damn we ought to of knew how many we didn't have. Till now, I never really did."

Williams nodded. A tall, well-favored youth he was, with the gravity of the returned soldier. He still, fault of better, wore the Confederate gray. His garb was worn and patched, like that of the foreman.

"They robbed that range after the old man was killed and afore we-all got here in charge. For over two years Del Sol was let plumb alone. Laguna del Sol! Best range in Texas, and the onliest place in all Texas that ain't boiling over with cows right now! Fours? Long threes? Beeves? How could we pick? We was lucky to get what we did, even with quite some few that don't show T. L. any too damn plain.

"Oh, there's over four thousand head," Williams went on; "four thousand three hundred and forty-two is what we made it when we tallied 'em in. But sufferin' snakes!"

"Uh-huh. There's steers there that looks like old Colonel Cortés in the face—bet there's a thousand head that dates back beyond the Spanish Conquest. There's yearlings here is ten years old, and the rest proportionate. Spring calves and fours and threes and laws knows what—that's one fine outfit to drive a thousand miles, huh?"

"Well," said Williams soberly, "we got to tell the boss we just made it mixed, so's 't she could suit every buyer. And damned if I don't think she could—unless'n a buyer wanted a even lot of good fours for beeves."

"Of course," assented Nabours. "If only she wasn't so hard to fool and so set in her ways!

"Is the new chute ready?" he asked, settling back into the saddle as he uncoiled a leg from around the horn. "We've got to get 'em in the road brand."

"The boys got the wings done this morning," replied Williams. "It won't take forever to put our Fishhook road brand over the T. L. But I'll bet a horse there's mossy horns in there'll brand as hard as a tarrypin, and calves that'll take two to hold the brand."

In a lesser flat, a couple of miles from the home corrals, new corrals and a branding chute had hurriedly been put up by the T. L. hands for the quicker process of working the trail herd. The material was mesquite posts set deep, with cross poles lashed on with hide. A nail was a thing unknown. The two men rode along the fenced lines approvingly.

She Looked Straight Forward, Not Turning, as One Who Left a Used-Out World Behind

"The sher'f's a cow hand, all right," said Nabours. "Just how he finds time to quit the sher'f's office is what he ain't explained, no more'n a lot of other things. But cows he does know. He's coming in now."

The rider who approached them from the farther side of the flat was not easily recognizable as the same young man who had ridden alone into the Del Sol gate a fortnight or more ago. His garb now was the loose wool of the average cattle hand of the place and day, his checkerboard trousers thrust into his bootlegs. Chaparejos he did not now wear, nor did any Saxon Texans when they could avoid it. There was at that time no standardized cowboy, nor any uniform for him. Indeed, the very name of "cowboy" was unknown on the lower range. The Del Sol ranch hands were for the most part sons of neighboring ranchers, most of them lank, whiskered, taciturn young men, and for the most part seedy of apparel. They came in what garb they were able to get, and they utterly lacked uniformity, beyond the fact that each could ride, rope and brand, and was able to live on food that would have killed men less hardy.

One of such company might have been Dan McMasters now as he plodded forward, mounted on a stout *grulla* of his own string—a blue-crane horse such as would sometimes be seen in any large remuda. He had appeared at Del Sol a week earlier than he had promised, but had forbidden the men to announce him at the house. He had lived with the cattle hands, and wished his presence to be unknown, he said, until after the herd was on its way. All for reasons which he did not declare.

He was taciturn and mysterious as ever to Jim Nabours, and the latter also grew chary of speech. Low as his own resources were, it did not wholly please him that, stacked up in two newly arrived trail wagons near the home corral, were supplies enough to run the outfit through to Abilene. It pleased him no more that, if the Del Sol remuda now carried under its own road brand another brand, that brand should be the McMasters Circle Arrow, which was ranged in Gonzales County, far below. Del Sol had never borrowed, never been obliged.

"*Amigos! Caballeros!*" McMasters waved a hand as he drew near.

Del Williams looked at him in silence, nor was Nabours at first much more communicative.

"Well," he said at length, "that there bunch of cows is what we call our trail herd. I expect they'd all hold still and let us brand 'em standing. The boss don't suspect nothing but what this here herd is all select fours. Well, let her think so. Grass is up strong here, and we'll not ketch it as we move north. So let's push this here Noah's-ark outfit into the pens and get it in the Fishhook soon's the Lord'll let us!"

"Well, we've all done our best," commented McMasters. Nabours looked at him dourly.

"Ef we wasn't broke," said he, "you couldn't of done as much as I've let you. Anyhow I didn't take all the beans and molasses you sont up—there's half in your wagon yet, and I want you to send it back home. Besides, I won't take no wagon from you; we got our own carts, and them's good enough. Horses, now—why, yes, I'll take the loan of them, fer maybe you can sell 'em north. I don't want to hit Aberlene with a bunch of sore backs. Ef you got some horses, anywheres, why, there you are; but ef you've et up all the chuck, why, where are you? We maybe couldn't never pay that back—I don't know. So you jest send your own wagon back home while you got it."

"Well, all right," replied McMasters, slightly changing color. "You know, of course, I'm not pushing anything on you. I don't want your employer to know anything about it. And I know you-all have done your best."

"Yes, I reckon we have. We're not hardly leaving a hen wrangler at Del Sol—taking the whole force and family and most of the furniture, down to Miss Taisie's trunk. Buck Talley, our Senegambian chief, he'd of died if he hadn't got to go on as cook. Milly can drive one carreta, and old Anita don't know nothing better'n to set on the seat of a carreta and talk Spanish to them oxens. Ef we don't make Aberlene it's because there ain't no Aberlene. Here we come, forty-five hundred cows, ef ye don't mind calling 'em that, sixteen more or less human cow hands, nineteen kinds of rifles and six-shooters, a hundred and fifteen saddle ponies and the only red-headedest boss in all Texas which is a girl. God bless our home!

"Speaking of hair, did either of you-all ever notice Miss Taisie's sort of hair?" he demanded, suddenly turning.

McMasters made no comment. Del Williams only looked at Nabours.

"Well, you see, her hair is plumb long and plumb straight, except at the far end it curls up, like a drake's tail. You see that? You know what that means? Well, any woman that has hair like that can practice magic. I read that in a dream book oncet. Them sort is witches, and it's no manner of use trying to stop 'em. That's what the book said. Living along twenty-two year with Miss Taisie; taking out three I spent in the war, I'm here to say

the book didn't tell no lie. So here we all are, sixteen fools that can't noways help theirselves, all along of the boss having that kind of red hair that curls up 'on the end. Well, like you say, we all done our best. I can't look fifty horses and two wagons of grub in the mouth—not yet.

"Del, ride back and tell the boys to throw the herd all closter to the road chute. Let's get as many as we can in the iron before ahe gets too dark to work. We'll put half at roping and branding on the flat and the balance can work 'em through the chute."

The three turned toward the dust cloud where the main herd was held by the men. A rider was coming out, top speed.

"Hello!" began Nabours. "What's a-eating him?"

The horseman drew up his mount squatting, throwing up a hand—old Sanchez, all his life a Del Sol rider, and the only Mexican allowed to go with the trail herd.

"*Pronto, Señor Jeem!*" he called. "*Los hombres—baja!*" He pointed to the herd.

"What hombres, Sanchez? What's up?"

"*Los hombres*—they cutta our herd!"

"Cut our herd—what's that?"

"Read-a our brand—cutta our herd. They say-a we gotta their *vacas*. They goin' take!"

"Cut our herd? On our own ground? Not none! The man don't live that's going to cut a Del Sol herd without my consent and my help. Come on!"

He set spurs, rode through the thin fringe of mesquite that made the shortest path.

"Come on, McMasters!" he called across his shoulder. "I want you for witness here!"

But as he and his two riders burst free and spurred down the slope to where the great herd was made he looked back, not hearing hoof beats. McMasters was not with them.

"I'll be damned!"

Nabours smothered the remainder of a volley of hot-headed oaths. He did not understand a man who side-stepped when he was needed.

VII

NABOURS, Del Williams and old Sanchez spurred down the saucerlike flat in which the Del Sol herd was held. They arrived none too soon.

A party of six strangers, all armed, were engaged in argument with as many of the Del Sol men, who had ridden between them and the edge of the herd. The plunging of the horses and the loud voices began to make the wild cattle uneasy. Other riders were doing all they could to hold the herd from a run, which might have been precisely

"Since You Ride Up and Ask," Rejoined He, "We're Cowmen, and We Want Our Property"

what the intruders desired. Their leader, a heavy-set, dark-bearded, handsomely dressed man, spurred out to meet Nabours, who came straight in and with no ceremony jerked his mount almost against him.

"Who are you and what do you want here?" he demanded angrily. The stranger coolly turned.

"Since you ride up and ask," rejoined he, "we're cowmen, and we want our property."

"You're no cowman!" hotly retorted the old foreman. "Else you wouldn't be hollering and riding around the aidge of another man's herd. What you trying to do—start our cattle back in the brush again? Your property be damned! Get on away from the aidge of our herd while you got time!"

The numbers of the Del Sol riders, thus increased and led by a determined man, impressed the brusque stranger; but he did not lack assurance.

"You buck the law, friend?" said he. "I've got certified records of eight brands, and powers of attorney from the owners to comb any herd going off this range. We're taking no chances."

"You're taking damned long chances if you keep one more minute where you're at," remarked Jim Nabours. "Git back now if you want to talk this over!"

He spurred between the strangers and the herd, threw the weight of his horse against the nearest rider, his eye never leaving the leader's eye, and his hand always ready. His men followed him, pushing straight into the others. Any second a half dozen men might have been killed.

"Come on, boys!" called the bearded leader suddenly. "Pull off till I tell this fellow what's what."

They reined off, confused, a hundred yards or so one side; but Nabours clung against his man, knee to knee.

"You can't tell us nothing!" said he. "You can't cut a critter out of this herd! You can't look at ary brand we got! You savvy?"

"I savvy you're running a right high blaze, neighbor. You reckon you're above the law?"

"Damn the law! The law ain't got in here yet. Ef it had, our range wouldn't of been skinned by a lot of low-down thieves that wasn't above robbing a girl when her own men was away. I've knowed all this year that our range was skinned. What cows we got we need. We're a-going to trail 'em all north, jest like they lay, and no outfit's going to cut that herd, law or no law. 'Tain't no cow thieves is going to work over a brand in our herd, or even look at one."

"You can't hang that on me! Cow thieves?"

"I do hang it on you, and it goes! You look like a cow thief to me, and act like one. You come from Austin, but you never was raised in Texas. Pull out or we'll work you over, and do it the old way!"

The two bands, about equal in numbers—for the bulk of Del Sol men dared not leave the held herd—now faced each other, roughly divided by a line constantly changing

And So, Unemotionally, There Began One of the

as the horses shifted and plunged. Every man was armed. The insult had been passed. The smile on Nabours' lined face showing his snarling white teeth, the scowl on the face of the other partisan meant now only maneuvering for the first break. None of the stern-faced group thought of anything else. Eye watched hand. Revolvers lay itching and corded nerves were taut above them. Each man waited for the break.

The thunder of hoofs at their rear made a new factor. Jim Nabours dared not lift an eye to see who it was. He had to watch the other man's eye, his hand. But the voice of old Sanchez rose, calling to the newcomers.

"*Pronto, capitan! Vien aqui, pronto! Pronto!*"

The intruders whirled, not daring to begin an encounter with new assailants at their rear. The crisis was broken.

"You're No Cowman!" Hotly Retorted the Old Foreman

Now Nabours saw five men, splendidly armed and mounted, who swept on, spurring. They wore the riding garb of the newly reorganized Texas Rangers, that strange constabulary of the border soon to make more history of their own. A beardless boy, apparently their lieutenant, led them.

"Hands up, you men!" commanded he.

The five men were halted in line, their perfectly broken mounts steady. A repeating carbine of the new Spencer type was in the hands of each, and each of the five had a man covered, his rifle leveled from his own waist.

"Sanchez, throw their guns on the ground!" ordered Nabours suddenly. The young lieutenant nodded.

"Don't move, any of you, or we'll have to shoot."

Quietly he sat his motionless horse while the old Mexican, dismounting, walked to each saddle of the herd cutters and, drawing out each rifle, threw it and the man's pistols in a heap on the ground.

"What does this mean?" demanded the burly leader of the invaders, still blustering. "We're here peaceable. We've broke no law. We're only after our own property that these men are about to drive out of the country."

"Back to Austin!" replied the armed youth tersely. "If there's a court left worth the name I'm going to get justice for you some time, Mr. Rudabaugh."

"What on earth do you mean by that?" rejoined the ruffian. "We got papers to take up cows in these brands. Looky here! Don't you never think you can hold up a state officer of Texas! I'll have you damned rangers disbanded!"

"All right," replied the youngster. "We ain't disbanded yet."

"But look here!"

The leader produced from the long tin case at his cantle a series of papers purporting to be brand descriptions and authorizations. The impassive young lieutenant shuffled them through, his rifle across his saddle.

"Yes?" said he. "Brands? What brands? Gonzales County? How old is the Six Slash E in Gonzales?"

"Twelve years," asserted the chief of the interlopers.

"You're a liar, Mister Treasurer," smiled the boy. "There isn't and never was any such brand in Gonzales. I think your names are forged. What are you doing in here, so far south?"

The partisan showed a sudden perturbation in his eyes.

"Well, who are you?" he demanded. "You seem to know mighty much for a upstart. I tell you, I'll have you and your robbers all disbanded!"

"Never mind! I just happened to meet up with these other boys. You ride along far as Austin and rest your hat there a while. We'll see what the courts say, if there are any courts now. You've worked this range long enough and close enough."

The youth never lost his calm.

"You'll wish you'd never pulled this sort of play with me!" flared Rudabaugh. "I've got friends——"

"Yes, the state treasurer does have friends. Don't you steal enough that way, in your river-improvement ring and your other deals, without coming away south to rob a girl? What grudge you got against her or against her family? I wouldn't let you cut that herd if I knowed it was full of brands besides the T. L."

"You're getting out of your depth now, young fellow," sneered Rudabaugh. "What's more, this is Caldwell and not Gonzales. You got no right to arrest anybody here."

"As a state Ranger I shore have. I'm nastier to run on than any carpetbag sheriff that tallies in at Austin.

"Take them in, boys," he concluded. "Work the *ley fuga* if they break—but they're damned cowards and will go quiet. Just make them ride in front.

"That's the horse!" he added to one of his men as he rode apart and looked down on the dusty ground. "Shoe off right front, and hoof split. They was plumb up to the gate of Del Sol."

"Yes, and we'll get our cows yet," exclaimed Rudabaugh savagely as a Ranger nodded to old Sanchez, who now deftly bound each man's feet together under his horse's belly with a Spanish knot that bid fair to stay set.

"So?" The young rider's smile was pleasant. "Now, how'd you-all like to have back your guns and an even break, you to begin right now to cut that Del Sol herd?"

"I know there's cows in that herd that ain't in the T. L. brand."

"Well, they'll all be in our road brand before sundown two days," cut in Jim Nabours now. "You lying, low-down dog, I wish to God these boys hadn't of came! There's only one way to handle people like you. Git out of jail—and come back! That's all we hope.

"McCullough, do you want any more men?" he added.

"Why?" The youth laughed and rode away. "Fall in there, prisoners!" he commanded. "Ride for the ferry trail. I wouldn't try to ride too fast."

"Oh, we'll be back!" called the gang captain, defiant still.

"I certainly do hope you will!" replied Nabours fervently. "I'll come all the way back from Aberlene, if I ever get there, just to be around here when you-all do come!"

Jim Nabours jerked up his mount—a sign to the herd riders, and the latter swung away, glad enough to have the herd still under control. The animals began to edge out, to thin, to spread, to graze. Old Jim Nabours rode to the edge, singing a song of his own, as he sometimes did when especially wrathful:

"*Bud Dunk, he was a Ranger, a Ranger of renown,*
But says he to the cashier when he ride into the town,
Says he, 'I need some money that the bank here owes to me,
So please to make it plenty, for I'm broke ez I kin be ——'"

A scattering chorus came to him, roared out of the rising dust cloud:

"*Oh, please, sir, make it plenty, for we're broke ez we kin be!*"

VIII

"CUSS take the law!" fumed old Jim Nabours. "I never seen nothing but trouble come out of law. Ef it wouldn't of been for them Ranger boys we'd of killed

(Continued on Page 188)

Wildest and Strangest Journeys Ever Made in Any Land

THE GAY LADY

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

MR RICHARD BELL, president and treasurer of Bell & Co., Investment Securities, paced nervously up and down the great room of his spacious bachelor apartment. Occasionally he would snap out his watch, glance at it and then return it to his waistcoat pocket with an impatient "H'm! H'm!" Once he walked as far as the dining-room door, looked in at the man-servant hovering about the table and said, "My nephew is late, as usual."

"Very good, sir."

It was not, thought Mr. Bell, very good. It was exasperating. He had invited Charles to dine with him for the express purpose of lecturing the young scamp on his sins—especially on the sin of nonpunctuality—and the young scamp was late to the lecture. Mr. Bell began to pace up and down again.

He was a handsome florid man, with a good deal of superfluous flesh rounding out the bosom of his white dinner shirt. But he wore his flesh proudly. His very curves, the generous bulge of his waistcoat, spoke eloquently of success. He was thirty-eight years old, and looked older; this in spite of his thick, well-brushed brown hair and the smoothness of his clean-shaven cheek. Age, like virtue, is frequently the result of mental attitude; and Mr. Bell's attitude was that of a man of sixty. He moved in a fixed orbit; he was as punctual as a planet; he never varied. He was, to the last atom of his being, Mr. Richard Bell, president and treasurer of Bell & Co., Investment Securities

His nephew, Charles Bell, arrived seventeen minutes late.

Charles was twenty-five, and looked younger. He was in business with Uncle Richard, his only relative. At least, he occupied a desk in the Broad Street offices of Bell & Co. That was about all he did do. He could not be called lazy. It was simply that he did not waste himself in uncongenial labors. He loafed at the office; he exercised violently at Mr. Michael McGuffey's uptown gymnasium; he danced till two o'clock in the morning and then returned to sleep sweetly at his club, rising at whatever hour fate might decree. Everyone liked him, including Uncle Richard; but that did not prevent the latter from regarding him as a scatter-brained young cub. Mr. Bell disapproved heartily of Charles' dancing proclivities, of his susceptibility to feminine charms, of the methods by which he escaped all contact with work and of his complete indifference to time.

Then Someone Bumped Violently Into Him; He Lost the Step

For instance, on the present occasion the young man sauntered in smiling, utterly unaware of his transgression. When Uncle Richard pointed severely to the clock on the mantel he was infinitely surprised.

"Well, what do you know about that! And I'd have bet money that I was right on the dot."

"Your idea of the dot," said Uncle Richard, "is vague."

They dined solemnly together. Afterward, while they were having coffee in the living room, Uncle Richard launched into his lecture.

"My dear boy, this must stop; it simply must stop. You were late again this morning. I've told you time and again that I can't have it. It's ruinous to discipline."

"I hit the office at 9:15," said Charles with a pained look. "That's not so bad."

"Not so bad! What if all the others hit the office, as you so picturesquely describe it, at 9:15? The whole staff would be demoralized and the business would go to smash. What if I hit the office at 9:15?"

Charles looked startled. Then he smiled.

"Oh, but you're the works!"

"And you, sir, are a part of the works; though I must say that your only effort seems to be one of recuperation. During business hours you lie dormant. You lie dormant, sir! Then at four o'clock, or rather at 3:45, you suddenly come to life. You rush off to a violent orgy of athletics."

"I go to the gym," explained the young man. "If I'm not there at four o'clock all the handball courts are taken."

This argument, which to Charles seemed unanswerable, apparently did not impress Uncle Richard.

"And is it necessary, sir, that you should play handball? Is it necessary that you should go to the gymnasium at all?"

Charles' clear blue eyes opened wide.

"Why, how else would I keep fit?"

"Fit for what?" asked Uncle Richard grimly

His nephew groped for a reply. Finally he said, "Well, a fellow has to keep up his exercise or he goes stale. You ought to join the gym yourself, Uncle Richard. Do you a world of good."

"I! Go to the gym!"

"Yes; you're putting on flesh pretty fast, seems to me. You must be twenty-five pounds overweight."

Mr. Bell glared, and instinctively drew in his abdomen.

"Overweight, am I? Look here, sir. I'll have you know that there are more important things in the world than handball and taking off flesh and—I mean business, sir. Business and ——"

"—— and pleasure," finished Charles, with his ingenuous smile.

The older man snorted. He sternly confronted his nephew, who had begun to glance cautiously, and with unusual interest, at the clock on the mantel.

"Are you going out tonight?"

"Yes, sir," said Charles. "I—I have an engagement."

"With Mrs. Jessamine, I suppose."

The young man colored slightly.

"Yes, with Mrs. Jessamine."

"Ah-ha!" said Uncle Richard, with the pleased inflection of a physician who, during a diagnosis, suddenly hits upon the cause of an ailment. Also like the physician, he became fatherly.

"Charles, my boy, I've never interfered with any of your—ah! friendships. You're certainly old enough to choose for yourself. But I must say—as a friend, you understand, not as your uncle that this affair with a woman so much older than yourself ——"

"She isn't much older She's only twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight!" said Uncle Richard, politely but skeptically

"Don't you believe it?"

"Of course! Of course! One always believes it. But even so, I don't like it. I may as well be frank with you, Charles. I'm afraid it's Mrs. Jessamine who is responsible for your present highly frivolous state of mind."

"Nothing of the sort, Uncle Richard! She's an attractive—a wonderfully attractive girl."

"Girl?"

"Well, woman, then."

"My dear boy, I wasn't speaking of her attractions, which I've no doubt are penetrating. I was speaking of her influence on your conduct. Oh, I don't mean to suggest that there's anything—unpleasant about it! But I'm quite certain that she encourages you in your career of —ah—frivolity."

"She likes to dance and have a good time, if that's what you mean."

"Exactly! Mrs. Jessamine likes to dance —"

"But I don't see anything wrong in ——"

"Dancing may be all very well as a diversion, but as a life work it's ——"

"She's the most unspoiled, the most natural, the most innocent creature ——"

"Is she divorced?" almost shouted Mr. Bell

"No!" returned Charles triumphantly. "Her husband died!"

"Ah!" There was a silence.

"She wasn't happy with him," said the young man in a hollow tone.

"And she's happy now?"

Charles became lyrical.

"She simply radiates happiness. I wish you could know her, Uncle Richard!"

"Thanks; I'm afraid I wouldn't appreciate her attractions."

"Yes, you would. You couldn't help yourself." Charles rose and put his hand on his uncle's arm. "Come along with us tonight. Then you can meet her and —and form your own opinion."

"Where are you going?"

"To the theater. Then perhaps to the Cave de Dance afterwards."

Mr. Bell hesitated. Instinct and habit urged him to refuse. On the other hand, he was enormously fond of Charles. He sincerely wanted to help the boy; and how could he help him if he remained aloof, if he declined to acquaint himself with facts? He was not in the least curious to meet Mrs. Jessamine, he did not care for the theater, and the very mention of the Cave de Dance appalled him. But he told himself sternly that it was no time for selfishness.

"Very well," he said with an assumed serenity, "I'll go."

Charles was delighted.

"That's great, uncle!"

"I'll have Thompson telephone for the car."

"Oh, don't bother. We can pick up a taxi. Save time, you know. I—we're a little late now."

Uncle Richard was speechless. The phenomenon of Charles hurrying to be on time was too much for him. He strode into the hall and grimly put on his overcoat.

They drove to Mrs. Jessamine's in a taxi. She lived in West Twelfth Street, in a small red-brick house with two white columns guarding the door. Mr. Bell, politely standing on the sidewalk, saw her run down the steps on his nephew's arm. He had a blurred vision of gold hair shimmering under a scarf, of a white throat sinking into the glossy brown of a fur collar, of a face that seemed young and lovely, of a brilliant smile, of a small gloved hand touching his.

"How do you do, Mr. Bell? I'm so glad to meet you! Charles has spoken of you so many times. . . . Tell the man where to go, Charles. It's the Provincetown Theater in Macdougal Street."

During that short drive Uncle Richard hadn't time to analyze Mrs. Jessamine. But on the whole she was about what he had expected. Glancing at her in the semidarkness, broken by the flashing of street lamps, he made out that she was extremely pretty. Also, he observed that she used an insidious perfume. A gay and futile lady! Presumably an innocent one, of course But futile! And perhaps a little sly. He must find out how deeply Charles was infatuated with her.

The theater in which Mr. Bell shortly found himself proved to be nothing but a remodeled stable. The walls and ceiling were painted blue. The seats were wooden benches covered with a thin leather matting that was practically illusory. However, Uncle Richard heroically refrained from comment. He had made up his mind to go through with it, and go through with it he would.

"Don't know how you'll like the show," said Charles nervously. "Sylvia says it's good. She's seen it."

"It's delightful," said Mrs. Jessamine.

Uncle Richard, sitting in silent martyrdom on the hard bench—which yielded nothing to the blandishments of his figure—was not amused by the play. He was bewildered.

It was a story of Pierrot and Columbine; but instead of the usual romantic nonsense between the two, which would have been quite understandable, it turned out to be a satire on marriage, and on life in general. Its dialogue was flippant and gay Uncle Richard was shocked by it, and the settings confused him. They were fantastic and violently colored.

An Incredibly Fat Man Swathed in Flannel Steamed Past Him

Mrs. Jessamine and Charles exchanged pleased and casual opinions They were actually enjoying the outrageous performance! Uncle Richard felt that they had slipped away from him and were living in another world; a strange world, full of fantastic wit and color, irreverent, shocking, fatal to business

Afterward they repaired to the Cave de Dance. This was a heavily gilded restaurant, with wine-colored draperies and subdued lights. It was packed with people in evening clothes; it throbbed with aboriginal music. Charles strode in and was greeted at once by the head waiter, a magnificent individual who looked like a Russian grand duke—which no doubt he was. The grand duke led them to a table near the edge of the dancing floor. Mrs. Jessamine slipped into her chair, threw off her evening wrap and smiled at Uncle Richard.

"Charles always gets the best table," she murmured happily.

Mr. Bell looked at her. His judgment was disturbed somewhat by her vivacity. She was never still. A hundred expressions flitted across her pretty face. Her eyes sparkled. Her lips were mobile, lively. They broke into delicious curves, revealing her white teeth, the pink tip of a fluttering tongue. She was astonishingly youthful. He began to believe that Charles was right about her age. But—a dangerous woman! He must proceed carefully.

"You two young people go ahead and dance," he said dryly. "Don't mind me."

The music was of a peculiar, heady character. Uncle Richard opined that it was jazz. He disapproved of it; the more so because he was not unconscious of its appeal.

"The primitive!" he decided "It's a return to the primitive. Pure paganism!"

But he had to confess that this paganism was not without its graces. Mrs. Jessamine and Charles danced beautifully together. Mr. Bell observed that fact, and withdrew still further into himself. He began to feel positively alien to this world. The New York he had known in his youth had passed into limbo. And he was not so old either. It occurred to him with something of a shock that he was still a good two years under forty

He saw men dancing who were a good deal older than that; gray men, bald men—and one old chap who must

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"What are You Laughing at, You Young Brute?" Roared His Relative

TRIUMPH

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XII

KING GARNET walked through the park at dusk. He had found out several things in the short time of two months. One was that the friends of a rich man are not the friends of a poor man. At first he had tried to buttonhole one or two likely men in his clubs and ask them if they didn't know of some job that might be done by a man who could do nothing. Much as the request and the confession stuck in his throat, he was ready to make both; but these former genial acquaintances had a habit of slipping away, of vanishing somehow under his very eyes. A few had condoled; regretted inabilities.

His clubs now knew him no more. Just as Maddox foretold, his creditors had leaped on his back like starving wolves on the back of an escaping horse, and pride made him pay them with a scornful hand as long as he could pay. That was not long. He walked practically penniless out of the Garnet house twenty minutes before the hour for which Silver had announced his occupation. He refused to see Mabel or to hear of a loan.

"A loan to me," he barked, "means a gift."

He met his mother twice and she found him adamant, a stranger son at whose soul she had never even begun to guess. Then she and Mabel went abroad, to the Cape, where Mabel had inherited interests. They meant to go on to China, to Peking, where Mabel had relations at the legation. They had disappeared, Mrs. Garnet with disguised and frantic relief, Mabel wounded to the heart.

Garnet, then, walked through the park at dusk, quite alone. Already it was a different park, not the loitering ground of the rich, but the kindly shelter of the very poor, whom, night by night as darkness fell, those kind green glades infolded. Sometimes, padding softly and without purpose over the damp grass himself, he had looked at the prone figures, so tired, so purposeless, so lonely. They had always been there. He found himself now for the first time wondering things about them; if they ever dried their clothes, and how; if they ever ate, and what; if they ever had homes, and where. He did not ask himself "How does a man come to this?" He knew.

He knew many things now, things that went close down to the bones of people; things deep in the recesses of souls. It is strange how all those things come to light when the flesh begins to shrink from a man's limbs, when daily another rag or two falls from his back, when his stomach is hungry.

Garnet had not reached any such condition himself; it was weeks away yet. He only knew that he walked down the road towards it; that he began to meet these fallen brethren of his much oftener. They tramped that road; they sat under its cold hedges. It was the same road.

He had kept himself a decent suit of clothes, superlatively cut, but now in need of pressing. He had kept himself an overcoat and boots, and a certain amount of underwear; the rest of his clothing had gone.

He laughed the first time he pawned a suit. Now he swore. Yet at the end of two months he was the richer by much learning. He knew of cheap places to eat; he appreciated the good cheer of a coffee stall; and a cocktail was now unnecessary as an appetizer before meat. Meat was enough to be glad for. Ever since the first night of Anna's début at the Charlton—when he had allowed himself the luxury of a last dinner there—he had not eaten at any place of such caliber. Neither had he again seen Anna.

King Garnet dreamed of her as he went through the dank park that wet early April evening; he saw once more the great warm restaurant. Ferrugi brooding over it; the massed diners; the warm red and cream of the walls; the dreamy Slav faces of the orchestra. Then the girl rose up in the sheath of her new silver frock and sang.

His table was not far from her; she had not seen him. He looked and looked. Talk ceased to bubble and froth through the room when that velvet voice lifted. People stopped eating and waiters paused in their service.

Night of stars and night of love
Fall gently o'er the waters ——

When he could look from Anna's face he glanced around the room to see the impression she made. It was insistent and sure. As his gaze wandered he saw his half brother. It was at the close of Anna's third song, amid all the bravos and the clapping, that a huge bouquet of pink roses was handed to her by the leader of the orchestra. King Garnet knew they were from Silver.

He saw her search the flowers for a card, find it; search the audience, find Silver; thank him with a smile. He himself sent her a note of love, of thanks and adulation by his waiter, and went out. He knew, indeed, that she saw success, as she had said, like a great golden body, very near her. And he kept away from her.

At the end of a month he saw her billed in an advertisement of the Charlton's *thés dansants*. In the afternoons, also, now she sang. So she had left the printing works. Her feet were upon the magic stair and she looked up to the heights which she coveted. As for him, his feet went down, and his pockets were empty, and his heart was sore. But all the same, two months after Anna's début, he was walking through the park, thinking of her just as vividly as if she were there beside him.

That afternoon he had been to Maddox the lawyer. Maddox had stretched a point, knowing that he came as suppliant and not as client, and had of his kindness seen him.

"I want work," said King.

"I have none," replied Maddox.

"Is there no work in all this damned city?" said King.

"Yes," said Maddox, "but it is being done by people who will cling to it for dear life. There are jobs, my lad, but not as many jobs as there are men to fill 'em."

A cup of steaming tea was brought in for Maddox. King Garnet was going without his tea these days—a tiny privation which was nothing to the starker ones he would presently endure—and he thought that never in his life had he seen anything so tempting as that steaming cup. When Maddox said, "And bring a cup for Mr. Garnet," he could have whooped like a small boy who has been promised sweets.

The lawyer asked, "And what have you done so far?"

"I've answered every advertisement ——"

"—— by post. That's a poor way of getting a hearing."

"So I proved after a week or two. After all, one's got to learn, hasn't one?"

"Yes, and learning never did anyone any harm," said Maddox, stirring his tea.

"After that I went personally after every job I could hear of. Everything, whether I thought I could do it or not. I've gone after as many as thirty jobs in a day. They're generally filled."

"Yes; very often it's a question of beating the quickest."

"Maddox, is this the way to treat men?"

"Why? Did you treat 'em any differently?"

"I? Why, I never—I never attended to that kind of thing at all."

"No; your manager did it for you. What else have you done?"

"I've inserted advertisements."

"Hush!" said Lucia, Her Restless Eyes on Anna. They Listened in Silence to That Glorious Voice

"Waste of money, with your lack of qualifications. Tried your friends?"

"I have none," said the young man bitterly

"Come! Come!" said the lawyer, sipping his tea.

"I tell you I have none. I saw a man I knew in the street today coming towards me. He crossed the road. I went to a man's club and asked for him a few days ago and he wasn't in the club. But I'd seen him cross the hall to the smoke room as I entered. I wrote to a man who was at Oxford with me and has a general merchant's business in the city; he was awfully sorry, too busy to see me just then—and had no vacancies anyway. Those are the things I—I can't swallow, Maddox. A smack in the face from a stranger is one thing; the cold shoulder from one's friends is another. I can't go on with it."

"You mustn't be squeamish. Better men than you have stood the cold shoulder, my boy."

"What's your advice, Maddox?"

"Persevere, Garnet. Persevere. Unfortunately there's nothing I can do personally."

That bland and cautious sympathy sent the blood into Garnet's face. He rose and went out, thanking Maddox for nothing. He prowled through a London evening, hungry, tired, disheartened; and at last went into a little old eating house off the Haymarket, where, for a ridiculously small sum, a man could stand at a long deal counter and eat wonderful meat pies.

There came to him a vision of Silver Garnet sitting in the comfortable Garnet house, at the long polished table with the delicate lace mats on it, and the silver bowl—Florentine work—heaped with bloomy fruit in the center of the table, and the red and amber wines in decanters of old cut glass.

A new butler—the old man who had witnessed Silver's ignominy was no doubt gone—was moving to and fro with the dishes in their perfect order. And at the head of the table, silhouetted against the tall carved back of his chair, Silver's face, at once easy and cruel, mean and passionate, smiling, brooding. On the gray walls two or three big canvases—old Dutch flower paintings on dark backgrounds; on the long hearth odorously burning logs. There, master of all he surveyed, sat Silver Garnet.

As a matter of fact, that night Silver Garnet was not at home at all. He was dining, as often now was his custom, at the Charlton. Often, if Anna did not give him the slip, he managed to drive her home. Often his roses and violets and lilies and Malmaisons came to her via the leader of the orchestra—not that Silver's bouquets were the only ones Anna Land received. But from King there were no bouquets. Only that first adoring note, then silence. She looked for him, she wondered about him, she dreamed of him; her heart ached. Ferrugi respected her highly for her obviously wealthy friend.

On the night that King Garnet was eating his supper in the little place off the Haymarket, Silver did not drive Anna home, however. He was there, and he had planned to do it; but Mrs. Aveline dined at the Charlton also. She and Paul Bobby were within twenty yards of the orchestra, and she had come to hear her sister sing.

"Good Lord!" said Paul Bobby, as soon as Anna appeared, looking straighter and slimmer and somehow more triumphant than ever. "What a beauty your sister is!"

"Hush!" said Lucia, her restless eyes on Anna.

They listened in silence to that glorious voice. Lucia said amid the bravos that followed as Anna bowed and vanished: "Her voice is lovely, Paul, isn't it? It is better than ever; stronger, fuller, richer. She's getting a lesson a week from a good master now; and, of course, she's feeding herself better. She's living softer. Soft living is what all women must have if they are to flourish."

"Of course," the youth murmured. "Women are flowers."

"Women are flowers," repeated Lucia. "Not that Anna will ever admit anything in the way of weakness."

"But surely," said Paul Bobby, "there was never any question of a girl so lovely as that living otherwise than softly."

"You don't know Anna. She's a Spartan creature."

"But surely ——"

"She worked at a printing works! Actually, she worked, my dear! She had no money, you see, and the way my last adorable husband left me tied up prevents me from helping relatives in any substantial way."

"But ——"

"Oh, I know all you would say, dear. But independence has been her creed."

"It is too hard for women to be independent."

"I always thought so, Paul. Of course, Anna could have married easily."

"Easily, Lucia! With a face like that!"

"And well, too. But she's queer, Paul. So queer! She wants what she calls the best in life. Only she won't consent to get it my way."

"Your ways have met with every success, Lucia, anyway. Not that you could fail to be successful, you darling, adorable, delicate, porcelain thing, you!"

Over Lucia's face actually fell a blush that showed through the mask of cosmetic.

"I suppose I am rather absurd and porcelain-looking, Paul. My dressmaker always says the same."

"There's an eternally tempting fragility about you, Lucia, that somehow enrages and intrigues one."

"Paul, shall we dance tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow, dear? When?"

"In the afternoon?"

"Rather!" The boy was relieved to find that the evening was not her intention, for he had intended, if money could be borrowed, to take a very young, very fair and precocious girl out to dine. "At four o'clock, Lucia?"

"At four. The Legation Club." Their fingers touched.

Lucia knew this was not romance. She knew it! She knew it! It was so poor an imitation that no woman under fifty, however fond, could have been dazzled by it. Yet so little exacting do women of her type become as their attractions wane that she could make it do very well. She could even think over it and fondle it on lone lazy afternoons by her bedroom fire as she rested; and deceive herself over it and work herself into a rapture about this fluff

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He Went in the April Gloaming Through the Vast Green Spaces of Hyde Park and Saw the Outcasts Creeping Away to Shelter for the Night

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Public Bequests

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was one of the earliest of a long line of public-spirited Americans who have bettered the civic life of their own dwelling place or native town by bequeathing to it substantial sums for specific public purposes. For more than a century public bequests of this sort have been increasing in number and in volume until today it is no uncommon thing for a rich man, moved either by real affection for the city in which he spent the best years of his life and amassed his fortune or by a desire to perpetuate his own name and to make secure the prestige of his children, to leave some useful and permanent memorial in trust for the use of his fellow citizens. Many a town is the richer for a public park, playground, library, museum or art collection thus acquired.

Naturally enough, givers usually like to do their giving upon their own terms and in their own way. As they are under no legal obligation to give at all and as they have no means of enforcing the acceptance of their gifts, they are well within their rights if they consult their own preferences. Not infrequently they do so and hedge their bequests about with conditions and restrictions that are so irksome that their beneficence is robbed of half its value. In such cases the common tendency of municipalities is not to adopt the take-it-or-leave-it attitude, but to apply to the courts for leave to disregard or run counter to the unacceptable provisions of the testator's will. There are plenty of excuses for this attempt upon the part of cities to eat their cake and have it, too; but they rarely disguise the underlying purpose, which is to obtain funds or property upon their own terms rather than upon those of the giver. Courts have sometimes yielded to the argument that in view of altered conditions a judicial modification of conditions would more perfectly carry out the testator's intent. More often they must pass upon the question of whether the public convenience and the desire to get something for nothing, or the wish of the testator, shall be paramount. Very rarely do the courts err when they insist upon a strict construction of the will and a close adherence to the terms of that construction.

No doubt it would cause a great stir if the courts sustained the will of an eccentric man of wealth who left a park to his native town on the sole condition that it should not be entered by red-headed boys; and yet public procedure must be guided by principle rather than by sentiment. If such a decision were handed down the chances are that every red-headed millionaire in the state would be moved to do something handsome for the lads against whom their fellow rich man had discriminated.

Self-respecting probate courts may not decently yield to the dictates of public clamor. A solemn obligation is laid upon them and they must fulfill it to the letter, both as a matter of public honesty and upon the score of good policy. It is the duty of the state, within pretty generally recognized limitations, to respect the clear intent of a testator and to see that his will is carried out. It is a matter of good policy, because it is only by keeping faith with the dead that it is possible to inspire confidence in the living.

Rich men who are contemplating public bequests do not regard with complacence the overriding or the setting aside of the wills of other men of wealth. They reason logically in assuming that if the courts cut the strings on other public bequests their own will fare no better and they might as well keep the family fortune inside the family as turn over a generous share of it to the tender mercies of a group of local politicians.

Jurisdictions that establish a reputation for keeping faith with the dead, even to their own temporary disadvantage, will fare better in the long run than those whose courts allow them to grab immediate benefits regardless of the wishes and stipulations of those who confer them. Honesty is just as truly the best policy for towns and cities as it is for individuals

The Machines of Man

GLEAMING white and rarely beautiful in its setting of gray desert and brown mountain ranges an old Spanish mission has stood for several hundred years in the midst of a Papago Indian village in a far-off corner of one of our Western states. A few hundred yards from the mission itself is a quaint little Indian burying ground with tiny white wooden crosses. A man could alight from an automobile on the main road to the mission, walk into and to the end of the diminutive burying place and back to his car in a space of perhaps two or three minutes.

One quiet Sunday afternoon an infant was buried there. The little white coffin was borne aloft by four maidens of the tribe, the women in black mantillas followed, singing a low melodious chant, and the swarthy bucks brought up the rear. About this simple funeral procession there was a dignity and majestic reverence that the white race with all its intellect and ceremonial could never hope to attain. Yet was there any chance for these primitive peoples to carry out the last sacred rites without at least one big automobile nosing its chugging way behind the procession and into the burying place, drowning out the low chant with its crash of gears?

But we cannot hold a mere piece of machinery responsible for the lack of fineness of feeling and reverence, the lack of elemental decency, the mere fat-headedness and vulgarity of him who operates it. There are white men who would have hesitated to tiptoe into that burying place, with hat in hand, bowed head and hushed voice, and there are others who would have driven a freight train up to a cathedral altar if thereby they might have gained five minutes of amusement.

Every machine that man invents contains possibilities of use and abuse alike. The automobile does not differ from other tools and instruments except in its more widespread adoption. Its abuse may be emphasized—accidents, reckless driving, noise, traffic confusion, waste, extravagance, bootlegging, banditry, and the ever-increasing theft of cars themselves. But there is the other side, even more impressive. It has been related ten thousand times ten thousand. Everyone knows of the convenience, comfort, increased prosperity, joy and happiness that the motor car has brought.

A recent book, The Iron Man in Industry, tells of the deadening, depressing effect upon man of automatic machinery. But automatic machinery produces automobiles and a thousand other devices that increase the country's productivity and add to the occupations, amusements and recreations of its people. Man can use them or abuse them. He can live in a whirl of automobiles, airplanes, radio sets, movies, talking machines and Sunday comic supplements, or they can become his reasonable servitors.

Men of weak character and low mentality always succumb to their surroundings and to the tools at hand. The fundamental question after all is not in the machine but in the man. He rises supreme above all his inventions or is ground under them. If he has character, if he has a sense of fitness, of decency, of dignity, he can survive any development of machine civilization, and profit from it.

There is a worry lest education become too materialistic, too vocational. If home training, religion, education or some other force as yet undeveloped does not implant in the young those qualities which make for self-respect and respect for others, for honor, moderation and the finer things of life, then there is cause for disquiet, not alone for education but for the very survival of the race itself.

Subventions Versus Doles

THE governments of Europe have during the past two years been confronted with most perplexing problems arising out of decline in the world's takings of European goods and services. What was to be done for stagnant enterprises and unemployed workers? In most countries, largely as the result of socialistic tendencies or political power of labor parties, the response of the government has been in the direction of state wages to the unemployed. The British system is perhaps the best illustration. Under this system the plants remain closed, or run on part time, until conditions in the world's markets enable full employment to be resumed, when the doles of the state are discontinued. Capital, in the interval, goes on half rations or none at all. Such stagnation is injurious to the efficiency of a plant as well as to the markets to which the goods normally flowed.

A different system was the one adopted in Switzerland. Here the idea was to keep the plant running, have the employes earn their wages, and have the state bear the losses of the operation on the basis of an agreed accounting. The state regarded certain industries as essential, directly for material reasons, indirectly to keep Switzerland on the map. Watchmaking, embroidering, hotel keeping and the production of cereals, livestock, potatoes and milk were the recipients of subventions from the state. In this way workers received as much as could be obtained in unemployment doles, or more. The industries operated for an even break. The social disadvantages of widespread unemployment were avoided. And certainly such a system sustains the morale of labor more than unemployment.

Each system is a lesser evil, adopted only to avoid a greater evil. But of the two lesser evils, subvention of industry would seem to be preferable to subvention of unemployment. The Swiss industries possess a particular value in reputation and goodwill. All over the world women wear Swiss embroideries, men and women wear Swiss watches, and men, women and children consume Swiss chocolates and canned milk. Once lost, such markets are regainable only with difficulty.

Even with subventions from the state the Swiss industries have had a hard time. The high value of the Swiss franc has given the products of countries with depreciated exchange a heavy advantage in export trade. Coal has now to be secured from almost every quarter of the globe, since German coal, which before the war supplied five-sixths of the fuel needs of the little country, is now able to supply but one-third, and even this may not be maintained. Not only is the supply uncertain, because drawn from numerous sources, but prices are very high on account of longer freight hauls. Nevertheless, despite high cost of fuel and low exchanges in competing countries, the Swiss exports for 1922 were almost as large as in 1921. Imports of an unessential nature are under control, with the result that in 1922 the excess of imports over exports—a normal condition—is smaller by a goodly margin than in 1921. Switzerland is clearly emerging from the slough of the business cycle, and her progress upward has to a considerable extent been due to the fact that she has aided her industries to offer employment rather than given her workers wages in lieu of employment.

The Eclipse of Lloyd George

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE esteemed English did not understand Lloyd George when he was in office, and do not understand him now, when he is sitting inconspicuously on a minority bench in the Commons. The Welshman was too intricate for the standardized comprehension of John Bull, and continues so to the present, albeit the English have been at great pains and much print to explain him, and will be explaining him for the next century or two, as is their custom. The Lloyd George bibliography now weighs two hundred and twenty-seven tons, and it will be as heavy as Napoleon's by the year 2023.

The esteemed English are an interesting people, especially in matters of government. They do very well in governing the colored races, such as Africans and Indians, but they are no great shakes with whites, including the English. If you pry into the nativities of the men who run things in England you will be surprised to find how generally the Scotch, the Irish, the Welsh and the Canadians are doing the running, and have been. Of course all these are British, but being British and being English are two entirely distinct occupations. One is imperial, and the other is insular—quite so.

David Lloyd George Leaving 10 Downing Street With His Wife and Daughter After Bonar Law Had Been Offered the Premiership

Every now and then some outraged Englishman, contemplating the dominance of the Scotch and the Irish and the Welsh and the rest of the outlanders, rises in passionate protest and asks if the English intend to submit to this sort of thing for all time. Apparently they do. For illuminating instance: When they finished, for the time being, with Lloyd George, the Welshman, as Premier they put in Bonar Law, the Canadian.

The Governing Class

NOT so long ago—only a year or two, in fact—a group of men who felt deeply on this subject started a paper that for weeks and weeks shrieked this humiliation at the English, but nothing ever came of it. The Scotch and the Welsh and the rest of them continued running the government just the same.

The educated English have looked upon politics as a profession, and do yet, and are habituated to the university brand upon their higher politicians. They think the men who govern them should be molded in the Oxford mold or pressed in the Cambridge press—shaped into either the Oxonian or the Cantabrigian manner and matter given that ineffable hall mark that makes so many Englishmen just like so many other Englishmen. Naturally when a man or men come along who, so far from considering politics a profession, look on it and practice it as a trade, or a business, or both, the English are perplexed. They understand every action, every motive, every expression, every demonstration of an Asquith or a Curzon or a Balfour or a Grey, but a Lloyd George or a Beaverbrook gets both their insular and their imperial goats.

It is indubitably a most satisfying and superior thing to be either of Oxford or of Cambridge, and not at all a strain either on the subject or on the object of the distinction. All Oxonians are like all other Oxonians in the essentials, and so are all Cantabrigians like all other Cantabrigians alike in thought, expression, action and accents. If you meet an Oxford man of the dominant type you know what he is going to say, how he is going to say it, and why. And if you meet an Oxford man who is a politician you know it all twice, especially if inured to the English atmosphere and locale of these various demonstrations.

Lloyd George Taking the Air Following His Defeat

That being true of the alien student and observer, it is doubly true of the Englishman himself. Your real Englishman is a person who has a mind that is divided into two compartments—one for the consideration and appraisement of all phenomena outside himself, and one for purely personal, interior, expedient, romantic and adventurous uses. As a result of long and suppressive training the mind compartment that considers and appraises the outside performs those functions in a thoroughly standardized manner. It has a code that is based on custom, precedent, habit and practice. Its judgments are inflexible. A thing is done or it isn't done. A circumstance is correct or it isn't correct. A man is regular or irregular. And so on.

Moreover, as a result of this long and suppressive training the Englishman himself would deny this secret and inside mental attitude and working. He thinks he is a single-minded person. Wherefore he doesn't understand many-faceted persons like Lloyd George, either, any more than he understands himself. This aspect of the English has its humor for the non-English. The English talk and pose and write and declaim on the one-track basis, and at heart the best of them—the real types of the race—are incurable romantics, idealists, adventurers, poets, protestants and, sometimes, revolutionaries. The result of this combination is that they ashamedly conceal their malleable interiors behind refractory exteriors, and succeed very well at it; and the further result is that when an adaptable, not to say ductile, statesman like Lloyd George comes along they judge him and seek to understand him by these exterior processes, and get nowhere at all.

A Welsh Gift

AN APT illustration of this characteristic is given by Sidebotham, the English publicist, in a sketch of J. H. Thomas, the British labor leader. Sidebotham says: "Mr. J. H. Thomas, at a small conference, was once whirling wild words around his head like a battle-ax when the Prime Minister interrupted him. 'That's all very well for the heathen,' Lloyd George said, 'but remember that I'm a Welshman, too.' To be a Welshman," Sidebotham continues, "usually means that you have the gift of splitting yourself up into several personalities and speaking out of each. The Anglo-Saxon has not this gift, and is apt to call it by hard names, and thereby often does his brother Celt an injustice."

Without laboring the minor disagreement with Sidebotham that some Anglo-Saxons have it but sedulously try to conceal it for purposes of their own, that quoted paragraph gives not only indorsement to the statement that the English never did really understand Lloyd George but also explains his thirty years of political survival among them, and his later years of supremacy over them.

This theory met with stern and chilling rebuke not so long ago when it was ventured to some English who have a large part in their governmental affairs. "Understand him?" they said. "Why, dear sir, we understand him all too well."

"And disapprove?" I asked them.

"Most heartily."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Why, we've always understood him."

"Then," I asked them, "why did you allow a couple of Canadians and an Irishman to make him Premier in the first place, permit him to remain as head of your government for six years, and leave it to a Canadian to shape things for the riddance of him?"

The answer wasn't exactly illuminating, nor conclusive, and the facts are that this adroit, adaptable, versatile, eloquent and politic Welshman had the English dazzled just as a prestidigitator dazzles an audience of schoolboys. He thought, planned and acted too rapidly for them. The movement of the Welsh hand and mind was too quick for the English eye and comprehension. By the time they had partially assimilated one policy he was away off

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

An Idle Idyl

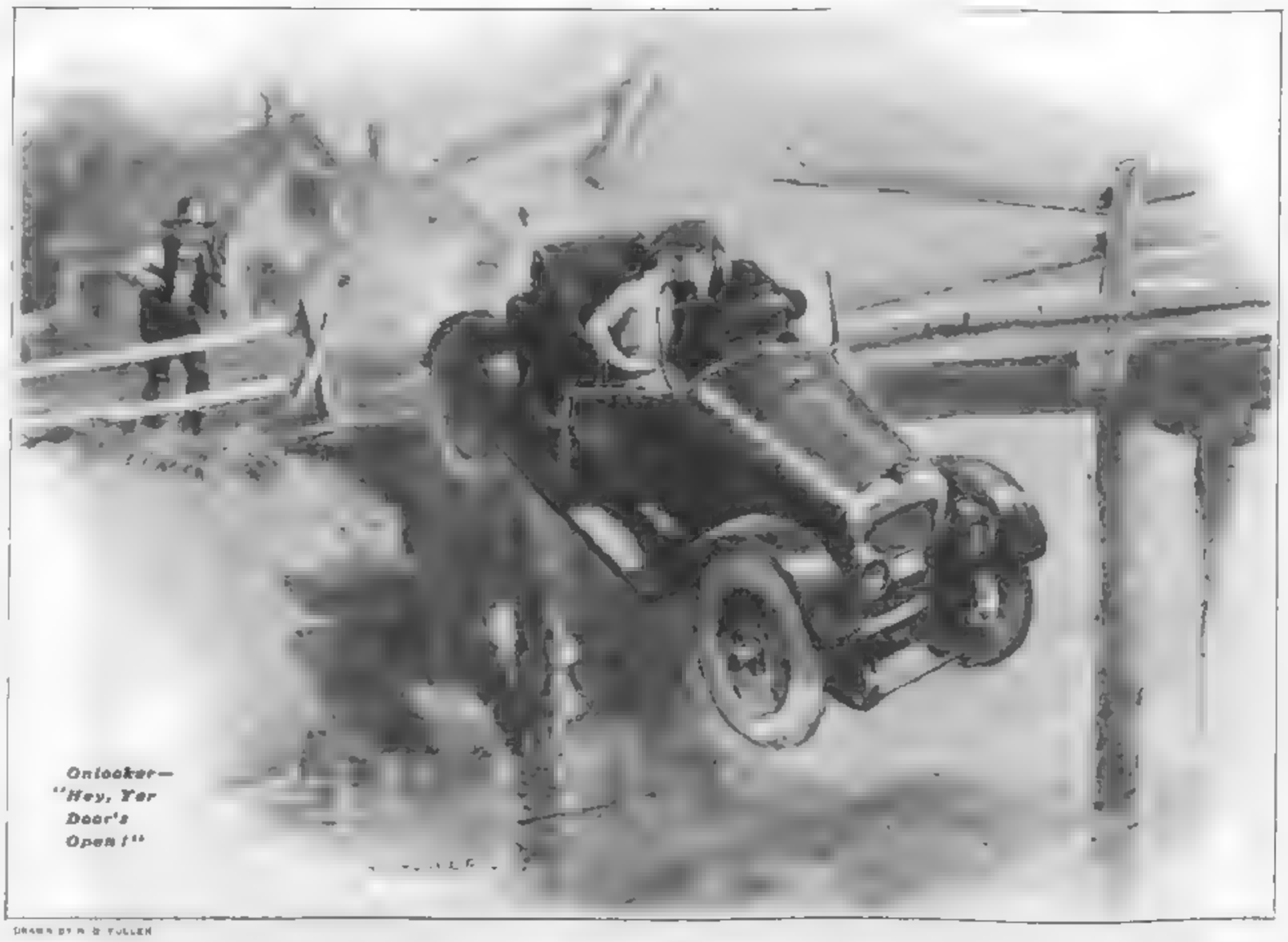
OFF in the land of Araby, or maybe it is Ind,
Where sampans hang esurient, against the golden wind;
There lies a vale of cedars, or maybe ibex trees—
'Tis there I fain would hie me and live a life of ease.

And when the sun was setting of a turbid afternoon,
I'd troll my way along the dale and idle down the dune;
And there I'd loll upon a knoll, and as the spindrift surged,
Drift into dreams, as Daphne into the laurel merged.

And in my aureate musings my floreate hope should be
That I might see a dryad, a-merging in a tree;
Mellifluous, I'd watch her, till lost to view, and then
I'd wait, in hope of seeing her emerging out again!

And the moon would shine in torrents and the stars come down in sheets,
And I would greet that dryad as the sun the morning greets.
And what might happen after that it matters not to me
For I should have seen a dryad a-merging in a tree!

—*Carolyn Wells.*



A Day of Crime

JOHN COOPER was what George Ade might call a virtuous member of society. In other words he had never been in jail, had never beaten his wife nor had he ever indulged in any of those little departures from rectitude that tend to bring a man into conflict with established authority. Not that John felt especially self-righteous about it. "It's easy enough to go straight," he used to say. "I've no sympathy for a fellow who breaks the law." John would wax quite fervent when the subject of crime came up. His job as reporter on the Daily Star required him to be in court quite a great deal and he knew whereof he spoke.

In fact, John was what has been so aptly described as a hundred per cent American. He was married; lived in a small three-room apartment on Washington Heights in New York City, for which he paid what would formerly have been a fair rental at the Ritz-Carlton; he owned a flivver; read the New York Times each morning at breakfast, and attended church regularly every Sunday.

This morning John was in a particularly amiable humor. The Times had contained more than its accustomed morning array of crimes and John felt more virtuous and law-abiding than usual by contrast. Mrs. John was watering the geraniums in the window box as John kissed her good-by, unaware that she was violating a municipal ordinance which makes it an offense punishable by ten dollars' fine to have flowers on the window ledge unless they are inclosed by an iron railing.

As he descended in the elevator he drew a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offered one to the seventeen-year-old colored elevator boy.

"Nice morning," said John, and he walked toward the garage, happily unconscious that he had just incurred a possible term of three years in the penitentiary by violating Section 484 subd. 5 of the Penal Law which provides that "A person who sells, pays for or furnishes any cigar, cigarette or tobacco in any of its forms to any child actually or apparently under the age of eighteen years . . . is guilty of a misdemeanor."

John was on his way to Staten Island to cover a sensational murder trial for his paper, and as his flivver sped through Central Park on his way to the ferry his speedometer registered twenty miles an hour. There are certain laws which even the most law-abiding citizen breaks without qualms, and John felt no compunction at exceeding the speed limit.

The Staten Island ferryboat was crowded. John's car was sandwiched between two huge trucks in the center of the boat, so as the ferryboat pulled out of the slip he stepped down out of his automobile and walked over to the railing to contemplate the beauties of the sky line of Manhattan, which was receding in the distance. He stood there a while, lost in admiration of the topless towers which stretched out toward the sky, not knowing that he was thus incurring three more years' imprisonment in the penitentiary by violating Section 872 of the Penal Law, which provides: "A chauffeur or operator in charge of a motor vehicle who leaves it unattended at any time when it is being carried on any ferryboat operating in this state . . . and from or to a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants or over is guilty of a misdemeanor."

At about a quarter of ten John arrived at the courthouse. The wife of a prominent physician had shot and killed her husband under especially scandalous circumstances, and the entire community was alive with excitement at the trial which was to start that day and which, for the time being, had monopolized the front pages of the great metropolitan newspapers.

The corridor of the courthouse was crowded with lawyers, witnesses, police officers and a throng of curious sensation seekers, mostly women, who were vainly trying to be admitted to the trial.

Over in a corner John recognized Frank G. Osborne, the district attorney who was to try the case, talking to a group of men. "I'm going to beat this case," Osborne was saying. "We'll show that this woman was no good; that she used to ——"

John's notebook was out and he wrote rapidly. This was news; good, quotable stuff. His reporter's instinct told him that much. What it did not tell him, however, was that he was violating Section 721 of the Penal Law: "A person who secretly loiters about a building with intent to overhear discourse therein, and to repeat or publish the same to vex or annoy or injure others, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

John approached the group, little suspecting that he had just added three years more to his day's accumulation of prison sentences.

Osborne greeted him cordially. He was running for reëlection in the fall and he greeted

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Congressman Demanding a $15,000,000 Appropriation for Dredging and Widening Muddy Creek

The Same Congressman When His Wife Demands $10 for a New Spring Hat

The world's most famous soups!

We blend the best with careful pains
In skilful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

12 cents a can

Check the Campbell's Soups you want and order from your grocer

- ☐ Asparagus
- ☐ Bean
- ☐ Beef
- ☐ Bouillon
- ☐ Celery
- ☐ Chicken
- ☐ Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
- ☐ Consomme
- ☐ Julienne
- ☐ Mock Turtle
- ☐ Mulligatawny
- ☐ Mutton
- ☐ Ox Tail
- ☐ Pea
- ☐ Pepper Pot
- ☐ Printanier
- ☐ Tomato
- ☐ Tomato-Okra
- ☐ Vegetable
- ☐ Vegetable-Beef
- ☐ Vermicelli Tomato

We can supply your grocer with any of these soups

(Continued from Page 34)

everyone cordially, especially newspaper men. The judge had not yet arrived as they stood there in the corridor and spoke of various things—of politics, baseball and the forthcoming big fight. There were, besides Osborne and John, McCarthy, the chief of police, and Wilcox, the counsel for the defense.

"I'll bet anyone ten dollars that Dempsey knocks him out," said McCarthy.

"You're on," said John, and they shook hands on it. Evidently the district attorney and the chief of police were unfamiliar with the provisions of Section 1712 of the Penal Law which makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by not more than three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, for anyone to bet on a prize fight.

In any event they did not arrest John. Instead they continued to talk about other things.

"By the way, Mr. Osborne," said John, "I'd like to sell you a ticket for a fair our church is giving next week in the vestry rooms. The minister gave me these tickets last night to dispose of."

Osborne handed John a half dollar and received one of the tickets. The district attorney was a sincere, conscientious public servant and a good lawyer, but he did not suspect that he had just assisted John to commit two more crimes involving a total maximum penalty of six years. For Section 779 of the Penal Law says: "A person who solicits from a candidate for an elective office money or other property, or who seeks to induce such candidate who has been placed in nomination to purchase any ticket, card or evidence of admission to any ball, picnic, fair or entertainment of any kind, is guilty of a misdemeanor," while Section 945 of the Penal Law provides:

"Any person who shall collect money or attempt to collect money or any valuable article, or to sell tickets for any ball or entertainment for the benefit of any pretended benevolent, humane or charitable organization which has no corporate existence, or for any benevolent, humane or charitable institution that has been duly incorporated or recognized by the authorities of the state of New York, without first having obtained written authority of the officers of the said institution or organization, attested under the seal of the said institution, according to its rules, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

The court took a recess at one o'clock and John and the other reporters went over to the little inn opposite St. Thomas' Church. After lunch the waiter brought a dice box and some dice and they played to see who should pay for the lunch. John won, but again he had added to his rapidly increasing list of crimes, for Section 2072, subd. 2, makes it a misdemeanor punishable by a maximum term of three years in the penitentiary to engage in, "within two miles of the place where a religious meeting is held, . . . gambling of any description."

When John arrived home that night his wife asked him about the trial.

"She'll be acquitted all right," he said. "No self-respecting jury would ever send that little woman to jail for killing that skunk."

"By the way," said his wife, "Isabel was here today and I told her that if she could get another case of that gin we'd take half of it." —*Newman Levy.*

Notes of a Psychoanalyst

CASE I. Jones, a leather-goods manufacturer, dreamed of falling over a high cliff. After falling for three minutes he remembered he had forgotten to bring his lunch with him.

Plainly this man did not love his wife. Advised to leave her, he did so. His dream has not since recurred. Cured.

Case II. Monopolous, a head waiter, 45, highly nervous, dreamed on three successive nights that he had not been tipped.

Patient advised to leave his wife, of whom he had obviously grown tired. Cured.

Case III. Barker, a floorwalker, 37, dreamed he was driving a taxicab at eighty miles an hour along Fifth Avenue at five o'clock Saturday afternoon. At Forty second Street he was passed by a bus driven by a Hindu. As he pulled to one side the conductor tossed three dimes in his face and threw a kiss to the traffic policeman. When he picked the dimes up he found they were Canadian.

This man was advised to leave his wife, as he clearly did not love her any longer. He is preparing to do this and a cure is expected.

Case IV. O'Brien, an Irishman, 40, dreamed that he was in the middle of a large public square. It was raining, but the raindrops turned into bricks and machine-gun bullets as they struck. After being soaked thoroughly he awoke.

Patient advised this dream always occurs when one no longer loves one's wife, and that he would better leave his. Patient answered that he was unmarried. Sent immediately to a hospital for observation in the psychopathic ward, his case was diagnosed as homesickness, and he was deported to Ireland. I regard this case as having been improperly handled. Since his arrival in Ireland he states his dream has recurred several times. As this dream is an infallible indication of loss of affection toward a wife, patient has been advised to marry and leave his wife at once. This will undoubtedly effect a cure.

—*Baron Ireland.*

Composite Ragtime Song

Music

STEAL a tune from Gounod,
Filch a bar from Bach.
Swipe a chord from Schumann
Or from Mozart's stock.
Sneak a snatch from Schubert,
Crib the Serenade
Thirty cents a copy
And your fortune's made!

Words

I got a mania
For Lithuania! . . .
I wanna see those colored mammies
Dance around in their pajammies! . . .
I love the sunshine down in old Kentucky,
But I love the moonshine better still! . . .
Who will you have now to cry over you,
Sigh over you, lie aboutchu? . . .
Come down to Dixieland, my hearties!
We got some swell lynching parties! . . .
My darling Sarah!
She's the pride of the Sahara!
Every day and night of the week
She goes out with a different sheik! . . .
Mother—
Your best friend is your muh-uh-huh-ther!
She's better than a sister
Or an uncle or a brother! . . .
When Ching Chong plays ping-pong in Hong-Kong
He sings a singsong the whole day long. . . .
Do that check—check—Czecho-Slovakian rag!
Some jag! . . .
Oh, those grown-up babies
Give me the rabies! . . .
Y'oughta see my sister Sonia,
Oh, her shimmying would stun yuh! . . .
I got the cowhide, French-fried, deep-dyed
Indigo Bloo-hoos!
I said the Blues! . . .
Sink—sink—syncopate!
Every rule of reason violate!
Oh, those ragtime writers,
Jazz exciters—
I wanna choke 'em, that's all—all!

—*Max Lief.*

Lullaby

IF THE numbering of sheep
Fails to send you any sleep;
If a thousand—any number
Sends you never any slumber;
If you toss from side to side,
Vigilant and open-eyed,
This the wish for you I make
As, my love, you lie awake:
Let your night of vigil be
Wakeful with the thought of me.

Franklin P. Adams.

Caught the Idea

A YOUNG American woman, having spent a number of years in Canton, China, had several excellent Chinese "boys" ranging in ages from twenty to seventy, as house servants. Her personal servant took care of all the laundry, including her daintiest lingerie, sorting it and returning it to her room.

However, he had a habit which was annoying to the point of being almost infuriating to his mistress. When returning garments to her boudoir he would simply open the door, walk in, and make his exit as nonchalantly as if he were in no way conscious of having invaded anyone's privacy. His mistress had asked him again and again to knock and wait for a response before entering, but without avail. Finally the American woman became so angry that she threatened to dismiss him if he repeated the offense.

He bowed low and smiled innocently, saying in his quaint pidgin English, "Maskee"—never mind—"missie. Evly time lookie th'ough keyhole. No clothes on, no commie in." —*Helen Harris Hall.*

"It Says Here That Thousands of Married Wimmen in New York Goes Out an' Earns Their Own Livin'." "Gosh, Eph, Your Wife's Worth Any Two of 'Em, Ain't She?"

The Lay of the College Grad

JOHN SMYTHE was a bright college student,
Who studied in manner imprudent,
Till he ended, alas,
At the head of his class,
After passing biology,
Hebrew, psychology,
History, botany,
Verbs Hottentoteny,
English, geometry,
Greek, trigonometry,
Chemistry, calculus,
Germs animalculous,
Stems philological,
Subjects hodge-podgical;
Profs warned him, "Stop!" But—he couldn't!

A Bachelor first, then a Master—
And still he kept studying faster,
Until he could claim,
Attached to his name,
The letters A.B.,
A.M., LL.D.,
B.S. and M.E.,
D.D., X.Y.Z.,
A.B.P.O.E.,
And, last, E.T.C.
They stuck to his name like a plaster!

Equipped with stupendous cognition,
Smythe breezed out to seek a position,
Expecting to grace
Some eminent place
As engineer, preacher,
Collegiate teacher,
Ambassador, doctor,
Invention decocter,
Essayist or editor,
A bank where he'd head it, or
Something to match his ambition.

They listened to his application,
And answered without hesitation,
"My lad, we regret
You're not equipped yet
For such a position:
Much less electrician,
A tinker, a tailor,
A salesman, a sailor,
A canner, a spinner,
A tanner, a tinner,
A clothing designer,
A molder, a miner,
A bricklayer, chauffeur—
You'd make a poor loafer.
Why not master one occupation?"

Smythe's face had turned grayer and grayer—
Not fit to be even bricklayer?
And then his voice woke,
And firmly he spoke:
"I stand for less taxes,
For free trade on axes,
Free seed, prohibition,
America's mission,
The flag of our nation,
No more immigration,
Against vivisection,
For ample protection,
Canals through each isthmus,
Two weeks off at Christmas,
The good old church steeple,
The will of the people,
For progress, prosperity,
A nobler posterity ——"
At once they elected him mayor!

—*Clement Wood.*

Ambition

I WANT to be a surgeon
And with the surgeons stand,
Incased in sterile aprons,
A scalpel in my hand.
In my opinion it would be
A most engaging life
To hunt the wild appendix
With buttonhook and knife.

I would not care to listen to
The common ills and woes;
I want to prowl inside of folks
From top of head to toes.
What greater pleasure can there be
Than to investigate
A human being with a knife
And charge the highest rate?

I would not care to pass out pills
Or write prescriptions when
It's possible to cut and slash
A tumor or a wen.
Oh, let me be a surgeon
And with the surgeons stand,
Incased in sterile aprons,
A scalpel in my hand.

—*Wallace M. Bayliss.*

The Situation With Respect to Hupmobile

THERE are more than fifty thousand—perhaps twice that many—garages scattered over the country; and in almost any one of them you can be reasonably sure you will encounter ardent admiration for the Hupmobile.

The same thing is true of the gasoline supply stations—together comprising thousands of experienced observers who, if they gave you a confidential answer to the friendly American query, "What's the good word?" would say—"Hupmobile."

It isn't an admiration shared with several other cars, either, but a special appreciation based upon experience—and for diplomatic reasons it is not *always* expressed to those who do not drive a Hupmobile.

MOST of us have always known that the Hupmobile is one car which stands exceedingly well with the great mass of motorists, whether they own a Hupmobile or not.

Most of us have also known that the loyalty of Hupmobile owners is almost a proverb in the automotive industry.

But this other great group offers a different kind of testimony, and in some respects, perhaps, even a more valuable and convincing kind.

Sometimes the repair man also sells cars and, always, both he and the gas and oil distributor cater to the entire motoring public.

Therefore, their unhesitating tribute to Hupmobile—whenever circumstances permit them to speak frankly—is all the more impressive because it is based on observation and comparison, and is entirely unbiased.

PERHAPS you haven't known that this situation so highly favorable to the Hupmobile existed.

Well—all motor car manufacturers know it, and motor car salesmen and motor car dealers and almost everyone connected with the business of building and marketing automobiles.

It is unique, it is flattering, it is based on facts.

It is one more clinching evidence of how well the Hupmobile is built and how well and how economically it does its work—and therefore we consider it worth recording.

Hupmobile

TRIUMPH

Continued from Page 31

of philandering which would have left a little schoolgirl, royal in her young prettiness, cold.

Paul Bobby's foot touched Lucia's under the table; his silk-clad ankle brushed her silk-clad one. He was once more out of a part and entirely at a rich woman's disposal.

"Order more wine, Paul. You like this wine?"

"You are a wonderful judge of wines, Lucia. Waiter!"

Mrs. Aveline was nearly always happy at dinner. The evening was the time of day for which one saved oneself. One's energies were conserved, one's good looks directed towards this hour. She had been under the hands of a facial masseuse most of the afternoon. She had had a mask plastered over her face, where it dried, and then was wiped off again. One's complexion emerged fresher, one's skin tauter. All the while she had lain immobile under that mask for fear of cracking it her thoughts had been on Paul Bobby Later on she had made herself up exquisitely, assisted by Marie, an adept at the art. She had dressed in white, with her pearls.

But just as this philandering was but a pitiful imitation of the true romance so was Mrs. Aveline but an imitation of the youth of the extremely young, fair, precocious girl to whom Paul Bobby would make love tomorrow—if he could borrow the money to entertain her as she demanded. He watched Lucia languishingly, out of sheer practice.

Another bottle of wine came; was placed in the ice bucket beside them. Then the wine waiter poured the golden wine reverently into their glasses. As Anna emerged again from her obscurity behind the grand piano to sing, Lucia lifted her glass and toasted her sister gayly. The act, so slight that perhaps no one observed it but Anna, warmed the girl's heart. She loved Lucia and hated Paul Bobby. She began to sing the memorable song of which people never tire:

"Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me ——"

With the first notes of Tosti's Good-by the great room hushed again; hardly a fork clattered on a plate; the waiters stood listening or moved so softly that they scarcely disturbed the still, heavy air. And the words fell on Lucia's heart. Their impact hurt so that all the transient fires of the evening died out of her; so that she felt dead and cold. The adoration of the glitter of life, which flickered but fitfully in her these days, faded to desolation. Now and again, turning her eyes to right or left, she saw other women with just that stricken look concealed on their faces that she was trying to conceal. And men all had memories. Only here and there some very young, blank girl who had never yet said good-by to anything she wanted and who had not contemplated a tragedy so dire sat immune. Anna sang:

"Hush! A voice from the far-away!
'Listen and learn,' it seems to say:
'All the tomorrows shall be as today;
All the tomorrows shall be as today.'"

Not very far from Lucia's table, not very far from the singer, sat Silver Garnet. In their lonely roving Lucia's eyes found him and remembered. Where had she seen that saturnine, dark face before, lighted, as it was now, by human desire, though not fearful—as it was now—of the good-by?

She recalled the occasion with an effort. He had been entering that dingy room of Anna's as Mrs. Aveline left it. Of course!

"Rich Man, How Long is it Since You Addressed the Fraternity on the Arrogance of Capital and the Division of Wealth?"

The silver-clad figure slid to obscurity again, and Lucia touched Paul Bobby's arm.

"Do you see that man there? That dark, sallow, rather sullen creature? That is Silver Garnet, who was in all the papers over that extraordinary affair of the Garnet Printing Works. He's very rich, and crazy for Anna."

Paul Bobby looked enviously at the very rich man.

Lucia went on: "Mrs. Garnet has gone abroad with the Conway girl. I used to meet them both frequently at the Minstones' house. They say she simply wouldn't stay to see her son go to the dogs—you know, the boy who had to give up the family money and everything else to Silver Garnet."

"What happened to him?"

"Nobody knows exactly. Anyway no one could do anything. I suppose he'll get work of some kind. His poor mother was absolutely broken-hearted. He ought to have married the Conway girl."

"Could he?"

"Could he! My dear Paul, she's one of those little devoted women just made to be trampled on by some man; to give all and ask nothing. They say she was in love with him too. But he disappeared, no one knows where. How easily people are lost and forgotten!"

Her eyes dilated a little.

"He ought to have married the girl," said Paul Bobby "What a fool!"

"You'd have married her, Paul?"

Carefully, Bobby paused.

"Oh, well, Lucia darling, I'm such an idealist, aren't I?"

"Oh, Paul, I love to think it! Few men are! Few men are!" She sighed tragically; and then said happily, "I thought I knew men—till I met you. Now I know there's another side."

It was the rose hour after dinner. The wine was full amber, the lights were soft and a woman looked her best

Paul Bobby was turning his small immediate difficulty over and over in his fairly agile brain. He kept to the topic of Silver and his riches, which came conveniently just now.

He said: "Wonderful face he's got, isn't it? That dark complexion, that projecting jowl, which ought to mean strength, oughtn't it? And all the coin he wants! Lord!"

A little feeling ran coldly through Lucia; a feeling that this youth was asking indefinitely for money. He had done it before and she knew his approaches. Yet she dared not allow herself to feel contempt for him; that would make her too unhappy. She must cling to her delusions, for they had a habit of failing her too often. Suddenly she wished to offer before Paul could ask, which would save the situation somewhat. "Oh, Paul dear, how are things now?"

"I'm as broke as a new kitten. Not that I'm not used to that, of course. It's all right"

She was so glad that Paul Bobby was brave, that she dipped her hand into her vanity bag, under the table, found two five-pound notes and pressed them into his hand, which was also at that moment under the table.

"Dear Paul, I insist! Aren't we—great friends?"

After all, it was nearly three months since she had actually lent—or given—him money. He had the run of his teeth in her house; and the car; and she had, of course, paid for dinners and lunches; and she saw that he enjoyed her dance club free of subscription often enough.

His hand closed on the notes.

"We're such friends!"

"Friends, Lucia, you adorable darling! Aren't we more than that?"

It was perhaps because Lucia knew in her secret soul, where she seldom dared to look, that they were not even friends that she pulled her cloak round her shoulders precipitately, paid their bill and went. At the same moment Anna disappeared from the orchestra dais, and Silver quickly paid his bill, too, not knowing that Anna had a rendezvous with her sister and would escape him.

All three, Lucia, Anna and Paul Bobby converged outside the restaurant, where Lucia's car waited. Silver was a moment or two behind, but in time disappointedly to witness the women's departure. In the little coupé, when Lucia and Anna had squeezed beside the chauffeur, there was not room for Paul; and they drove off without him, leaving him standing bareheaded, smiling, upon the pavement. Something in the perfection and finish of the young man's outward accouterments of manner and body—a perfection to which Silver Garnet did not attain made up Silver's mind. He spoke.

"We've met somewhere." They had not.

"More than once, I believe, Mr. Garnet," Bobby returned; "but these occasions somehow slip one's memory. My name's Paul Bobby."

"Ah-ha!" said Silver. "Of course! And mine you seem to know—I mean, to remember."

"Oh, you're a personality and easily remembered," Bobby returned. "I'm not"

"What are you doing?" said Silver. "My car's here. Come along with me to have a drink at my house, will you, and—ah—renew our acquaintance."

He did not know that Bobby knew what he knew—that they were total strangers. He just thought the young fellow was too polite to confess himself all at sea. And he'd known Silver Garnet by name and at sight. Such is fame.

Silver felt a swell at his heart. He touched Bobby's arm and motioned him into the cushiony depths of the limousine. He had an admirer and a listener. Silver Garnet was as yet a lonely man.

Continued on Page 40

"Real service, economy and dependability, such as Buick provides, are the determining factors in an automobile purchase for me"

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(Continued from Page 38)

The sisters drove away from the Charlton hand in hand. There was something about Anna which always made Lucia want to hold to her, to lean upon her, and not to let her go. She seemed a steadfast thing in a vacillating world. This she would never have dared to say; it seemed so starkly to admit disaster. But perhaps the younger woman understood it well enough by the clasp of that restless, ringed hand round her own cool fingers. When last they had met the gulf between them had seemed a wide one. Now it seemed bridged more or less by Anna's silver frock, her silver shoes, her evening cloak of dense black velvet. These women now met on a mutual ground other than the mutual ground of their wistful sisterly love.

Lucia had not long been back from Cannes; she had lingered there longer than her first intention; life had no particular objective and one place was as good as another. Moreover Paul Bobby had been nothing loath to come over and visit her there; to be her guest for weeks at a time. She returned in the middle of a cold April to find Anna upon her golden stair.

"Well, dear," she said as the car left the Charlton and rushed towards Piccadilly.

And Anna said simply, "Well, Lucia." And with mutual accord they turned their faces and kissed.

"Things look very well, indeed, with you, my dear," said Lucia approvingly and eagerly. She felt the texture of Anna's velvet with a thin, glittering hand.

"Things," cried Anna, "are gorgeous!"

"Tell me everything," said Lucia.

So Anna began joyfully at the beginning, as women love to do, losing no word of the tale from the first. "I was doing so-and-so and so-and-so, when"—proceeding up the steps—"and then—and then"—to the very summit and climax. Lucia listened, ravished. It was strange how the woman of the world who had gained much and lost much, who knew all, yet had no true learning, hung upon the girl's recital. Not until Anna had quite finished did she pause to feel the waves of wistful pleasure and relief that were passing through Lucia communicating themselves to her. Such pleasure in another's triumphs, emanating from Lucia, was for some reason heartbreaking.

"It's splendid, my dear," she said over and over, when Anna had stopped. "Splendid! When you wrote to me at Cannes you were so very guarded ——"

"I didn't want to shout too soon."

"You are going to succeed, dear. You must succeed. I know it. I sat and watched people's faces tonight. You will get private engagements."

"Lucia, I have been offered several."

"I am glad! Glad!" said Lucia. And then for no reason at all she broke up and wept, but stopped herself as soon as she had begun, with the practiced control of a woman who has longed to weep much but feared to disturb her complexion. She coughed away the sobs in her throat. "I wonder," said she, "if I ever had a talent, anything I could have worked with. I wonder ——"

"You used your talents socially, Lucia."

"I did not, my dear. I used no talents at all. My face carried me where I wished to go; that and a—a sort of *joie de vivre* which poor mother never succeeded in squeezing out of me. Oh, well, you have the *joie de vivre*, too, Anna. Curb it. Control it. Make it—make it work for you in some way that will last."

"I was telling you about my private engagements," said Anna after a sober pause. "Two duchesses and a countess have engaged me for afternoon receptions. I am to sing—as a paid professional, Lucia—at a charity concert that royalty is patronizing!"

"I am glad!" cried Lucia with hysterical fervor.

"I know you are, you dear!" said Anna, pressing her sister's hand.

They came to Lucia's small house, set between bigger ones in an exclusive street. Lucia had sat on the left of the car, with Anna between her and the chauffeur, so that even if the servant's attitude were not always that of the most perfect aloofness he need not have noticed her slight and silent break into emotion. Now her face was calm again, even gay.

"Bring the car back in half an hour for Miss Land, Gordon," she ordered as she stepped out.

Anna followed her into the small warm hall of a uniform rosiness, where incense burned somewhere. They went upstairs to the drawing-room. Marie brought the bedtime hot milk and biscuits and vanished as quietly as she had come.

"Hot milk is awfully good for the skin if a woman is on the thin side," Lucia remarked, sipping. "Never forget that, my dear."

"Thank you, Lucia."

"I saw that Silver Garnet man admiring you tonight, Anna. Won't you marry him now?"

"I can't, Lucia."

"Did you know young Garnet, Anna? The other one? I remember I've danced with him at the Minstones."

"I know him, Lucia."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know," said Anna steadily; and when she said it she knew she was as frightened as a mother with a lost child

"Would you have married him, Anna, if he hadn't lost his money?"

Anna's shake of the head was short, for she brooked no questions now about King. She could not bear them. They became an impertinence too great to condone.

"Strange, strange child!" sighed Lucia, looking at her sister over the rim of her milk glass.

"I want a man bigger than myself, Lucia."

"There are none," said Lucia with the smile of a painful learner twitching one corner of her mouth. "If you knew as much about men as I do you would know that they are weak—weak! You must take them and make them what you want. Although," she added, "I do not know why I say that—I, who never made anything of any man, as I know now."

"Men and women both should make themselves, Lucia. It's such a weak cry, so unworthy, blaming other people for everything."

"Dear Anna! Darling Anna!" said Lucia with great earnestness. "I do hope you get what you want! I think I hope it more than anything in the world, and now dear, you listen to me. Tell me: What would you think, what would you say, if I married Paul Bobby?"

"Paul Bobby! That ——"

"You may say it, Anna"

"—— that puppy, that little dancing man!"

"He—he understands one," muttered Lucia.

"You couldn't, Lucia!"

"One could do it very easily."

"A fourth husband!"

"I've never been really happy yet. I know it now."

"He wouldn't make you happy if he could."

"One wants an objective," Lucia murmured.

"You have no dog," said Anna, looking around the room. "Try a Pekingese; or a poodle perhaps."

"You are horribly cruel!" cried Lucia. "Oh, horribly, horribly cruel!"

"Only to be kind," said Anna. "Lucia, do you mean Paul Bobby has asked you?"

Lucia shook her head. The hand that held her glass trembled.

"He wouldn't, of course. He's poor; I'm a rich woman ——"

"That wouldn't stop him."

"There is a difference in our ages; a few years."

Anna reckoned silently the difference. Eighteen years probably separated Lucia and Paul Bobby, but she did not say so. All she replied was, very slowly, "I suppose so."

"It would be up to me to—to let him know that—that he could do so," said Lucia, and she flushed scarlet.

"Like Queen Victoria," added Anna very slowly, and not looking at her sister. But she felt Lucia's flush as if the disconcerted glow of shame were her own.

"He is awfully in love with me," said Lucia jerkily. "Devoted"

Anna remained sitting on the hearth rug, looking into the fire; and Lucia in her easy-chair looked at her sister for quite a long while in silence. Lucia broke it.

"There are ways and ways of letting a man know ——"

Anna rose.

"Good night, darling."

"Good night, darling," Lucia responded in a small and shaken voice, yet somehow doggedly.

Anna picked up her cloak, swathed it round her in silence and went out, leaving her sister still sitting by the fire with that flush on her face and her lips set tight.

As Anna drove home in Lucia's coupé she still wondered, like a mother over a lost child, about King Garnet. But Garnet was not so far from her as she feared and imagined. He had eaten his pies in the little cookshop a stone's throw from where her velvet voice charmed five hundred men and women; he had wandered round the Charlton with some instinct of being near her; some hungry instinct of the forsaken man giving way to his despair. He had seen a scowling man emerge from the back door, an Austrian, a waiter summarily dismissed for some misdemeanor. This voluble one spoke to the loitering stranger and voiced his woes. An hour later King Garnet—who had waited humbly for a hearing all that time, hat in hand—was given the foreigner's job. It was late and he was the only applicant; he was on the spot; his address and manner were perfect; he promised credentials of respectability next morning—and duly got them from a pompously dismayed Maddox. He was at work! He was in heaven!

XIII

FOR many days King Garnet worked at the Charlton before he spoke to Anna or before she saw him. He was on the far side of the big restaurant, and very busy. Hitherto he had looked at restaurant life from the other viewpoint; now he looked at it from the wiser eyes of a servitor. There were no wages—only tips, and a waiter was reckoned lucky to stand the chance of serving the Charlton's patrons. King knew that a hundred slick men of several nations waited to jump into his shoes. The last months had taught him that. Now he fawned where before he had condescended, and he did not even trouble to worry over the probabilities of old acquaintances dropping in. Many of his former friends were on the Riviera anyway. And if they came he did not care. He had seen the truth that a destitute man can barely cling to his self-respect; but a man with an honest day's work to do may hold up his head with a prince.

One day he had served a dismayed Maddox obliviously. But for a long while—it seemed a very long while—he did not speak to Anna.

He watched her every evening as she rose from her obscurity behind the grand piano, like a silver star out of a somber sky, came forward and sang. He was proud to love her, wretched at her ascension. But also he saw Silver watching her. He set a poor system of espionage to work and learned that sometimes she left the restaurant in Silver's car. He feared greatly. At last he sent her a letter.

That evening he had his reward. As she came forward to sing she looked out over the heads of the people to where he stood at the far end of the great room, waiting upon a client's wishes. For a second across that rosy space their looks met and fused. That night she sang the Barcarolle for him. He knew that the song was his alone. And then, after the Barcarolle, she responded to the applause with a little song which he had never heard before; which reminded him of some nursery rime or game, he could not recall which. The accompaniment was like the spring of the year, fresh, delicately sweet. She sang:

"I sent a letter to my love ——"

He assured himself, "She has answered it."

Indeed, she had! When he returned to his room in a street far less attractive even than that mean street in which Anna had made a place called home, he found the letter, saying:

"Come to tea tomorrow at four. The same address. The same Anna. Everything the same."

It was midnight and the cold room was cruel. King Garnet sat at the table and laid his head down upon his arms and could have cried.

"Nothing's the same," he said aloud. "Nothing! Nothing!"

He did not cry; he was too ashamed, even there, privately before himself; but when he lifted his head his eyes were all the more tired and red.

That night, while King Garnet still waited alike upon Jew and Gentile, lavish and mean, Anna was driving away from the Charlton with Silver. It was not Silver's importunity which brought her into the well-known depths of his big car so much as Lucia's. Lucia had sent a note of frantic imploring, begging her to bring this queer hero of a hundred garbled tales to supper.

"I shall be glad to meet your sister," said Silver as he leaned back beside Anna. "I have seen her several times dining at the Charlton, and once coming out of your rooms, you remember, in the bad old days that neither of us want to remember, eh, my dear?"

"I have nothing that I want to forget, Silver."

He had asked her now to use Silver as his first name.

"You all over, that!" he said. "Never admit regrets or defeat or sorrow, eh, Anna? Well, I'm delighted to be going with you to your sister's house tonight; partly because she's your sister, partly because, my word, she's a smart woman, is Lucia Aveline! Partly because I've linked up in a way with a friend of hers—that young chap she goes about with so much."

"You don't mean a worm called Bobby?"

"Paul Bobby. You're very superior, my dear. Bobby's an awfully smart fellow; knows all the best people in town, gets invited anywhere."

"I know he'll do anything for his dinner," said Anna.

"Who won't if the dinner's in the right house?" Silver replied earnestly.

His earnestness interested Anna so much that she turned to stare at his face under the electric light in the roof of the car, and he looked thoughtful.

"The right house, Silver?"

"That's where I don't quite come in yet," said Silver; "but I will! I will!"

"Climbing seems so funny," said Anna.

He glanced at her testily.

"Not so deuced funny either. Besides, a man can buy his way in anywhere now if he knows just how. I imagine young Bobby knows exactly how. Well, I'm proving that he does."

"I don't see what he can do for you."

"He's my private secretary."

"Silver!"

"I've plenty of uses for a fellow like that, my child; and he's someone to talk to. Days get long sometimes; nights too. 'Course, I shan't interfere with any good acting engagement the boy happens to get. He can have his evenings if he must have 'em."

"So that's why Lucia has been crazy to get you," Anna contemplated.

Silver repeated: "I'm awfully glad, I say, to have a chance of going to one of your sister's smart little supper parties. Her invitations are angled for quite a bit, I understand."

"Her invitations are angled for," thought Anna, "not Lucia; not the woman herself."

Silver went on: "I spoke to young Paul Bobby one night when you drove home with your sister from the Charlton, and left him cold on the curb, poor boy! Well, I had an idea we'd met somewhere, you know"—Anna did not detect this lie and Silver almost believed it by now, so had he impressed it upon the soft and ruthless young Paul—"and he said he distinctly remembered. Recognized me at once; and anyway, he was a friend of your sister's. Link enough. He came back with me for a drink; awful nice, candid, sympathetic chap; understands one's viewpoint so well. We fixed up our little arrangement that very night."

"So Paul Bobby is going to help you play the rich man."

"Dunno that I need much help, m' dear. I'm in full possession of all my faculties, I think. Only, I could very well do with the services of a private secretary; and if I like to engage one, why, I suppose I'm free to do it."

"None freer."

"Well, then," Silver Garnet added.

He took her hand and fondled it under the fur rug.

"And us, Anna? How about us?"

"Things are the same."

"You adamant girl, you! I say what I've said before: it doesn't suit a woman to be ice and stone."

She felt that Silver Garnet never guessed this ice and stone to be so thin a crust as not to cover with any safety all the softness and the fires that burned beneath. Like many men, he did not know. Like many men, his anger with the ice crust kept him from assaulting it too dangerously.

She smiled and asked softly, "Why do you trouble about me so, Silver?"

"Because I want you so."

She suffered him to hold her hand in a hot clasp.

She asked presently, "Rich man, how long is it since you addressed the fraternity

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New York's meat supply—when New York was New Amsterdam

When New York was New Amsterdam, cattle pens and "slaughter houses" straddled the creek running along the north side of the palisaded city walls from which Wall Street got its name.

It is hard to realize that New York once got its meat supply from the immediate neighborhood, and that cattle were handled and dressed in what is now the heart of the financial district.

An interesting system grew up about these primitive packing plants.

The butchers were confirmed in their trade by town officials, and were "bound to serve in butchering and cutting up, and to provide their own ropes, hand barrows, troughs, and other articles requisite . . ."

They had to make a most solemn oath "that we, as sworn butchers of this city, shall kill no cattle, hogs, etc., without a ticket of consent from the collectors of the mayor and alderman except it be for the Rt. Hon. Governor, Richard Nicholls. So help us, God Almighty."

Later, all meat had to be killed in a public place provided.

• • •

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on the arrogance of capital and the division of wealth and the nationalization of property?"

Silver did not reply at all; but, looking sideways, she guessed the uncertain disclaimers hovering on his lips. He still remained only on the brink of utterance when they drew up before Lucia's house in that quiet Mayfair side street. Other cars were parked there too.

The buttoned boy who answered the door received Anna with a smile, and took Silver's coat and hat with the perfect manners that Lucia always required and obtained from those about her. Silver followed Anna upstairs behind a parlor-maid, sniffing the aroma of incense. The incense mystified and impressed him. Also, he was delighted with this tiny house of perfection and the cars parked outside, and their rich occupants, who were within Mrs. Aveline's small drawing-room.

He took his bearings, acknowledged introductions, noted identities, with a swell of gratification. He no longer hated this comfortable, easy spoken and well-bred class, but saw that it was good, and aspired to be received right into it, with no dubiousness about his position.

And this sister of Anna's, this little, thin, frail, yellow-haired, tired siren of indeterminate years, how graciously she smiled and took his hand! How exquisite her gown was, trailing behind her in a long fish-tail train! How womanly and placating and soft and languid she appeared! She made a man feel just right with himself; also that the world was right and all there for him.

"At last!" cooed Lucia's drawly, reflective voice—behind which there was so little reflection. "At last I have you here! Come with me. . . . Mr. Silver Garnet, Lord Ivinghoe."

At supper Silver Garnet sat on Lucia's left hand, facing Ivinghoe on her right. Ivinghoe was one of Lucia's very old gentlemen who considered her a quite delicious young woman; but he needed much playing up to; and hereditary gout kept him mainly at Bath or at Baden. But when Silver saw this old man fondle Lucia's fragile wrist, look with his rheumy eyes into her tricky ones, heard him pay her outrageous compliments, he himself thought her rather wonderful too.

Lucia had a purpose in persuading Silver to her supper table that night. She had heard from Paul Bobby of his appropriation of this new rich man, and she burned to further Paul's cause. She meant to make herself charming to Silver, to make him feel at home, to believe himself possessed of graces and *savoir-faire* which he lacked. According to this plan, she laid herself out now to please and be pleased.

Paul Bobby was an instant link between them, a congenial topic for conversation to turn to. Lucia had already heard of the strange encounter; but she listened innocently while Silver told it again, as if every word surprised and intrigued her. She was past mistress of that art of any feminine woman—the art of listening to a story twice with an engrossed air.

"You must be a tremendous judge," she punctuated at times; and, "But then you have a genius for judging men; someone told me so. I shan't tell you who." She could not have told him anything of the sort. And, "Some men can read character at a glance—I always say it takes an immensely powerful character to do it; to dare to summarize in an instant and back one's judgment. But you're probably a man who makes few mistakes and dares anything. I think you are."

"I am," said Silver. "Few people think so perhaps. Few people have had an opportunity of summing me up yet."

"Ah, that's your fault. When everyone's dying to know you!"

"Aha! You flatter me, I'm sure."

"I don't. I don't flatter. You're not fool enough to be successfully flattered, Mr. Garnet; and I'm not fool enough to do it, though I may look a bit of a featherhead."

"I admire your featherhead."

He looked experiencing that curiously swollen feeling of joy which so easily inflated him, at her yellowy head with the string of diamonds round it. Old Ivinghoe lifted an old ladylike lorgnette—his affectation—and stared.

Lucia shook her featherhead and purred. Then: "Well, you've shown your discretion in picking Paul as a private secretary. I don't believe anyone but you—and I—realize quite what a brilliant boy he is."

"So it's our secret, eh?"

"You don't mind my sharing it?"

"Rather not!"

"Are you going to work Paul very hard?"

"Well, he seems to want to be busy. His head's full of financial games that I don't get the hang of quite yet."

"That you don't get the hang of! Oh, don't tell me!"

"I believe you think me smarter than I am," he said in a modest voice, but inwardly inflated by that delight and pride with which his company informed him.

"I don't. I couldn't," Lucia replied.

"But who are these people who want so much to meet me, Mrs. Aveline?"

Lucia did not know. She looked a thousand mysteries, therefore, laughed, and answered, "When I have weeded out those many people very carefully you shall meet my selections here."

"You're going to be a sister to me," he declared with meaning.

Lucia caught that meaning. She looked down the table, at the foot of which sat Anna, raised an eyebrow and sighed.

"I wonder."

Silver looked at Anna, too, and said, suddenly a little somber, "Well, so do I."

"Talking of sisters," said Lucia, "where is that nice brother of yours, with whom I can remember dancing several times at the Minstones?"

"I don't know the whereabouts of my half brother, Mrs. Aveline."

"Your most attractive stepmother is abroad, I hear. We've sat on committees together, I believe, in aid of something."

"She's abroad with -with ——"

"Lady Mabel Conway."

"I have every sympathy with my stepmother," said Silver, who was becoming much softened by Lucia's accomplished hand stroking his prickles; "but she seems inclined to cold-shoulder me. Resents me, you know."

Lucia knew Mrs. Garnet enough to disbelieve in the cold shoulder.

"That must be put right, here," she said confidentially. "You must meet her again, quietly, and Lady Mabel. Darlings, both of them."

Silver acquiesced.

"You know, I'd love to do something for my stepmother. Poor woman. It's rough on a woman, isn't it?"

"I believe you're the kindest-hearted man I know," Lucia murmured, with a charming look.

Silver glanced down the table again at Anna, and back to the little fair woman who watched him.

"Are you my ally?"

"I am," Lucia smiled, and nodded.

She had made up her mind during that intermittent talk, interspersed with prosy interruptions from old Ivinghoe, that here was really a most malleable man, prickly, stupid, vain, with an ego that swamped everything else within his sight; but at the same time malleable, and so rich.

"I want her to let me give a concert for her," said Silver. "Take the Queen's Hall, advertise her well. I know it would please her if she'd let me do it. Will you try your persuasions?"

Lucia tried them later on, when a few people still lingered over the bridge tables, but Anna and Silver were departing.

"Anna, have you really decided not to let anyone help you? To go on with this restaurant singing and private entertaining forever? Because that's what it amounts to. It doesn't really lead anywhere important. You ought to give a concert, advertise well. I wish I could do it for you; but, as you know, I mayn't. My last adored one's trustees ——"

"You know that I hate to take anything from anyone, Lucia."

"I know, darling. But hasn't even this tiny glimpse of a more tolerable life shown you that the world is full of good things?"

Anna nodded.

"Why don't you make him give a concert?"

"Silver Garnet?"

"Yes, darling."

"I couldn't. He wants to marry me."

"You needn't marry him merely because he gives a concert for you. Think it over. And, darling, do you know he's got Paul?"

"I know." Anna added dryly, "One leech on him is enough, surely."

Lucia tried to reply resentfully, but her voice suddenly choked and her eyes were suffused with tears; and she turned abruptly away from Anna into the room again. Anna was left, smitten with compunction, on the top of the stairs, with the waiting Silver halfway down them.

Thus, since Lucia had turned away from her compassion and apology, the compassion was all ready for Silver when, in the car once more, he reiterated his plea to be of service to her. It amazed and baffled all his new pride that this girl held so aloof, and some of his sore amazement crept into his hurt voice.

"Damn it all, Anna, you behave as if you don't trust a man! Your hesitation is insulting. Sometimes I think you insult me maliciously, though God knows why. Now, see here! I want to serve you. I want you to have your way; to succeed. When you've seen just what success is worth to a woman, then you shall listen to me again. That's all I ask. Now, let me take a concert hall for you. All arrangements shall be thoroughly carried out. Give yourself a chance. Let me give you a chance, Anna!"

"It would cost five hundred pounds," said Anna in a slow voice.

"What's five hundred pounds?"

"More than ten times all the capital I've saved in eight years of work, Silver."

"Therefore, Anna, let me ——"

Anna murmured presently, "As a loan, payable with interest ——"

Silver fell into sulks. He was dark and glooming. Suddenly in the midst of his sullen silence he became aware, somehow, that her mood was a soft, a chastened one. He did not know that it was due to Lucia's tears; but as soon as he sensed it his darkness magically lifted. And a little memory came into his mind, whereby he might touch her. He possessed himself of her hand.

"Do you know, child, that two months today is my birthday?"

She made a kind sound of interest.

"My birthday, and I'm the loneliest man alive, I believe; not a soul belonging to me. No, not one! Not a man or a woman to wish me luck or send me a ha'penny token. I'd like to give myself a present on my birthday, though, Anna. I'd like to give myself that concert. Now, think of it that way. For my birthday!"

He had her that time. She was a woman to whom feast days were feast days, not to be cruelly disregarded. Like all women, towards birthdays she was ever young.

She cried with a little reluctant laugh, "Oh, Silver!" Then, "Well, if I can't get five hundred pounds before then—if I can't get it in a fortnight's time, because a concert isn't a thing to be arranged in a moment -I promise I will accept your wonderful offer."

But how her heart misgave her when she thus conditionally surrendered!

Silver smiled.

"A fortnight from today, then I will book you the best concert hall in London that I can get at six weeks' notice."

She was committed.

Day by day Anna was learning more and more surely that it is not easy to stand incorrupt; to keep the faith. The thin edge of that wedge of softness, luxury, lovely ease, was always feeling for a joint in her armor. Day by day she wanted more to believe her one or two counselors who told her she was too radical, too hard, too immobile altogether for the swift fluencies and compromises of daily life. She wanted to believe them; but she still insisted on believing herself.

Yet, after Silver had dropped her at her rooms—the same rooms; she had clung to her first home like any grandmother wedded to a roof that saw her as a bride—she hugged the thought of that concert to her. As she climbed the narrow stairs—which were carpeted now at her expense, and to the dreary landlady's joy and pride; and above which the gas was now always alight for her return, at whatever hour—she couldn't help envisaging to herself the coveted scene: The big hall packed with people, many of them already friends and patrons; the empty platform, for her; the shining piano, for her; herself in a new gown, singing passionately and with a tremulous heart, for further glories. Would all this be less sweet if Silver Garnet provided the means? Would she feel, in any way whatever, however impalpably, his shackle on her wrist?

She knew she would. She was not of the type of woman to take much and give nothing. Rather would she never take if she could not also give. In her inner heart she knew that her murmur of loans, payable with interest, meant nothing. It never

(Continued on Page 44)

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7½ x 9	feet	10.10		3 x 3	feet	1.25
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I wonder if any man really enjoys shaving. Yes—I even include the 2,000,000 or more men who use Mennen Shaving Cream every morning. It may not be good advertising to suggest that a Mennen shave could be anything less than pure, unadulterated joy—an experience that you look forward to eagerly—but I have always felt that at best shaving was really a nuisance. My enthusiasm doesn't run riot to the extent of comparing shaving to the joy you get out of a good cigar—or the second cup of coffee—or a birdie on the links.

What I have insisted on is that Mennen's takes off the curse—makes shaving comfortable and speedy—and keeps your skin in fine condition.

I admit that a lot of men think the world of Mennen's—seems to me I've had letters one time or another from at least 2,000,000 friends telling how Mennen's has freed them from torture—how smoothly and gently a Mennen softened beard comes off—what a fine creamy lather they can build up with any water—cold or hard—but that is a *comfortable* shave—not a recreation.

Of course, compared to what we used to get, a Mennen Shave is about like riding in a well padded limousine instead of an old fashioned buckboard—that is, comfort. I offer you an unsurpassed, comfortable shave—the kind that will make you rub your hand over your face and say "Gee! that was great," but I don't claim you'll be so crazy about it that you won't be happy till you lather up again next morning.

Mennen heavy, creamy, non-drying lather will quickly soften the toughest beard that ever bristled so that the razor will just slip right through. The heavy content of Boro-glycerine keeps the skin pliable and well conditioned and makes it possible to shave close without danger of soreness.

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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 42)

could mean anything to a man like Silver. What he wanted was to buy—no money returned. Anna went into her sitting room, sat down and thought.

The room was now growing attractive, dainty. It had fresh paint, new chintz; the bookcase was filling as weekly she bought herself some volume which she had long coveted. She clung to all these dear things most precariously, and knew it. The three months' contract with Ferrugi was almost worked out. Nothing bigger had yet transpired. Ferrugi would renew. . . . Would he renew?

Yes; she knew he would renew. She would earn six guineas a week; sometimes a guinea or two from some society woman who engaged her services for an at home. But all was as yet fragile, precarious.

Then she went to bed, the affair unsolved, and lay awake and thought long—not of her own fortunes, but of a tall young man, very black and white across the vast distance of a rosy room, who had stood and looked across that space right into her eyes. She could feel his gaze still. He was so humble, so quiet, so proud, watching her whom he loved flying far from him. Her heart had ached. It ached now.

She stretched out her arms into the dark and said aloud, "Catch up with me, King! Oh, catch up with me! I dare not wait for you. But, oh, I want you to win!"

When she fell asleep she was crying.

XIV

THE next day King Garnet stood in his atrocious room, making himself presentable for Anna Land. This making himself presentable was not the easy matter-of-course business it had been three months ago. He had one suit—besides his evening clothes, which some provident instinct had bidden him keep, and which had served him to obtain his job at the Charlton. He had one hat, one pair of gloves, one pair of boots and, now, no overcoat. His shirts were all right, but his laundry was bad. He was not yet up to the tricks by which a very poor man turns an immaculate front—to any but close observers—to the world. He had, however, retained his trousers press, and in that kind of house the domestic iron could be borrowed with ease. Kneeling on the floor, he had pressed his coat and waistcoat, and improved them, however amateurishly. He had never dressed for a smart dinner in his old world with half the anxious care and thought with which he now dressed for this red-letter afternoon in his new world.

And it was a fine afternoon, soft and full of promise, the tricky promise of spring, to be fulfilled by summer, then broken heartlessly by winter. People were happy; women idled about and looked into shop windows; the sun shone. In Piccadilly Circus he stopped and bought a bunch of violets for Anna. He stopped with his old air of smiling negligence to wish the flower seller good day, and thrust his hand into his pocket in the careless way to which she was accustomed in young men of his appearance, so that she thought he was going to buy a large bouquet and hastily began to mass the little bunches together for him. But he pulled out a sixpence, took one tiny cluster from her astonished hand and passed on.

"Damn!" he said to himself.

These were the little things that made him wince. There was no adventure in them, like the bigger things of hunger and thirst and struggle.

Humbly he came to Anna; up the well-remembered stair, tapping at the door, then suddenly seeing her in a mist before him. It cut at his heart in a queer way. Just so had other things begun to cut at him, but this was worst of all. Then, as he stood just inside the room, with his back against the door, smiling hardily—if he had only known it—he felt Anna's fingers curl round his. Her cool, steady fingers seemed to pull him again right into the middle of a life that was worth while living.

Led like a child, without saying a word, he followed her to the hearth. She had a little fire, though the day was so warm that beyond the muslin curtains the windows were opened wide.

The memory of that kiss was with them both, and a brief silence like a spell dropped on them, broken first by her opening with, "Now sit there, in the old chair—everything's the same, you see—and tell me all you are doing."

"You know that, Anna," said King, sitting down at her bidding.

She took up her favorite position, half kneeling, half sitting on the rug. The same Anna! The difference between them lay in himself.

He looked around at the flowers in the room with a smile. He had laid his own bunch of violets beside his hat and stick on the table. Following his eyes, she reached up and took them and pinned them at her breast. He had an exquisite sensation of joy.

"How did you come to the Charlton?" she asked slowly.

He told her.

"So," she mused, "it was not because of me?"

"No, Anna. Because of you I nearly resisted going for the job."

"And, King, tell me your news. Your mother?"

He told her.

"I heard she'd gone, King. So you're alone?"

"Absolutely."

"Well?"

"Well, Anna?"

"You've more to tell me than that. How's life?"

"You have seen how it is."

"No, King. No, my dear. That isn't quite how I mean. I see you are in low waters for the moment. What of it? Tell me, what do you think of life now? Aren't your discoveries pretty wonderful?"

He stared at her thoughtfully; and quite suddenly he saw that his discoveries had been very wonderful indeed, already, but that he had gone only a little way yet into the new land.

"Yes, Anna. Everything has a meaning and an importance."

"Tell me more."

"There's so much that I don't know how to sort it out to tell you. I'm in a beastly house full of squalid rooms let to just anybody who can pay for 'em. One week my landlady let my rent run on till the next time, because it was cold weather, and I was looking after a job then that I had to wear a decent overcoat for. I told her and she let the money stand. Now I found out afterwards, Anna, that that woman pawned her silver teapot to tide her over the week when I didn't want to pay. I lost the job, popped my overcoat and got her teapot out. Now, a while ago, if I'd read that in a newspaper paragraph I'd have thought nothing of it; I wouldn't have understood it as anything but trivial. But now I know! I've been in it.

"It's a queer house. The woman opposite on my landing lends me her iron. . . . When I first went there I gave a navvy fellow who rooms in the basement a handful of my cigarettes for helping carry my bag up. I hadn't got over my indolence, you see; it seemed natural to have a working man doing the chores. Yesterday he passed me half his baccy as he went out. 'You try a pipe, young feller,' he said. I got a clay in the afternoon."

He took it out of his pocket and looked whimsically from it to Anna. She took the stained clay pipe in her hands.

"Give me your tobacco." She filled the pipe with the rank tobacco, handed it back and struck a match for him.

"Anna, you won't like this stuff I'm smoking in your nice room!"

"Nonsense! Light up!" He obeyed.

"I wish I'd been a pipe smoker before."

"There are lots more good things to learn yet, no doubt, King. We have a lifetime before us, you and I."

She laid a hand on his knee.

"The way you say that, Anna, makes me tremendously happy."

"I don't mean it that way, King—not yet."

"I have to win out?"

"I too; you in your way, I in mine. Then, if you still think I'm the woman for you, if I can feel you're the man for me—then, perhaps ——"

Anna got up from the rug and made tea. He knelt down and toasted bread. They had tea together and talked much, before he asked:

"And now, Anna, tell me of you. All this while you've asked about me, the mess I'm making of affairs, the futile struggle I'm putting up. But about you there are far more glorious things to hear. Let's hear them."

He questioned so eagerly that by and by she told him, reluctantly at first, because of his misfortunes, but forgetting those for a while in the glow of his ardent interest. The half jealousy of his questions, the wistfulness, the fear, were lost upon her. She heard his "Oh, Anna, that's magnificent!" His "You darling girl, you'll win!" His "I want more than anything else in the world for you to succeed gloriously!" His "You'll just climb up—up—up, Anna. I see you, I know!" And so presently she told him of Silver and the birthday promise she had made him.

No longer were Garnet's jealousy and fear concealed. He suddenly cried out, "Silver! Silver's going to finance you to success? Oh, no, my dear! Oh, no!" He took her by the shoulders. He flamed. "You'll never take a farthing from that cad! You couldn't, Anna. It's your principle not to be helped, not to take alms. You're never going to lower that principle for Silver!"

Anna awoke from the dream in which she had been speaking so rashly, right out of the recesses of her heart, to realize King Garnet's hot eyes, his jealousy and despair, his nearly brutal clasp upon her shoulders. The anger she understood, but his reasoning was no reasoning at all in the light of his own past approaches.

She cried resentfully, "Why, King! You yourself wished to do that very thing for me not so long ago!"

"Yes, Anna! And you yourself refused it!"

"I was so much poorer then; I was quite, quite helpless as far as money goes. There isn't now the risk there was then if any friend ——"

"Friend! You call my worst enemy your friend!"

"If any acquaintance or well-wisher, King, likes to back me, I should regard it as a loan."

"Would he regard it as a loan?"

"If I said so," she replied spiritedly.

"You know that he would not! He is not your friend at all!"

"Won't you open your eyes and see, King, that he's only doing what you yourself would do in his place?"

"Oh, don't remind me of places, girl! He's got mine, but I haven't got his."

"You had it for a long while though."

"You say that!" cried King, releasing her shoulders, which ached from the weight and frenzy of his gripping hands. "You say it!"

"King, it is the truth."

"You are going to marry him perhaps," said the young man hoarsely.

"I am not going to marry him."

"You're fighting on his side though. You hold him up to me as a man in the right, while I am to be blamed for all I've done and left undone."

"I do nothing of the kind. I just—see clearly."

He turned away.

"Perhaps you do," he groaned. "But I—I can't see clearly. How can you ask me to see clearly where you are concerned? I just love you; I'm burned up for you; and I'm down and out, lower than I ever thought I could go, but not so low as I shall go, no doubt. You're flying far above me now. I've got to look up and see you out of reach. And you—you're going over to my worst enemy."

"Believe me that you're distorting everything, misunderstanding everything."

"A man does not misunderstand men."

"In a fortnight's time, if no other way arises, I am going to take five hundred pounds from your half brother, as a loan, repayable with interest."

"Your mind is made up, Anna?"

She paused to consider the form of her answer, and to make it very gently. She looked at him, and knew him distraught. But she steeled herself and thought, "He has not the right. He has not the right," over and over again. She stretched out her hand to him, hesitating. He took it and kissed it and held it against his breast, and for a while they stood looking somberly into each other's eyes.

At last she said, "King, you have not the right."

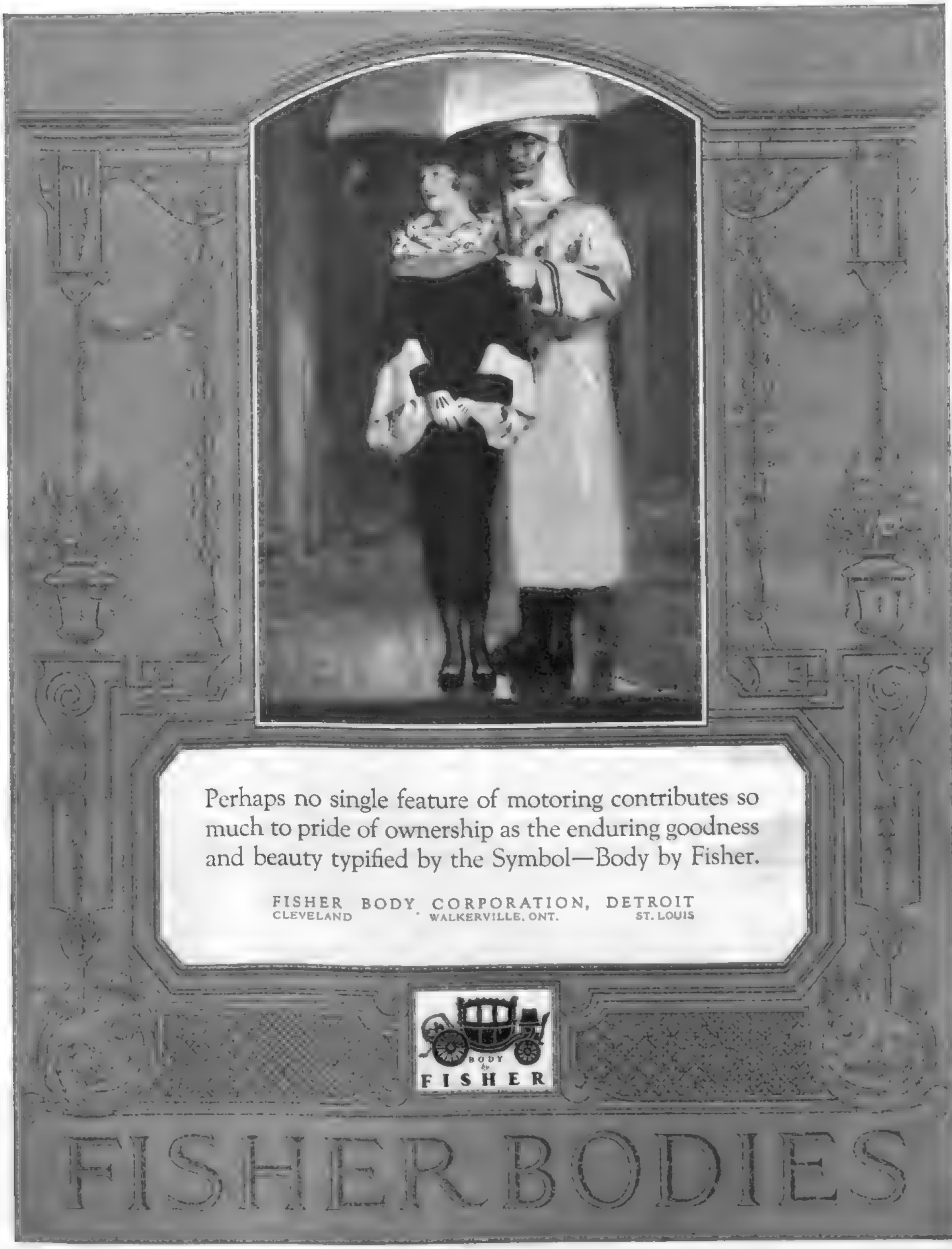
"I love you. Don't you even begin to love me?"

"I love and adore the man I want you to be."

"I will be that man, Anna, I promise you." Then he broke and said savagely, "Darned if I ever see how! Darned if I ever see a way out of this! Oh, Anna, Anna," he besought, "if we were only married! If I could have you to come home to, you to talk to, you to advise me, you to keep me in heart ——"

"You shall never lean on me, King, till you've leaned on yourself."

(Continued on Page 46)



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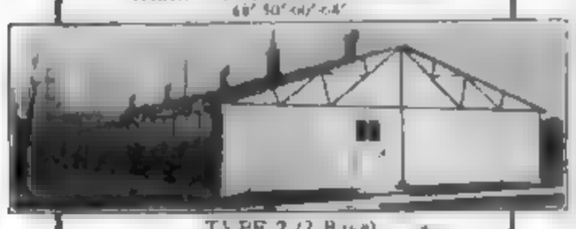

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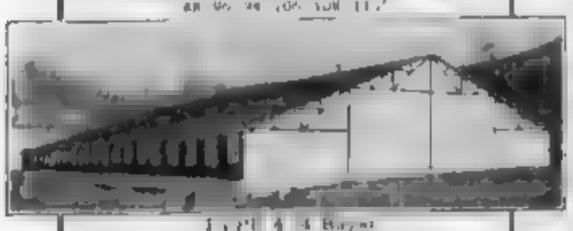
Widths 56' 60' 64' 68' 72' 76' 80' 84'



TYPE 4 (4 Bays)
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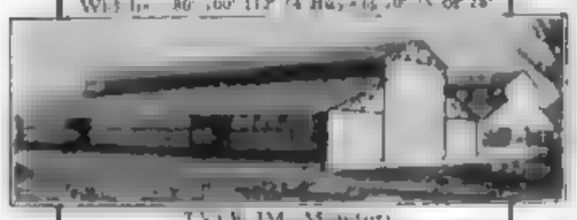
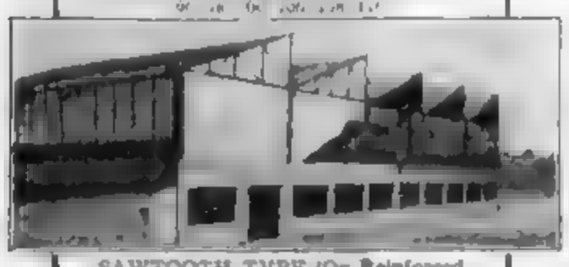


TYPE 1M (Monitor)
Widths 60' 64' 68' 72' 76' 80' 84' 88' 92' 96' 100' 104' 108'



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(Continued from Page 44)

"Isn't it a woman's part, after all, to sustain a man, and comfort him, and ——"

"Sustain? That word for centuries has been too easy for one half the world and too hard for the other half."

"There is something cruel in you, Anna."

"Oh," whispered Anna, "I long for truth, and truth is cruel."

He turned away from her again, went to the table and fumbled for his hat and stick. His eyes were blind with tears of which he was truly ashamed. He did not know that, though she did not see, she guessed them and was wild to take him in her arms and comfort and sustain him, and let him lean on her all he liked. Only, she knew how she would have despised him afterwards; a man who, after all, had only to meet the same battle that she had met and was still fighting. He came to her again, quite steady.

"I have no right to question you; no right to ask or demand. What you decide to do, Anna, you will do. But I am a man, and I want to kill Silver. I could kill him with my bare hands, as you know."

Her eyes dilated. She kept down the little thrill of elemental rapture in her heart. She murmured, "It will be all right, King. I shall take the five hundred pounds in a fortnight's time. But it will make no difference. If I fail or succeed, it will be the same; the same Anna. And for many years I shall be waiting, if necessary, just the same."

Garnet replied, "I may fail you. I have promised to be a big man for you; but I may fail you. I am a waiter, and a most unaccomplished one at that."

"But you're hearing, seeing, believing, learning—all sorts of things you didn't know existed before."

"They show me that I may fail. You say, 'Look clearly.' When I look clearly I see that I may fail."

"And if you don't look clearly you can never win."

"Very well, my dear. I have been very happy this afternoon and I thank you for it. And I have been very wretched. But I thank you for everything; even for that too. Anna, a fortnight, isn't it?"

"A fortnight?"

"Before Silver buys whatever he may buy with his cursed five hundred pounds?"

She shrank, but replied hurriedly, "I have told him I shall wait a fortnight."

There was a great storm within him, and then a great calm as he said "Good-by."

He went to the door without even a handclasp, leaving her on the hearth, looking after him. If he had known how she almost ran after him, pulled him back, kissed him, cried on his shoulder, it might have made no difference to his going, in the sudden mood which had fallen upon him. He had as he walked to the door, as by a miracle, the exaltation which sometimes comes to a man at the end of everything, when he means to forge ahead for death or glory, and really does not take much account, in the fighting, of which comes to him.

He heard her suddenly cry behind him, for the first time losing her strength, "K-K-King, I'm not wrong, am I?"

He replied, "I never think you wrong, Anna, unless I'm crazy," and went out.

XV

"FIVE hundred pounds!" said King Garnet to himself, at least five hundred times during the next two days and nights. "And I haven't five hundred shillings! No, nor five hundred pence!"

He walked the streets, looking at men's faces—their prosperous, preoccupied faces; he looked up at big blocks of offices where money was made as in a mint; he saw sleek men escorting soft women into theater and dance club and jewelers'; he waited, napkin over arm, daily, upon his more fortunate fellows; he went in the April gloaming through the vast green spaces of Hyde Park and saw the outcasts creeping away to shelter for the night.

He thought, "I understand the thief and the rogue, the mutineer and the parasite. I understand the murderer and the suicide, and I know why men do anything for money."

He thought he understood more clearly than he did in fact. He had not yet reached bottom; only in the fury of his inexperience did he feel himself there, not having tasted the deep sour waters in the bed of the river of utter destitution.

He sat on his bed of nights and searched desperately for the means to five hundred pounds. He dreamed of it in his pocket, and awoke to find himself bankrupt.

He found himself loitering sometimes outside a lighted jeweler's window. Here diamonds blinked; and pearls of such sheer beauty as made a vagrant's mouth water gleamed on black velvet beds. Now he knew how the beggar feels, watching the vast spectacle of riches; now he knew envy, greed and hate; now he saw the classes as dogs at each other's throats. Now he learned more wisdom hourly about his former blindness. Over the eyes of the rich man there is a lustrous film. His feet can never fit into the other fellow's cracked shoes. He does not know.

"But I know!" thought Garnet. "I know now!"

He lingered covetously; but behind all those precious windows, at all hours of the night, was a watchman. Outside them, police patrolled.

"Damnation!" Garnet swore. "The laws are made against men like me!"

He felt weak. He felt the great hand of the rich world strongly protecting itself from him.

He made up his mind.

It was on the fourth day after he had last talked to Anna Land that, when he left the Charlton at 3:30 in the afternoon, he went towards his old home. He crossed Piccadilly, took the well-known ways through the quiet and pleasant by-streets, where the most vulgar traffic never trespassed, towards the Garnet House.

There was a fact which always struck him as strange about all his peregrinations on foot, shabby and daily more down at heel. It was this: That, whereas in old times, when a man had made his morning toilet and sauntered up Piccadilly towards the Ritz and lunch he met a score of acquaintances who hailed him courteously and gladly, he now met none. As by a miracle a man became submerged. He could be lost in his own London and no one would even find him.

It was strange; it was bitter; it made him laugh. So, as he went, a stranger in a strange city, to his half brother's house, he met no one who knew him, or who would have recognized him, anyway.

He meant to ask Silver point-blank for that money, as a loan. He had swallowed his rage and his pride and he meant to stand before his brother, hat in hand. It appealed a little, too, to his sense of a joke that Silver might lend the very money that should free Anna from any impending obligation to him.

He reached the well-known front door, rang the bell and looked about him. Workmen were busy like flies on the front of the house. It was assuming a dazzling white. Gardeners were attending window boxes. Silver had that usual affectation of the human mushroom: he must paint the lily.

A new butler opened the front door and looked the shabby young man up and down. Mr. Silver Garnet was out, and the servant professed himself entirely unprepared to say when he would be in.

"The business is extremely important," said King Garnet, looking beyond the butler into the familiar hall.

"Your name?"

Just as his name was on the tip of his tongue King Garnet remembered that the house was probably forbidden to him, and that the servants would have had their orders thereon.

He replied, "Johnson."

"You might see Mr. Garnet's secretary, perhaps, if your business is really urgent," said the butler, and he motioned the young man in.

Within that spacious hall, then, still furnished in the ebony woods, hung with the thick dim reds and blues chosen by his mother, King Garnet waited. But in two minutes he was ushered into the library, into the presence of Paul Bobby.

King Garnet saw this slight, pale, dapper, inscrutable youth with amazement and amusement. Bobby was exquisite; oiled, manicured, tailored, barbered to a hair; and his sloe-black eyes were the coldest things into which King Garnet had ever looked.

The young secretary made a small suave movement of the hand and spoke insolently:

"Sit down."

Garnet sat down on the farther side of the big central writing table, and Bobby straddled on the hearth before a wood fire and surveyed him.

"Your name is Johnson? Your business?"

"My business is of a very private nature with Mr. Silver Garnet."

The secretary smiled very slightly.

"Really, Mr. Johnson? You had better tell it to me."

"I must repeat that it is private."

"A rich man has no private business," Bobby remarked; "or none which is kept from the ear of a confidential secretary. Are you a commercial traveler, an insurance agent, or"—his eyes traveled blankly up and down the visitor—"an applicant of some sort?"

For a short space of time King Garnet kept silent, cogitating his reply, and wondering about his exact footing in this house. In that silence Paul Bobby came to his conclusion. He had noticed the visitor's linen.

"You've come to beg, eh?"

Garnet threw off all prevarications.

"That's exactly my errand."

Bobby paused and looked towards the door. He had to a fine degree the art of implication by his least glance or gesture. His look was a condemnation, a refusal and an eviction all at once. And Garnet longed to take the soft, implacable boy and throw him from the house as, not so very long ago, he had thrown Silver.

"I want five hundred pounds," he said calmly.

Bobby laughed. King Garnet sat by while the exquisite youth sauntered to the window and back, contemptuously laughing; and his anger suddenly evaporated, leaving him with a great and desperate calm. He watched Paul Bobby's loitering progress forth and back.

The secretary stood again on the hearth rug, his hands thrust negligently into his trousers pockets.

"Is that all?" said he.

"That is absolutely all," said King Garnet, but with a metal ring in his lowered voice.

Bobby had raised an eyebrow again at the door, but he readjusted it and regarded Garnet curiously.

"You mean?"

"I mean I want five hundred pounds."

Bobby paused.

"Your name is really Johnson?"

"It serves."

"Quite so," said Bobby. "Or rather it serves not at all, but will do as well as any other name as far as I am concerned. But let me know your meaning—if you have one. You are acquainted with Mr. Silver Garnet?"

"We have met occasionally."

"Come! Do you tell me that on the strength of an occasional acquaintance you have come to ask for a sum like that?"

"I have come to try."

"You imagine you have some kind of hold over Mr. Silver Garnet, I take it."

"On the contrary, no hold at all."

"Then, my poor fool," said Bobby, "you may walk out."

"No," said King Garnet, "I do not walk out."

Bobby looked intently from him to the bell, and back again. "There's something behind this. Come! Let's get at it."

"There is nothing behind it but sheer, damn desperation."

The slim boy became suddenly alert. Into his cold black eyes came a little spark.

"Desperate, eh?"

Garnet nodded.

"People use big words too easily," Bobby remarked, balancing on his heels.

"I have not used the word easily at all. Coming here begging makes me sick."

Bobby rocked very gently on his heels, looking him over.

"Why the exactitude of the sum? Some scrape, eh?"

"It is the minimum that I must have, within ten days from now."

"Why the exactitude of the date?"

"That is my business."

Still Bobby regarded him with that spark of fire in his black eyes.

"When you say you are desperate, I believe you. You look desperate. But I don't think you will get five hundred pounds from Silver Garnet for no better reasons than the ones you put forth."

"You think not?"

"I know it. But ——"

"But?" Garnet echoed.

Before he spoke again Bobby stood for some seconds silent on the hearth, listening for sounds about the house. There were none. Thick built, heavily carpeted, it was quiet as a grave. All the while his busy eyes were on Garnet, sitting moveless before him.

(Continued on Page 48)

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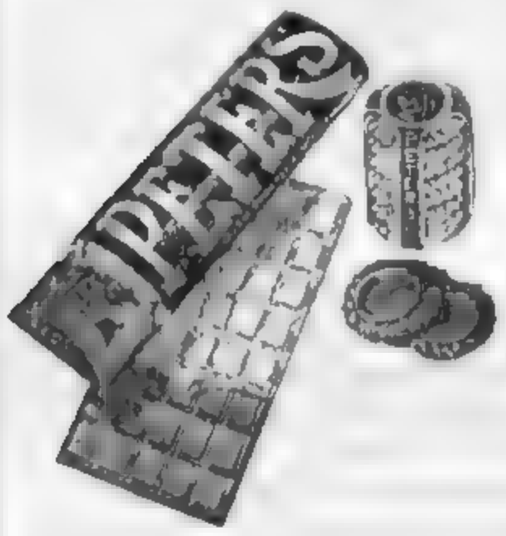

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MILK CHOCOLATE

(Continued from Page 46)

At last he said, "I have been up against things myself before now. I have had to turn like a hare before the greyhounds. I know what it is. You are in that sort of tight place, eh?"

"I am in a tighter place," Garnet replied slowly.

A slight kindness and warmth, calculated to a shade, infused the secretary's voice. Without moving, he made a friendlier impression of drawing nearer.

"But," he went on, "there are often things a man can do."

"Name 'em," said Garnet bitterly.

"Sometimes," Bobby pursued, "they are things which can only be named in strictest confidence. A man who can hold his tongue, keep his wits and show a bit of enterprise and pluck can now and again pick up a sum even as high as five hundred pounds."

Garnet sprang up.

"Name 'em, I tell you!"

Bobby laughed and dropped back into his easy air of sleek detachment. But his eyes remained lively on the other.

"It's not so rashly done," he answered.

"Look here," said Garnet, "what you're hinting at I have no means of guessing. But say it right out. I swear to you that I'm in such straits that I'd take on any old damn thing to get hold of the money. Look at me and believe it!"

"I have looked at you," said Bobby, "and I believe it. It is just possible that I might put you in the way of earning—say, three hundred pounds within the next ten days."

"Five hundred!"

"Come!" said Bobby. "Nonsense!"

"Five hundred!" said Garnet huskily.

"Three would serve your purpose."

"Three would not."

Bobby hesitated, and at last said, "You have your definite reasons for making your price. Very well. The job I am thinking of, should it mature, would probably be worth that price. Tell me where and when you may be found, and I'll see."

Garnet walked, fairly gasping, to the desk, and wrote his address.

"After 10:30 at night; before 11:30 in the mornings," he stammered.

Bobby took the paper from the desk and slipped it into a pocket. He nodded.

"When will you let me know more?" Garnet demanded.

"Any time," Bobby replied, "if at all."

Garnet moved closer to the assured youth and stared him full in the eyes. Bobby's did not flicker, nor did his gaze fall. He had the consummate art of the cheat, of looking everyone unabashed in the face.

But the dark hint of the slow smile that twitched his mouth got through to Garnet's bewildered senses.

"This is a dirty game?" he said fiercely.

"I have specified no game," said Bobby coldly.

"But whatever it is," King added, "I'll play it if you give me the chance."

"It's not so dirty," said Bobby, "as dangerous."

"I'll play."

"There is one thing," said Bobby, "that I'd like to know: Is this money for your own enjoyment?"

"No," said Garnet brusquely.

"For a woman then?"

Garnet replied, after angry hesitation, "Yes."

Bobby's face lightened and his cynical smile mellowed.

"I guess you're all right then," he said. "You'd go the limit."

"I'd go to hell!"

"I know," said Bobby. "Some fellows would. I'm not like that myself. I use women; they don't use me. By the way, you've seen better days?"

That time Garnet laughed.

"I thought so," said Bobby.

Then he returned to the subject of Silver.

"You tell me you've no special knowledge of Silver Garnet, eh?"

"None," said King. "Why?"

"I like to know fellows I'm working for inside and out," Bobby replied.

King Garnet's easy-going wits had been sharpened by adversity and by queer house fellows, so he gathered Bobby's drift.

"Useful," he said, "eh?"

"I have found it so in my time," Bobby replied with his darkish smile.

"You're a dirty dog if ever there was one," King Garnet thought; and for a moment he felt almost compassion for Silver, who was doubtless walking into Bobby's toils as a big bottle fly blunders into the deadly web of the lustful spider.

But Bobby was speaking again, airily: "You know Silver Garnet's chucking up the printing, perhaps?"

"No!"

"Yes. The works were sold today, and the goodwill, and so on, of course. Silver Garnet's out for thrills."

"Thrills, eh?"

"They're all alike, these fools who get a fortune dropped on 'em," said Bobby. "They get drunk with life, and so full of glamour that they can't see anything under their noses. Silver Garnet's sick of the works. He wants his money to play with, and you'll see he'll be the prey of every dud-company promoter in the city. The poor fool will bathe in what he thinks the waters of life, and the sharks'll get him."

"I'll bet they will," said King Garnet, and for the life of him he could not help looking very rudely at Paul Bobby; but the youth minded not at all.

"He's speculating already," said he. "And his latest idea is a big film deal. He fancies himself as a financier and a patron of the arts."

"And if he gets the fall you say he's riding for," said King, "what'll you do?"

"Be ready for it," said Bobby. "No doubt I shall be through with him by then. Even at his pace he should last quite a bit yet."

He looked quite smooth and placid as he stood there balancing on his heels before Silver's comfortable library, discussing with amusement Silver's probable downfall. King Garnet scorned him none the less vigorously because he scorned silently.

"Well, clear off," said Paul Bobby. "You may hear from me at any time, and you may not."

King Garnet cleared off—and out of that house without the utterance of another word.

Bobby was still lounging in the library when Silver came in.

Silver these days was fatter, sleeker, infinitely triumphant. He felt as if he had the earth by the throat and could shake it like a rat any time he pleased. He had three hundred thousand pounds of capital, a fine house, two cars, an urbane young secretary gifted highly in the sycophantic arts, and he felt big. He threw himself into an easy-chair.

"Anyone telephoned?"

"No, sir," said Paul Bobby.

"Anyone called?"

"No, sir," said Paul Bobby.

"We'll have tea, eh?"

Paul Bobby rang the bell. Pending the arrival of tea, Silver began to talk:

"I say, Bobby, my mind's made up. I'm going to buy the two Atholl picture houses. I'm going to rent those two big new American films that Ogilvey's have made. I'm going to butt into this industry and show them how. It's a great industry, Bobby; still cramped. I've got some big ideas that will astonish a few of these fellows, I think. I was talking to a young inventor today who has worked out an entirely new system of automatic change-over and projector control. Costs less and is streets ahead of anything used so far. I shall probably buy his patent. I shall probably ——"

"Where did you meet him?" asked Bobby.

"Waiting room of the Ogilvey people."

"You would," said Paul Bobby carelessly.

He had scant respect for Silver.

"What d'you mean?" Silver demanded.

"Only that, sir," Bobby responded in his most courteous voice, "he was possibly hanging about to try to get through to Ogilvey."

"He was, but I headed him off. I said: 'Look here, young man, my name's Silver Garnet. You've possibly heard of me.' He said he had." Bobby concealed a smile behind the hand with which he stroked his shaven upper lip. "'Hold tight,' I said, 'and let me hear of you again in a couple of days time. You may find it distinctly worth your while.' He struck me as a keen man, very keen."

"I'll bet he is," said Bobby. "And so your mind's made up? You're buying the houses. Any idea of price?"

"I shall go up to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds for the two."

"I hear Ogilvey's are on the point of buying 'em," Bobby remarked.

Silver's smile was infinitely crafty.

"So I hear too. But I think my bid will be considerably over theirs. Tomorrow I'm talking it over with this young inventor fellow, who seems pretty shrewd, Bobby—and then I'll buy."

"I have found out for you, sir, that Ogilvey's are calling a special board meeting to discuss the business the day after tomorrow."

"They'll be too late!" said Silver importantly.

"Seen Atholl's at all, sir?"

"Not me," said Silver. "I know a thing or two, my boy. Don't forget that. And I'm not creating any competition. I shall go in quietly when I'm ready, make my deal quietly and slide into the business before the rest of the trade knows there's a newcomer among 'em. That's my way, Bobby. A lot of talk and chattering and advertisement, and what happens? Whole horde o' riffraff round one, touting for any kind of picking. Yes, I may be judged that kind of fool. I say may be, not that I give much chance for it; but if so, I'm judged wrong. Eh?"

"I should say so," Bobby replied with admirable gravity.

"The thunderclap method, the lightning method—that's me," said Silver. "And here's tea. Pour it out."

His eye fell on the silver equipage on the vast silver tray.

"Bought Queen Anne tea service today," he said; "paid a hundred guineas for it. Beautiful thing. Bought Wedgwood dessert service too. Paid seventy-five guineas. Well, I fancied it—all real old stuff."

"If you don't even begin to think of taking care of your money ——" Bobby was commencing, when he stopped. After all, the man would last him out. And fools would part with their money, anyway, anyhow, any time. Saving fools was a fool's job.

"Sure of the stuff?" he asked.

"Sure?" Silver repeated. "Sure? I should say so! I know a little about a sight more things than just printing, though you mayn't think it."

Again Bobby did not trouble to reply, as he might have replied, "Yes; but I could have picked up the Queen Anne service for you for half the money; and the Wedgwood stuff too." It was of no interest to him to destroy in any way Silver's self-satisfaction.

"When I fancy a thing I have it," said Silver.

Bobby poured tea daintily as a woman. He sugared, creamed and handed Silver his cup. His brain was busy.

"There are two or three things I think of going into," said Silver confidentially. "The printing works was all right. Nice source of income for an old lady; steady, safe. But for a man with brain and imagination—a man who dares to follow his own ideas and inspirations—there's a bigger game to be played with his money than that. What do you bet me I don't end by becoming a millionaire?"

Bobby listened respectfully, with appropriate sounds.

"Multimillionaire, rather," added Silver, stretching his legs.

He threw his head back against his chair, fixed his eyes on the shadowed ceiling over which the firelight danced, and dreamed riotously. Bobby watched him.

"So you haven't approached Atholl's in any way, Mr. Garnet?"

"Not I. They'd only play me against Ogilvey's, and Ogilvey's against me. I shall walk in, make my offer, tell 'em it's then or never, and unless they've other bidders, which they haven't, they'll close on the spot."

"No; they've no other bidders," said Bobby.

"What do you know about it?" Silver demanded.

Bobby gestured.

"Well, in a sense I'm in the middle of that sort of thing, aren't I? One hears rumors and sorts 'em out."

"Precisely," said Silver, "one does. I do. I've got intuition. I know one rumor from t'other almost by smell. Yes. . . . How's Mrs. Aveline?"

"I lunched with her today. She talked of you."

"Of me, eh?" smiled Silver.

Bobby nodded.

"She's got a tremendous admiration for you."

"One of these weak, trustful little women," said Silver; "dear little thing. Fascinating. Must see her again soon. Send her some flowers."

"Flowers? Now?"

(Continued on Page 50)

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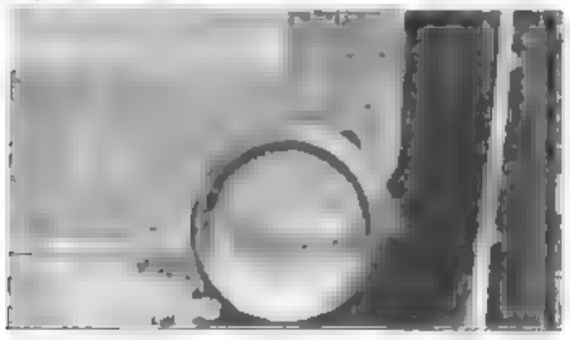

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(Continued from Page 48)

"Ah, go and ring up my florist and tell 'em to send six dozen roses along right away. Or send a servant; someone'll have to take my card. My card must go in."

Bobby put down his cup and left the room.

He accomplished the errand, save for the inclosure of Silver's card He substituted his own. The flowers cost him nothing; and Lucia's pleasure would be infinitely greater.

Silver stretched his legs and leaned back and thought of Anna. In ten days' time now he would be booking that concert for her; starting her real career; her press agent should be all right; she should see how a man of his caliber could just lay all the things she wanted so easily at her feet. She should see—and succumb.

"Won't be long now," Silver thought.

Bobby returned. He had Silver's engagement book in his hand.

"I must remind you that you're engaged tonight, Mr. Garnet. Dinner at 8:30 at the Senior Charlton Club with Lord Ivinghoe."

"Oh, ah! Old Ivinghoe," said Silver, affecting a yawn of nonchalance. "Nice old fellow," he added. "Shall ask him to put me up for that club."

"I'm afraid even Lord Ivinghoe can't do that."

"Eh?" said Silver disbelievingly.

"You wouldn't get in during your lifetime," Bobby explained. "The membership list is closed just now, and the waiting list is pretty long."

"Confounded silly system these high-class clubs are run on," Silver complained.

Paul Bobby sympathetically agreed.

"I'm thinking of making old Ivinghoe one of my directors when I start my film company," said Silver with incredible importance. "We're to talk it over tonight. Wants five hundred guineas a year though, in fee!"

"Half these old families are very poor," said Bobby gravely. "They can turn an easy penny by hiring out their names, and they do it. It's the only thing they can do."

"Aha!" said Silver. "Well, I don't grudge the old feller the money."

"He'll give you a good dinner for it," Bobby remarked, "and introduce you to his pals, most of whom would be charmed to do the same."

"Aha!" said Silver obliviously. "So the world goes."

"As you won't be wanting me this evening," Bobby added, "I've made an engagement outside, after dinner."

"Certainly, certainly," said the bland Silver.

Bobby left him to his castle building.

Silver Garnet sat beside the fire, legs stretched out, head back, eyes on the ceiling, a half smile on his mouth, thinking and dreaming in very riots of thoughts and dreams, till he was heady with the brew of his own ecstasies; till the butler, who valeted him, came to say:

"Your clothes are laid out, sir; your bath is ready; and as Mr. Bobby tells me your engagement is for 8:30, may I suggest, sir, that it is time to dress?"

If anything could have roused Silver gratefully from such happy visions it was to be called for just such a rite as his evening toilet. His evening toilet still exalted him. He loved the ritual of the affair; he loved going from the warm room downstairs to the warm room upstairs; the attentions of the good servant; the perfectly pressed clothes laid out for him, with the choice always made unerringly by the butler-valet between dinner jacket and tails. He loved his evening bath; he loved his pearl studs; he loved his newest things in patent leather shoes. He loved it all.

Paul Bobby sat in the dining room below, waited upon by the footman, choosing Silver's food like a *gourmet;* drinking like an epicure Silver's wines. He had never in his life had anything appreciable that was his by right; but all his life other people's property had seemed to him as good as his. He, too, loved it all. He took it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE ECLIPSE OF LLOYD GEORGE

(Continued from Page 33)

yonder with another, doing things that positively were not done, and the bemused English never did catch up with him. It took a Canadian to do that.

Of course the elevation of a man to the premiership or the lowering of a man from the premiership is the result of a large number of circumstances working together or being made workable together. The situation must exist, in some degree, that makes the enterprise feasible, and that situation is ordinarily based on many incidents, accidents, expedients and conditions. However, the useful manipulation of these factors, and their skillful combination and utilization must be begun, must be pursued, and must be put behind some one man. Politics of that sort may be general in origin but must be specific in execution.

Thus when it is said that certain men made Lloyd George Premier in 1916 and certain men deposed him in 1922 it is not claimed that these men did everything, were the sole factors. They were the agents both provocateur and executionary; and as it happens, these agents in the first instance were not Englishmen, which is a distinction the Englishman draws in his own favor against all non-English more sharply than any other. Mr. Asquith was Premier in 1916. The war was on and there was much criticism and discontent. Lloyd George was Secretary of State for War. He was out of sympathy with many if not most of the policies of Mr. Asquith and not in close accord with numerous members of the cabinet. He and Sir Edward Carson, the Ulsterman, were in constant association. Carson had resigned from the cabinet some months before with angry criticism of the dillydally policy of Asquith. Carson wanted action, and so did Lloyd George.

When Will He Come Back?

Bonar Law was uncomfortable as leader of the Unionist Party, and not on particularly close terms with either Lloyd George or Carson. Precisely at this moment, late in 1916, Sir Max Aitken, born in Canada, then a member of the Commons from Ashton-under-Lyne, came into the affair, and he got together Law, Carson and Lloyd George. He began to combine, utilize and manipulate. Naturally there were many contributing circumstances, much backing and filling, and incessant talk of compromise, but Aitken saw to it that there was no compromise, and the result was the downfall of the Asquith ministry, and the elevation of Lloyd George to the premiership, for which, in the first instance, Law, Carson and Aitken, two Canadians and an Irishman, were responsible.

Burke in his Appeal From the New to the Old Whigs says: "The world is governed by go-betweens. These go-betweens influence the persons with whom they carry on intercourse by stating their own sense to each of them as the sense of the other; and thus they reciprocally master both sides."

That conclusion of Burke's adequately sums up the initial activities of Aitken, not only in the making of Lloyd George Premier in 1916, but in the unmaking of him in 1922. Being a Canadian, Aitken, now Lord Beaverbrook, had none of the English inhibitions or standardizations. Neither had Carson the Irishman, nor Law the Canadian. Most of all, neither had Lloyd George the Welshman. Hence, the shunting aside of the Balliol Asquith; hence, the premiership of Lloyd George; and hence also the present premiership of the New Brunswickian Law, because what works one way will work another, and everything that goes up must come down. Politics is a hard game, and it isn't softened any when the British play it against the English.

There is no need to waste any sympathy over Lloyd George. That astute and virile person, aged fifty-nine, is fully able to take care of himself, and his opponents know it and fear him. After he lost the premiership, in October, 1922, the question in England and America wasn't "Where has he gone?" but was "When is he coming back?" There was considerable rejoicing in die-hard circles over his downfall, and much assertion that he was eliminated from politics as a strong factor. This rejoicing was renewed when the returns showed that his branch of the Liberal Party, the National Liberals, secured only fifty-eight seats in the Commons in the election of November 15, 1922. The Welshman was down and out—so they said. And good riddance.

Lloyd George was calm, even cheerful. He hired out to write some pieces for the newspapers, and went on a vacation to Algeciras. Parliament adjourned and met again in February. The King came down from Buckingham Palace and opened the session with royal and ancient ceremony. His majesty made his address. Then we observed in the dispatches that steps were being taken to form a combination of the Asquithian Liberals and the Lloyd George Liberals for the purpose of presenting a united front in the debate on the address. The Tories discovered that so far from dying hard, or dying easily, Brother Lloyd George has no intention of dying at all. And as for that burial they thought they pulled off in November, the only mortuary connection Lloyd George has with any phase of politics is in the burial of hatchets. He can bury more hatchets, when he feels so inclined, in a shorter space of time than any other politician extant. And he has some skill in digging them up also.

There may be great ethical consolation in the reflection that minorities are always right, but there is little political nourishment in having fewer votes than the other fellow. None at all, in fact. Thus, when a politician with the gifts, experience and insight of Lloyd George found himself in Parliament with but a small block of supporters he did not sit back and assert the rightness of his minority, whatever his ideas may be on that subject. He began to examine into the feasibility of getting more votes. Inasmuch as there were two branches of the Liberal Party—his own and the Asquith branch—the first, easiest and natural thing to bring about was a combination between these two separate blocks of Liberal votes. That might mean a compromise. Probably it did, but there is no more skillful compromiser extant than Lloyd George. He can adapt himself to any circumstance, especially if his vision tells him that there is a chance to make that adaption into an adoption.

It is impossible to say at this time what the premises, terms or results of that suggested combination between the two lots of Liberals will amount to, but whether it is made or isn't made, this is the fact: Eventually there will be a combination of some sort, for Lloyd George will see to that. Also it is likely there will be other combinations. A great combiner is not sitting idly by and allowing his talents to go to waste, nor is an expert compromiser letting out his compromising to others. He will be right there on the job, will Lloyd George, and eventually he will appear at the head of some sort of organization that will bow down the heart of Bonar Law with grief and woe.

Georgian Adaptability

Mr. J. L. Garvin, the leading English political publicist, after pointing out that Lloyd George "is in his heart and in spite of all the aberrations of these last tremendous years a Liberal and nothing else," says: "In that direction alone can he recover assured devotion and command. The days of his dictatorship, created by the abnormal circumstances of the war and most unwisely prolonged through the first phase of the peace, never can return. But we are convinced that if he threw himself into the task at all costs he could make re-united Liberalism in the long run a great third party as strong as Socialism, or stronger; able to turn the scales of politics and decide the formation of governments for the period of several Parliaments to come."

An adaptable man; and concerning that trait much has been written and said, ranging from the charge of duplicity to the extenuation of temperament. He has been accused of hypocrisy, branded with insincerity, and stigmatized as a double-dealer. So has every other political leader. He has been invested with a captivating Welsh desire to please, with an ability to merge his own views into the views of others, with a vision that enables him to visualize a completed structure and makes him indifferent to the details of building, and with a charm and understanding that have often raised hopes that were not justified. In short, he is a politician, but a politician of the super type.

Like all public men, and especially all men who were in any conspicuous position

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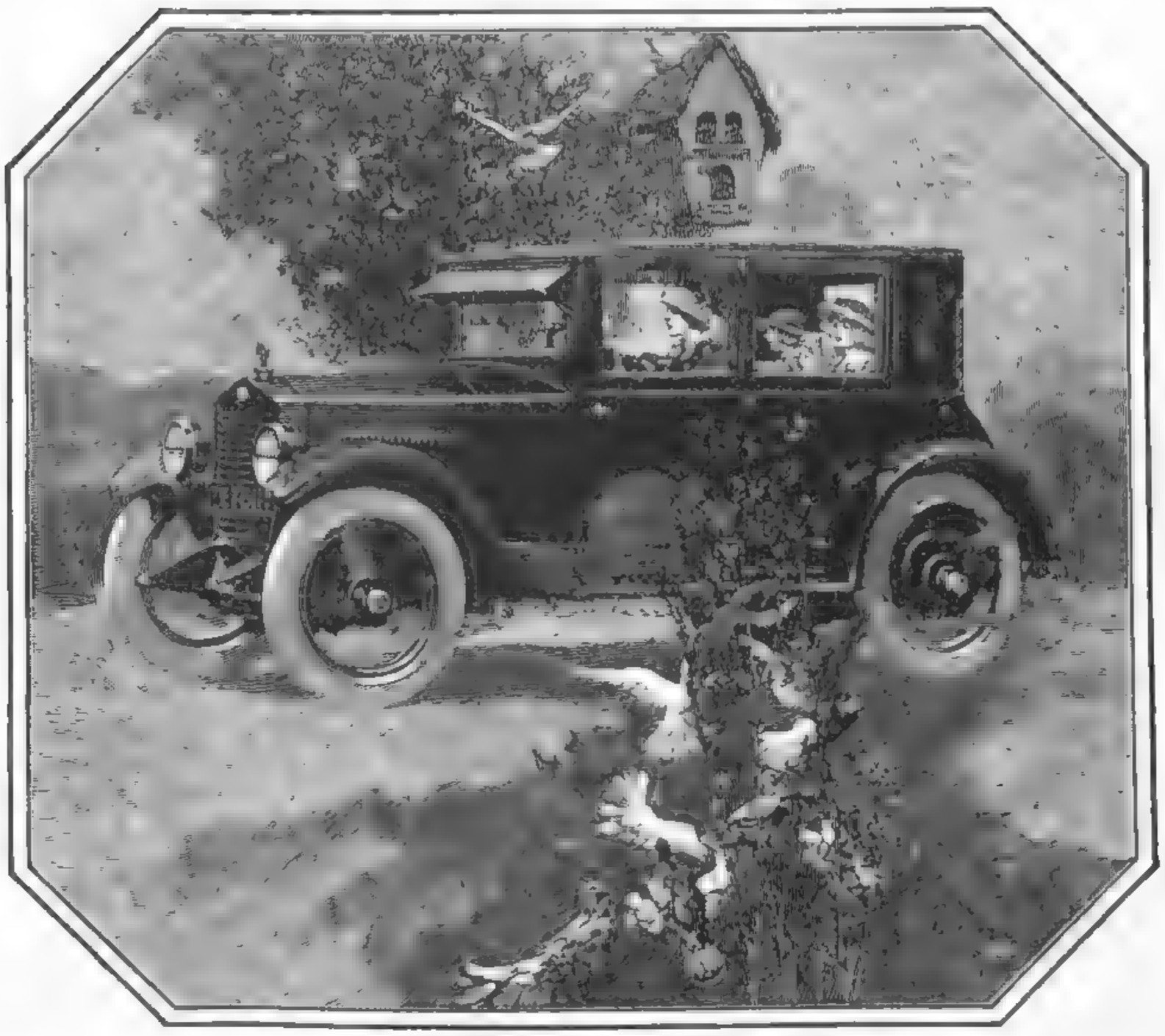

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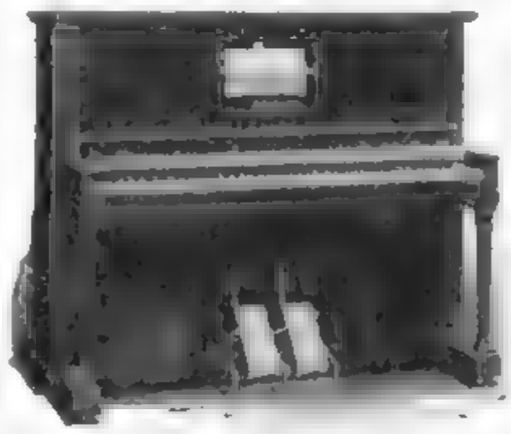

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during the war, Lloyd George has had his ups and downs in popular esteem, and fringing on these has maintained a band of loyal and serviceable friends who have stood by in fair weather and in foul, as well as a band of ardent enemies who have assailed him from the very first days of his prominence.

"I can tell you a story known to few that illustrates perfectly the character of the man," said one of his extremest Tory enemies in London last fall.

"Go ahead," I said. "Any story about Lloyd George that is known only to a few must be interesting."

"Well, only a few know this," he insisted. "It concerns the death of King Edward and the accession of the present King George. The Welshman was in the cabinet when King Edward died, in 1910. In order of precedence as the cabinet ministers ranked, Lloyd George was next to last. The last man, and the only one he outranked, was Walter Runciman.

"As is usual, the cabinet went to the palace to make its duty to the new King, and, as is usual, also, the ministers were admitted one by one to the presence of his majesty in the order of their precedence. The Prime Minister went in first, the Lord President of the Council second, the Lord Chancellor third, and so on. They extended their sympathies to the King over the death of his royal father, made their obeisances and protestations of loyalty to the King himself, talked briefly, and went on their ways. They stayed in the presence only a few minutes each.

"Finally Lloyd George's turn came, and he went in. He stayed for half an hour, much to the surprise and greatly to the curiosity of the other ministers. After Lloyd George came out the sole remaining minister to enter was Runciman. He went through the formalities, and the first thing the King said was 'What a charming and remarkable man Lloyd George is!' and he held Runciman there and talked for fifteen minutes of the Welshman to the exclusion of every other topic. The King seemed enraptured of George, dazzled by him, hipped, as you Americans say.

"Runciman knew that the other members of the cabinet would be eager to learn what the King had said to George and what George had said to the King, and he knew, also, that he was the only person who could tell them, as he was the only minister the King saw after George left him. So Runciman was purposely late at the cabinet meeting next day, being full of the intense interest the King had displayed in George, and wanting everybody there to hear him tell of it."

The Captivation of the King

"As Runciman came into the cabinet room he saw that the others were awaiting him and extremely curious. Lloyd George sat unconcernedly in his chair, not without enjoyment of the situation.

"'Well, George,' said Runciman, thinking to break right into the middle of the matter, 'you made a great impression on the King yesterday.'

"'Yes,' said Lloyd George unctuously, 'we wept together.'

"There!" concluded my friend triumphantly. "What do you think of that? Doesn't that show the man completely and conclusively?"

"What did you expect him to do?" I asked. "Sing a comic song or make jokes about his colleagues?"

My friend snorted a Tory snort, and left me, poor, hopeless, futile American fish that I was; and I reflected that the next-to-the-bottom minister who could not only interest the King at the first meeting with him as King, but capture him, was even then on his way from the bottom to the top.

And that reminded me of a story of my own about Lloyd George that hasn't been printed either, and that shows how the man works. The upper-class English will dubiously and laboriously try for years to estimate Lloyd George in terms of statesmanship, and Lloyd George is bound to get the worst of it, because he is not a statesman in the sense of Pitt or Peel or Gladstone, but is a politician, and the greatest England has known in many years. It is true that a politician may not be a great man, but a great man may be a politician. And in all probability that will be the final verdict on Lloyd George, albeit it is a trifle early to speak of final verdicts on a lively and active man of fifty-nine who is still at the top of his powers.

There was a tendency in England when I was there in December to consider Lloyd George as finished, and that tendency was most noticeable, naturally, where the hopes that this is so were strongest. However, those persons, both politicians and publicists, who hold that Lloyd George has nothing ahead of him now but his past are exactly the people who are most likely to estimate him poorly, because they are of the heavy-minded sort who give no recognition to political adroitness, save sneers; and all the sneers in England will not stop that Welshman once he gets a finger hold again. Lloyd George is too nimble for these gentry, and they can only decry him. Indeed Lloyd George is too nimble for most Englishmen. It took a Colonial to utilize the circumstances of six years and organize them against him.

But to the story: When Lloyd George went to Paris to attend the Peace Conference his principal and absorbing interest, at first, was Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. George knew the Frenchmen, and the Italians, and the rest, and had dealt with most of them. But he did not know President Wilson, had never seen him, and needed not only first-hand knowledge of him but access to him. George was under no delusions as to the power and potentialities of the Wilson who first came to Paris and was hailed by the war-oppressed peoples as their savior. That Paris reception of Mr. Wilson gave him confirmatory evidence, as did the reception in Rome and in George's own capital, London, of the dominant position of the President of the United States at the opening of the Conference.

Making Up to Admiral Grayson

George was on terms with Colonel House. He knew General Bliss, and others of the American party. Being a great politician he was playing politics as well as making peace, and politics takes cognizance of many things. It was the English Premier's necessity to know all about President Wilson, and that was a task of some difficulty because the President was not given to other than official communion with George. So, in all probability, Lloyd George made an appraisement of the immediate party of the President, and he discovered that one member of it was Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, nominally, and considerably more than that, actually. And somewhat of a politician himself.

The Premier had met the rear admiral casually, and had displayed no particular interest in him; but one day a messenger came to Grayson asking him if he would do the Premier of England the honor to dine with him and some friends on a certain night and, of course, Grayson accepted. He went to the Premier's at the time appointed and found that there were gathered to meet him Lord Derby, then British Ambassador to France, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour—that was before he became an earl—General Henry Wilson—since murdered by an Irish fanatic—and some others. The dinner was excellent, and the talk entertaining. It touched upon a variety of topics, principally the Conference, but was general in its terms, and quite free and easy. All the English were extremely cordial to the American, and Lloyd George fairly bubbled with geniality.

After the dinner the party went into a large music room for their cigars, coffee and liqueurs. I tell the remainder of the story as one of the English present told it to me in Paris, in 1919:

"After the coffee had been served and the cigars were lighted the Premier, who had asked Grayson to sit next to him, turned to Grayson and said: 'Admiral, you are a Virginian, I believe.'

"'Yes, sir,' Grayson answered, 'I was born in Culpeper County.'

"'Is that mountain country or shore?'

"Grayson told him, and the Premier began to talk of Virginia. It was apparent he had looked up Virginia, for he knew a lot about that state. He commented on the historical English interest in Virginia, the great men who were born in that state, and the Presidents, including Washington, who came from Virginia, and displayed an intimate knowledge of General Stonewall Jackson's campaigns. 'A great soldier,' he said of Jackson. 'I am glad it was an Englishman, Colonel Henderson, who wrote the authoritative book about him, and I regret that Henderson did not live long enough

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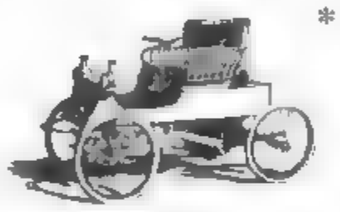
WHY PIERCE-ARROW *SALES* have increased 228 per cent



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From the beginning, the makers of Pierce-Arrow definitely have sought this respect. They believed then, as now, that a product of uncommon quality—designed and built to excel—is bound to win preference. And they knew then, as now, that the price of this inevitable leadership would be ceaseless vigilance and a constant striving toward still higher attainment.

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FOR PASSENGER AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

Diamond TIRES

(Continued from Page 52)

to finish his book about that other great soldier of the Confederacy, Robert E. Lee.'

"By this time all we English were thoroughly enjoying the game, and so was Grayson. The Premier apparently had boned up extensively on Virginia, for he discoursed on the Jamestown settlement, Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, and much other Virginia lore.

"Presently the Premier summoned a servant and told him to ask a lady whose name I did not hear, to come in. She came, a most gracious and seemly woman. Then Lloyd George said, after making the presentations: 'Admiral, I thought you might enjoy a little music.' Grayson said he would be delighted, and the lady seated herself at the piano and turned questioningly to the Premier as if waiting for him to indicate a desire for some particular piece.

"'Do you happen to know that charming air, Carry Me Back to Old Virginny?' asked the Premier.

"Remarkable as it may seem, that English pianist, in the house of the British Premier, in Paris, did know that charming air, and she played it with skill and expression. Then the Premier talked a little of the old songs of the American South, and we had Swanee River, and My Old Kentucky Home, and so on, with some Chopin and Bach as interludes, so as not to make it too raw.

"Well, it was most agreeable, and we all enjoyed it, none more than Grayson. So, when it came time to leave, we all watched for the reaction on the American. As he was making his good-bys Grayson said, his eyes twinkling: 'Well, Mister Premier, I don't know what office you are running for, but whatever it is, I'll vote for you.' The rest of us stayed on a bit, and presently Lloyd George, sunk meditatively in the depths of a big chair, made the general inquiry: 'How would you interpret that last remark of the admiral's?'

"'The impression I got,' said someone, after a moment's pause, 'was that the admiral had heard those songs before.'"

That was a typical little maneuver of Lloyd George's. From his earliest days in politics he has always relied upon the personal contact for winning over men to his side and to his assistance. He wept with the King; he took Briand out on the golf links on that celebrated postwar occasion; he had William Randolph Hearst in to breakfast at Number 10 Downing Street; he brought all sorts of useful men to Chequers, and communed with them.

Politics on the Crisis Basis

Apparently he considered himself a sort of political Pied Piper who had only to play his tunes to get his followers. And as Premier, in his policy of governing, he was always just as personal. He had nothing of the Asquith, the Salisbury, the Rosebery, the Gladstone, the Campbell-Bannerman or the Balfour about him—nothing of the traditional in prime ministry, nothing of the solemnity, dignity, ceremonial or vast ponderosity. His government was a volatile, resilient, reversible, purely personal and prejudiced government, subject to his own desires, his own inspirations, his own vision and his own necessities. It was vigorous, capricious, devious, opportunist, and, most especially, active. It has been no slow-moving, custom-directed precedent-propelled affair, but the expression of the personality and the enormous versatility of the man, who has never been afraid to reverse a policy and never without ingenuity to invent a new one.

Both politics and government have always been adventures with Lloyd George, and there are no rules for adventures save that they are for the adventurous. What they require are energy, courage, vision and the desire for experiences. Hence, whatever came to hand with Lloyd George always embarked his entire enthusiasms for the moment. It might, indeed, be but momentary, but while it lasted that was the sole and interesting purpose, object and endeavor. Lloyd George was never half-heartedly for anything he deemed important. He played his politics, in important phases, on the crisis basis. The necessity of the hour became always the paramount policy for the century, and was, until some other crisis was evolved.

A dominating characteristic of Lloyd George is his sense of intuition, and that also is a dominating weakness, because intuition does not imply the long view. Intuition is a sprinting mental process, good in emergencies, but generally without lasting qualities. Some of Lloyd George's quick decisions have been amazingly correct and effective, but many of his considered policies have either worked creakingly or broken down altogether. Also, some of his intuitions have been wrong. Still, all in all, this faculty has not detained him, and has helped him, and the reason it has not detained him is because he leaves the stern-inflexibility stuff and the hearts-of-oak myth to the English, and accommodates himself to the situation. He may be wrong, but he won't remain so if a nimble somersault will set him right.

Lloyd George has been in British politics for more than thirty years. He came to Parliament when he was twenty-seven, and for the first few years tried to establish a Welsh nationalist party with himself as leader. From this he gradually merged into the English Liberal Party, and with that affiliation he has traveled in wide circles in those thirty years. He was a bitter opponent of the Boer War, and was labeled as a pacifist. Fifteen years later he was the most ruthless of all the national leaders in the Great War, and preached the knock-out blow. From pacifist who, not long before the Great War began, said England was "building battleships against a phantom," he became a crusader who adopted any and all measures and men to help to victory. Six years before the war he preached a system of taxation and paternalism, and showed so high a regard for the woes of the common people that the aristocracy, the landed gentry and the rich denounced him as the greatest enemy to the country then extant, and wailed over confiscation and assailed the little Welsh attorney bitterly. A few years later he was on close terms with the upper classes. "All things to all men" was written as the tab for Lloyd George—the greatest gift a politician can have.

Proof of Genius

The war not only made Lloyd George but it unmade him. With that marvelous appreciation of the workings of the popular mind which has kept him to the front all these years he knew that there could be no half measures, no dillydallying, no faltering, and he established, with his speeches and his actions, the impression among the people that he was out to win, as he was; and no matter how or at what cost. This supported him in his war course, and he made no appeal to the people that was not granted. Virtually he was dictator, and the population of the British Empire, within a small percentage, were his loyal and willing subjects. He had power unlimited, and the sense of it was intoxicating.

He was The Man. His cabinet was merely a collection of subordinates. The government was his creature. And when the peace came he did not readjust himself to old conditions or adjust himself to new. He is versatile and flexible enough to have done either, or both, but the sense of power and the desire for its continuance were too strong, and he plunged ahead during the making of the peace, and the harassed years after it was framed, with no idea apparent save the justification of his ends by every politic or expedient means.

Inevitably, with the war no longer his firm stance, and the peace the slippery thing it was, he began to slide, and from all sections there came the envious, the dissatisfied, the indignant, the humiliated, the suppressed and all those who had been brushed from his path in the foregoing years, to push him down. That he lasted far longer than any of his Allied colleagues shows the inherent genius of the man.

Volumes have been written, and libraries will be written, about his course in the war, and his course in the making and the execution of the peace, and these discussions have no place in a brief estimate of the man such as this. In terms of the human equation Lloyd George is by far the most interesting man thrown into high relief by the tremendous events of the war. The idealisms of Wilson, the cynicisms of Clemenceau, the divagations of Orlando—all have their certain concern, but Lloyd George was the one great human element—human in his strength, human in his weaknesses, human in his motives, and human in his processes. He was the superpolitician, and politics is but humanity in terms of expediency. It is the opinion of many men who know the situation as it existed at the close of the war that if Lloyd George had had, at the moment, the universal acclaim and support

(Continued on Page 56)

A Coupe for Four Real Folks $1445

Smart—Roomy—Quick on its Feet

THAT'S the Jewett Coupe. It has generous proportions for people who like generous comfort for legs and elbows. Not one of the four adult passengers ever feels cramped for room. The auxiliary seat is easily unfolded and gives its occupant restful comfort.

Yet this delightfully roomy coupe—as large in inside dimensions as you could ask—looks trim and smart. Its low, graceful lines, accentuated by the Jewett full-length running boards, make it a boulevard ideal in appearance.

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MAGNAVOX
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(Continued from Page 54)

and position that Woodrow Wilson had, this little Welshman could have made himself emperor of the world.

Americans had little knowledge of British political leaders before the war, and gained some during the war—most in the case of Lloyd George. We got to know George. He is comprehensible in our terms when a Balfour or a Curzon or a Grey or an Asquith is not. More than that, we came to like him, to be interested in him; and that interest persists. The general American feeling about Lloyd George is that he is but temporarily in eclipse. We cannot imagine this ingenious, fighting, adaptable man as permanently relegated to the rear.

Coming back is an American trait, and whatever his British brethren may think about it, that is what Americans expect Lloyd George to do. It is always to be regretted that the Irish negotiations prevented Lloyd George from coming to this country at the time of the Conference on Limitations, and regretted by none more than by Lloyd George. He would have received a welcome that would have been historic. And we wouldn't be cold to him even now.

The next century will be burdened by controversies about the war unless there is another to distract the attention of the critics, the strategists, the economists, the political writers and the diplomatists. The Armistice came in November, 1918, and already there is a mass of controversial, explanatory, critical, condemnatory and laudatory writing about the war and the peace that would make a cargo for the Majestic or the Berengaria, the largest ships afloat, and in this mass of writings the war course of Lloyd George, as virtual dictator of the British Empire, is a principal theme, and his peace course another.

The great fact about Lloyd George in the war was, despite his volatile, imaginative, histrionic, capricious temperament, that he was a realist in that tremendous upheaval. He, first as Minister of Munitions and Secretary of State for War and later as Premier, insisted that industry at home was the chief base for war abroad, and he acted on that essential basis. Those who should know say that he was the strongest proponent of the single command and the single front, which is where his realism rode over the sentiment and politics and nationalism that would have lost the war.

But it will be a hundred years before these and kindred questions are settled, if they ever are; they are so highly controversial, and eventually will become academic. So they can be left to the historians, the partisans, the hairsplitters and the casuists. The phases of Lloyd George that interest the people are not the official but the personal. What an adventure in the field of high political emprise he has been!

Unequaled Popular Appeal

Two talents have been used by him to enormous advantage—the talent of acting, and the talent of talking. Here again you will find those who sit in judgment on this remarkable man, speaking derisively; but, taking the first talent, let them deride histrionism as they will, where will they find a leader of men who was not an actor? In his time the man who governs, if he governs successfully and with the accord of his people, plays many parts; and there have been few more versatile players than Lloyd George on any governmental stage.

There are endless illustrations of his ability in this way, but let me cite just a little one to support the contention: It was in Cardiff, last November, and Lloyd George was speaking from a hotel window to a crowd of his fellow Welshmen who stood outside. It was raining—pouring—a cold, dismal morning. George leaned out of the window and the rain plashed on his abundant white hair and trickled down his wide forehead. As he was talking a little funeral procession came around the corner. He saw it, and instantly he stopped his speech, bent his head reverently, and remained bowed until the funeral procession had passed. As the hearse went by he said a few words in Welsh. After the procession was gone he lifted his head and resumed his speech.

"What did he say when the hearse was passing?" I asked a man who understands Welsh.

"He repeated a prayer for the repose of the soul of the dead man," the man told me, "sufficiently loud for his audience to hear it."

A small thing, but indicative. An orator with a popular appeal without an equal. In my time I have heard most of the great political talkers, beginning with Conkling and Blaine, when I was a boy, and coming down to the present in this country, and have heard most of the great English speakers, also, since the beginning of the century. The first time I heard Lloyd George was about the time of the famous Limehouse speech, which caused every Tory gorge in England to make new records in rising. I heard his great speech at the beginning of the war. The last time I heard him was in this latest general-election campaign, last November. Between those times I have heard him, perhaps, a dozen times, and each time has confirmed my impression of him as the greatest political public speaker using the English language as his medium.

His eloquence is his greatest gift. With it he has swayed the people to his support, and with it he has often brought an unfriendly, suspicious, sullen House of Commons to his feet. He hasn't always used it without ulterior motive, of course. He is a politician. But whatever the motive, the fact remains that, in talking direct to the British public or in bringing the political representatives of that public into his train, no other man alive has the power of Lloyd George, and that is another reason why he is not permanently in retirement.

Down But Not Out

As E. T. Raymond puts it: "Mr. Asquith could tell the people why they must fight as a duty. Mr. Law could tell them what they would lose by not fighting. Lord Lansdowne could explain why they must fight until the pinch came. But only the Welsh orator could say a simple thing in this simple but yet enormously effective way:

"'We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too self-indulgent, many perhaps too selfish; and the stern hand of Fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Duty, Honor, Patriotism and, clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to heaven.'"

Bunk, say the cynics; words, phrases, sloppy sentimentality. Certainly. But look at the effect of it. Look at what such words and phrases inspired the British people to do during the war. Think of the power of them, as translated into the way Britain went to war, and what Britain did in that war. And, as Raymond points out, think of what might have happened if this power had been on the other side.

However, it was this same power that swept the khaki election of 1918 to a triumphant Georgian conclusion—the popular passion in the demand for hanging the Kaiser, for full payment of every penny of war cost by Germany, and for other popular demands of the moment. That khaki election was another expediency for Lloyd George, and following it came the long series of maneuvers wherein he sought to retain the commanding position he had assumed in the war. Adventures are for the adventurous, and he adventured economically, internationally, sociologically, fiscally, industrially—taking any and every chance that promised to be useful for the moment. Meantime the war spirit was cooling, and the peace dispirit was gaining its gloomy ascendancy. Lloyd George was like a gambler who, making desperate stakes to regain his original stake, saw his capital slowly but surely decreasing. So he made his last recouping plunge in the Near East—books could be written about that, and books will be—and lost. Then it was easy for the intriguers to get him. They withdrew the Unionists from the coalition. Lloyd George went down.

Was he, and is he out? There will be no answer for that question for a year, for two years—maybe longer; but speaking as an observer who has watched Lloyd George for more than twenty years, and who is at least fairly well acquainted not only with his methods but with his qualities and his countrymen, I do not think he is out. He is too resilient, too flexible, too adaptable to be held down by any Laws, Chamberlains, Baldwins, Curzons or Asquiths, or any combination of them.

And, what is more to the point, he is smarter than all of them put together. Lloyd George is the greatest natural political genius Great Britain has had in this generation, or, most likely, in any other.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER the great gold rush to California, the Nevada gold fields were discovered in the very wagon tracks of the Forty-niners. Intent upon the west coast, the early prospectors were blind to the treasure at their feet.

The intimate history of men and businesses is a ruthless reminder that there is nothing in the world easier to overlook than opportunity. What man, however wise and successful, does not think back with regret on opportunities that were urged upon him—but which he appreciated only when another had grasped them? How many businesses that lag behind to-day have rejected the very measures that have made others great!

Fifty years ago, when the average manufacturer was urged to advertise, his reply was this: "Advertising is all right for the merchant; he sells direct to the public. But why should I advertise to the public when I sell only to the jobber or retailer?"

He was blind to the opportunity at hand—until some competitor had grasped it. He failed to realize that his real customers were the users of his product—until some competitor had won them away from him.

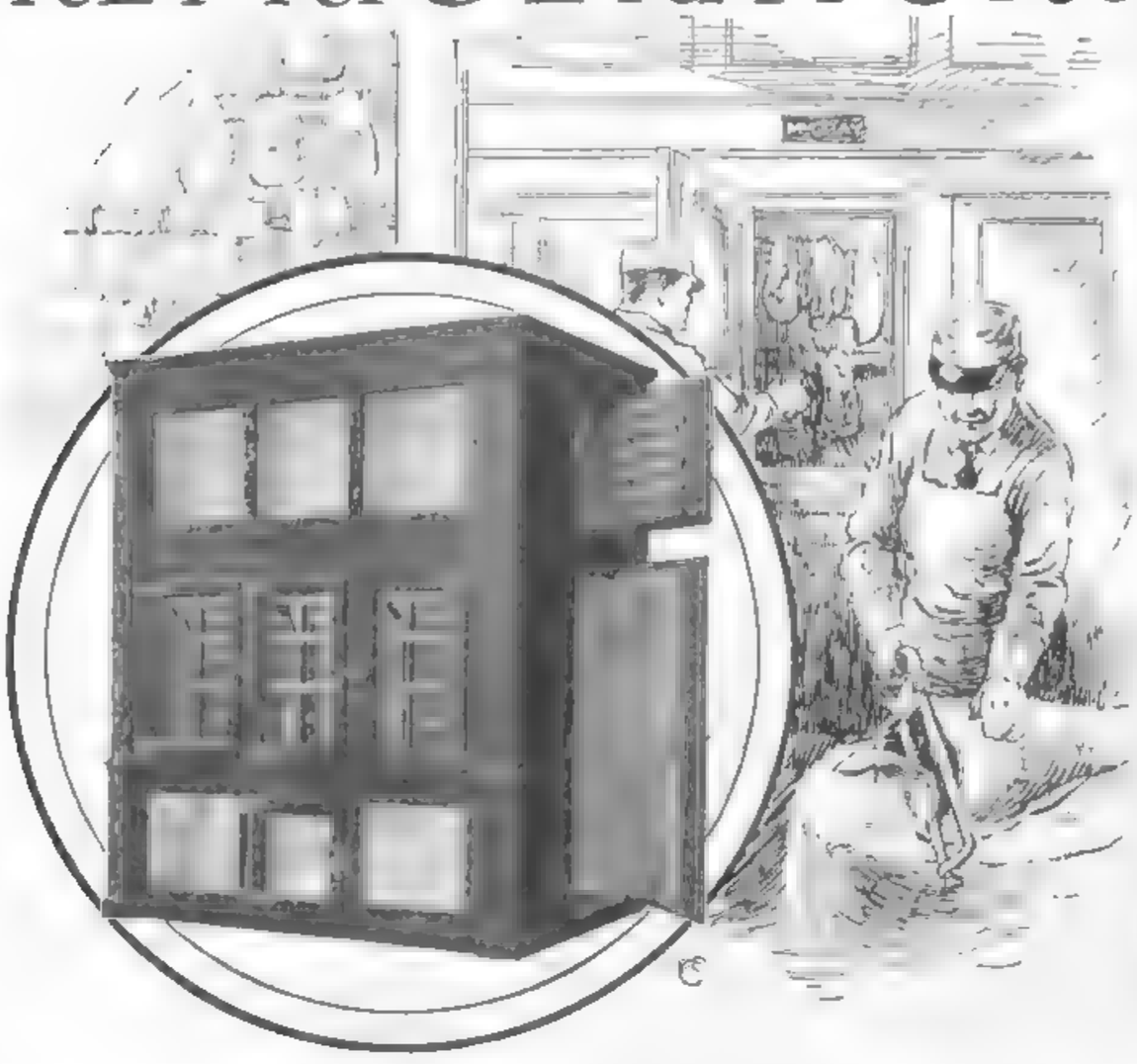
Time and experience have taught one line of business after another that the good-will of the consumer is the seed of success and the staff of leadership. Every year brings advertising successes in industries which, the year before, had said they could not use advertising with success. So it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. Some manufacturers will continue to close the door to advertising with the remark, "But my business is different"; other manufacturers will reap success and leadership.

To-day, while you are reading this, businesses are turning away from opportunities which will make others great.

N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS



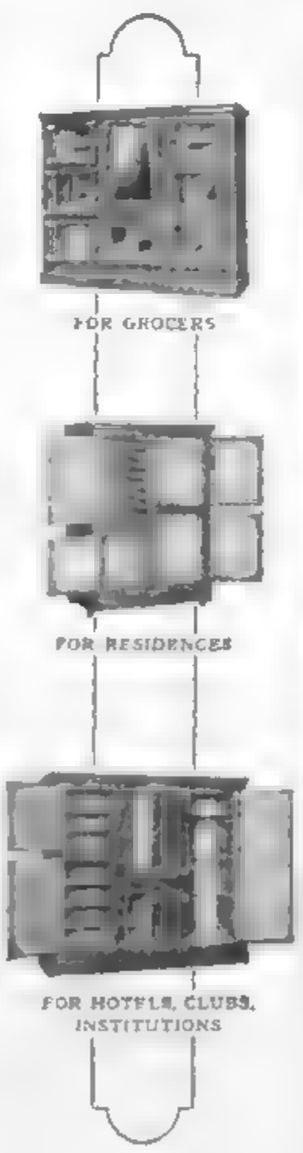
You Buy With Assurance At A McCray-Equipped Market

Meats and perishable foods of all kinds are kept pure, wholesome and temptingly fresh in McCray coolers, refrigerators and display case refrigerators. All the original flavor is preserved untainted.

In thousands of markets, therefore, you will find McCray equipment. The owners know by experience that the McCray not only increases their patronage but eliminates loss through spoilage. McCray equipment is a mark of the highest sanitary standard—it means your dealer is doing his utmost to protect your health and please your palate.

McCray builds refrigerators for every purpose—for residences, hotels, clubs, hospitals, institutions, florists, as well as grocery stores and markets. McCray construction provides a constant circulation of air, keeping every corner sweet and perfectly dry, and maintaining a uniformly low temperature. Staunchly built of carefully selected and seasoned materials, the McCray assures efficient, enduring service. The ice consumption is unusually low, as an, user will tell you.

Residence refrigerators from $30 up. The McCray is adaptable for mechanical refrigeration if desired. Outside icing, a feature originated and developed by McCray, available on residence models.



McCray Refrigerator Co.
4312 Lake Street Kendallville, Ind.
Salesrooms in all principal cities. (See Telephone Directory)

McCray Refrigerator Co., 4312 Lake St., Kendallville, Ind.
Gentlemen—Please send me Free Book and further information about the kind of refrigerator checked
( )Markets;( )Grocers;( )Residences;( )Hotels, etc.( )Florists
Name——
Street
City

Clip and mail the coupon for further information. Check the kind of refrigerator you're interested in and we'll gladly suggest specific equipment to meet your needs, without obligation.

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

UNDER A CLOUD

(Continued from Page 23)

One afternoon he surprised both Ventnor and myself by inviting us to dine with him and his daughter at his hotel. Surprised us, I say, not so much because of the invitation but because we had somehow not pictured his having a daughter, or much else for that matter. He didn't seem the sort of man that would have a daughter; and yet I knew that he had had a wife. Ventnor and I accepted and went.

Lang and Pamela received us in the distressing parlor off the lobby. He made, as might have been expected, a genial, hearty host, although his anxiety that this little dinner of his should be a vast success was pathetically patent. I, for one, as soon as I suspected his anxiety found myself sharing it, and not only for his sake but for Pamela's.

Pamela appeared quiet but not shy. She talked freely enough, and she impressed me as being a girl who, perhaps from lack of other distractions, had devoted herself to books, and to books that contained meat rather than fudge. She was dressed very simply in black. Why is it that only poor women or wise women dress in black? She was dressed, I say, in black, which made a striking contrast to her white skin and her yellow hair. I looked at her hands and her feet and found them good. I looked at her fine eyes and felt sorry for her, although they were not sorrowful. Then Lang led the way to the soiled dining room.

Since we were but four, the conversation was general, Lang, earnest host that he was, bearing the brunt of it; but Ventnor, I could see, was addressing his remarks to Pamela as often as possible, and always with that, to me, rather sickening unction which indicates that a man is interested enough to be desirous of making an impression. Whereas Lang talked generalities to the table, Ventnor strove to talk personalities to Pamela. And, as Byron says, "All went merry as a marriage bell."

"This evening," announced Lang, "I won't talk shop; and as Mr. Richards here will be glad to know, I am sure, I won't talk about my home town."

Pamela looked up quickly.

"Have you been talking about our home town, father?" she asked eagerly. "Father," she explained to us, "thinks so much about Keys City that he has to talk about it to everyone. We left when I was ten, and I probably shouldn't remember it very well except that father is constantly refreshing my memory. I think I love Keys City as much as father does, and that means an amazing lot. We're going back just as soon as we can. Don't laugh—everybody laughs when I say that. I suppose it's the sort of thing girls say in the movies. You know: 'Came the time when they went back to the vine-clad cottage on the hill, where they found that pure happiness which is unknown to the dwellers in gilded Gotham. And there we take leave of them.'"

"I wouldn't take leave of you," asserted Ventnor. "I'd follow you."

"You'd be bored to death," she said.

"I said," interrupted her father firmly, "that we would not talk about the home town."

"If you'd given me time," Ventnor argued, "we wouldn't have been. I, for one, would have been talking about your daughter."

There was no mistaking the admiration in the look he vouchsafed her; and none of us, I am sure, mistook it. Pamela flushed a little under it, which, of course, was what she should have done. I wondered if Ventnor was in earnest; he had never been in earnest before. But Pamela Lang was no doubt different—utterly different—from any young woman he had previously met.

After dinner, the Langs having no sitting room in which to entertain us, we went to a near-by movie. We went on foot, Ventnor ahead with Pamela, Lang and I following.

"Mr. Richards," said Lang to me, "there is just one word of shop I want to say while I have the opportunity. I have heard recently that a certain concern in Keys City—home-town talk again, you see," he interjected with a smile—"a certain concern formerly known as the Jamieson Paint and Varnish Works has incorporated, and its shares, while closely held, can occasionally be picked up. I wish you'd look into it for me; not that I have the money at present to buy 'em, but some day I may, Mr. Richards; some day I may."

I assured him, of course, that I would find out what I could for him, and since at that time I had no knowledge of his previous connection with Jamieson, I set his interest down as being the natural interest a man might take in any of his home industries.

The movies proved to be nothing to cheer about, and I was not particularly sorry when, the entertainment being over, Ventnor and I started to walk down Broadway.

The moment we had left the Langs Ventnor began. Pamela was a radiant goddess; Pamela was the most beautiful creature on earth—a goddess on earth, I suppose—Pamela was everything that was perfect, wasn't she? He kept constantly asking me if she wasn't and demanding that I agree that she was. Men in the first throes of infatuation always bore me; and much as I like Jack Ventnor, he bored me that night. He insisted on coming up to my room to smoke a cigar—at least he said that his object was to smoke a cigar—but I well knew that it was simply to eulogize Pamela Lang. Although I was glad that he was hard hit at last, I failed to see why I should be forced to listen to his delirious groans.

When, at about one o'clock in the morning, he had exhausted his superlative adjectives, I put him out and went wearily to bed.

III

THE next morning a strange thing happened. Somebody or some people took hold of Spitz Motors and it jumped about eight points in less than an hour. The shorts, endeavoring to cover, found stock very scarce, and the scarcer they found it the more panicky they became. At closing hour it was up twelve for the day.

"Well, Mr. Richards," observed Lang, "the little baby seems to be doing pretty well. How about my buying another ten shares, eh?"

"I don't know," I said dubiously. "If it can rise as fast as that you may be sure that it can fall faster. You've made about a hundred dollars on paper, but if you buy another ten shares and the thing should flop back five points you'd be just where you started."

"That's all right. It won't flop. Put in a five-point stop and buy me ten more, my boy. I'm what they call a confirmed gambler, and, besides, I have a hunch."

"Oh, well," said I, "if you have a hunch there's nothing more to be said." And I bought him his ten shares at one point lower than they closed.

During the next week Spitz Motors behaved about as crazily as Jack Ventnor. I don't know whether the Motors were in love, but they were tremendously exhilarated. Ventnor walked on air, with temporary reactions, and frequented florists and candy shops and theater-ticket agencies, and, of course, Pamela. Mr. Lang pyramided whenever the opportunity offered, and by noon on Saturday he was carrying eighty shares and his account showed him something in the neighborhood of a thousand-dollar profit. And he had started, mind you, with exactly one hundred dollars. A great week for Lang, Ventnor and Spitz Motors; but a bad one for the shorts. We were forced to close out several of our customers.

"If you've nothing better to do, Mr. Richards," said Lang that Saturday, "I wish you'd take lunch with me. I want to speak to you about that Jamieson proposition."

I had nothing better to do—indeed, I had nothing so good; and I had some information for him, too, about his Jamieson company.

I saw he was impatient, so I gave it to him immediately.

"Mr. Lang," I said, "I've been looking up that paint and varnish business out in Keys City, and the dope I get on it is this: Jamieson, Senior, it seems, died about two years ago and left the business to his son. Well, the son didn't turn out to be as competent as his father, and the thing began to deteriorate—so much so that young Jamieson could scarcely pay his personal expenses out of what the business netted him. He decided then—pretty shrewdly, too, I guess—to incorporate before it was too late and to ease himself into the nice salaried position of president, with of course a big slice of the stock besides."

(Continued on Page 60)

The vacation of a thousand marvels
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
—in Gardiner, out Cody

THE mysterious and spectacular phenomena of the geysers and the hot springs; the ineffable beauty of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone; the fascination of the wild animals—

These and a thousand other wonders found nowhere else on earth, *plus* the thrilling grandeur of the Cody Road through the Buffalo Bill Country—the land you will never forget—

That is Yellowstone Park on a Burlington Planned Vacation!

The ideal and complete tour of Yellowstone Park is, in Gardiner—out Cody, because in no other way can the visitor gain the advantage of viewing the thrilling scenes between these rail gateways and the Park proper, or see the wonders within the Park in the order of their increasing importance. Nature's grand climax comes where it belongs. Ask anyone who has made the trip.

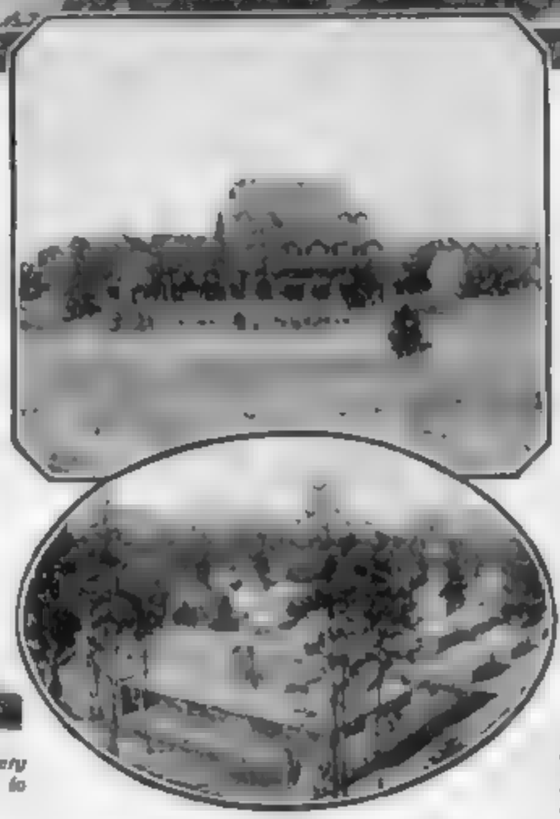
This unforgetable motor ride is included in your Burlington tour without side trip, extra transportation cost or bother.

Via the Burlington, on a round trip ticket to Yellowstone Park alone, you can without extra rail cost visit Denver and the Colorado Springs-Manitou-Pike's Peak region. You can at small cost visit Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park, Royal Gorge, and other Colorado pleasure spots. Two weeks, if that is your limit, is ample time for a glorious vacation in the land of Eternal Wonder. Two days from Chicago or St. Louis; three days from Texas points will bring you there.

The sharp reduction in railroad fares made last year still prevails. The low cost of the trip will surprise you. Your local agent can give you an estimate of the cost.

If you are going farther West—
Just say Burlington to your local agent—he'll understand. This will allow you conveniently to visit Yellowstone Park en route.

Old Faithful geyser, plays every 60 to 80 minutes—120 feet to 170 feet high



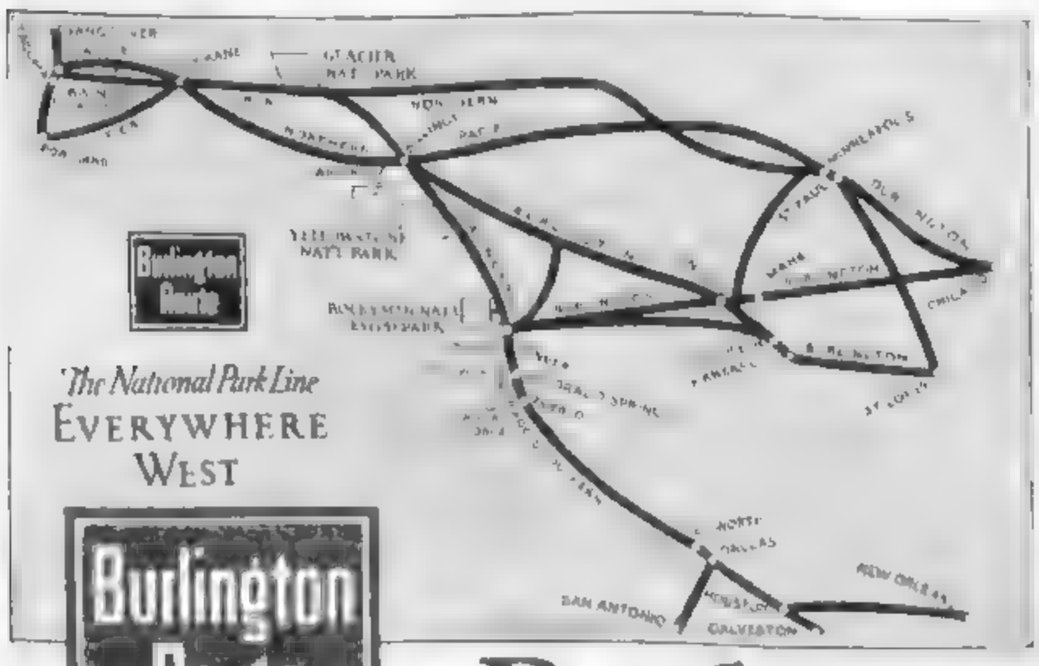
Magnificent hotels and comfortable out-door camps

The famous bears of Yellowstone Park are friendly towards visitors

Free Book

WRITE for free book, "Yellowstone National Park," to P. S. Eustis, Pass. Traffic Mgr., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Everywhere West via the dependable Burlington—the route of Comfort, Courtesy and Convenience



The National Park Line
EVERYWHERE WEST

Burlington Route

The National Park Line

Burlington Planned Vacations

Emery
Shirt Week
April 12 to 19

"It's time to freshen up my supply of shirts again"

"IT'S a habit with me," says Ted Gordon, "to buy shirts on almost exactly the same day every Spring.

"When I see the Emery Week advertisements in the magazines and newspapers, I know the authoritative new styles are ready. I buy enough to see me through the Summer.

"It saves a lot of bother. I always have enough shirts and I can be certain they are abreast of style. I rely absolutely on Emery Week for style advice—and so do most of the well-dressed men I know.

"Buying Emery Shirts is even better than having my shirts made to order. I get as good fabrics, as smart style, as much refinement of finish—and pay much less."

You can pick the better-class men's shops this week by the Emery window poster—a large copy, in colors, of the illustration shown at the top of this page.

Emery Shirts are everywhere acknowledged equal to custom-made. Distinctive fabrics, generous cut, expert tailoring, make them look well, fit well and wear well.

Patterns are accurately balanced in cuffs, shoulders, fronts, etc.

You can get your correct sleeve length.

Pre-shrunk neck-bands. Closely-stitched seams. Clear Pearl buttons.

Yet Emery Shirts are priced as low as ordinary shirts: $2, $2.50, $3, and up.

The New Emery Shadow Stripe Shirt

A distinctive, refreshing departure from patterns of last season. Neat, all-over dot combines with shadow stripes of silky luster to produce a smart, novel effect.

Single cuffs with large pearl buttons. Blue, tan, and helio, $3; at better class shops.

Style N. 3558. Separate soft collar to match.

Style No. 3559 Collar attached

Ask your dealer to show you this striking new style. If he does not have Emery Shirts, send money-order direct (with dealer's name) and we will see that you are served promptly. State neck-band size, sleeve-length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirt Week
April 12 to 19

(Continued from Page 58)

Lang nodded and said briefly, but I fear ungrammatically, "That's him!"

"Well, the short of it is, there were issued ten thousand shares at twenty dollars a share par. Young Jamieson got fifty-one hundred of these as his interest—a majority, you see—and he, of course, elected himself president at a nice salary. The rest were quickly taken up by people in Keys City—a few perhaps in Chicago. But it's very closely held, and until quite lately you couldn't pick any of it up. Within the last few months, however, little batches of ten and twenty shares have been drifting around, and when it is quoted it stands at about 15 bid and 20 asked. The last sale was ten shares at 18. That's all I know."

"That," said Lang, "is a good deal to know. In fact, it's enough—all I need. Now listen, Mr. Richards!" he proceeded very earnestly. "Will you figure this out for me? How high will Spitz Motors have to go, granting I keep pyramiding all the way up, before I can afford to buy the control of this Jamieson company?"

I smiled indulgently, but glancing at his face I ceased to smile. The man was terrifically in earnest, or else he was mad.

"No," he said, answering my thought, "I'm not mad. Just figure it out for me, will you, Mr. Richards?"

"It will take pencil and paper."

In silence he procured both for me from his breast pocket. In silence I set to work.

It took me all of ten minutes, for I am far from a mathematical expert. As I worked I was amazed at the rapidity with which the potential profits mounted. I assumed, for the sake of convenience, that on every ten-point rise in Spitz Motors Lang would increase his holdings to the fullest extent compatible with his paper profits. I allowed him to carry his stock on a margin slimmer than our firm would probably have permitted; but toward the end of my calculations I perceived that I need not have been so generous to him; that a mere ten points extra rise, granted him for good measure, would enable him to carry on his deals with margin enough to satisfy even the most conservative house in Boston, and my firm was far from being so exigent.

"Mr. Lang," I said at length, "these are rough figures, of course; but they are approximately correct. If Spitz Motors advances to 160, and if you pyramid to the limit on every ten-point advance, and if at no time there should occur a substantial reaction, you will have made somewhere around one hundred thousand dollars. That amount should enable you to purchase the control of the Jamieson concern."

"U'm," said Lang reflectively. "An advance to 160 would mean up about 110 points from where I got it, wouldn't it?"

"Just about."

"Well, it's not unheard of—it's not impossible."

"No, but it's improbable. And if you operate in that manner you know what risks you run of losing everything on the first reaction the market shows."

"Yes," he agreed, "I know." And then he added vehemently: "And I know, too, what I stand to win if there is no such reaction. Mr. Richards, I stand to win what I have been waiting and longing for during all these ten years—I stand to win my opportunity to go back to Keys City with my head up. That's the important thing, mind you, Mr. Richards—to return home with your head up. When I left—well, I'll tell you a little something about that maybe some day. All I need to tell you now is that I am willing to risk every nickel I have in the world for the chance to go home, and I can't go home until I control that Jamieson concern. Now do you see what I'm after—what I'm aiming at? Now can you understand why every time I've been able to scrape together a little money I've put it on a long shot, so to speak? If I'd tried to be conservative—tried to save a hundred thousand dollars, five dollars at a time, what chance would I have had? None at all; none at all. I'd have gone to my grave with a couple of thousand, perhaps, sitting in the savings bank. And that couple of thousand would not have been the slightest use to me—wouldn't have got me one step nearer to home. No, Mr. Richards, it's a hundred thousand or nothing. I'm aiming high, and the odds, I suppose, are all against me; but if I win, Mr. Richards—if I win—well, I'll have won Pamela's happiness and my own. That's something to play for, isn't it, Mr. Richards?"

There was no gainsaying him when he put it that way. I might as well have tried to argue with a fanatic; and, indeed, there was not a little of fanaticism in him. This craving of his to return home was consuming him—had been consuming him throughout those ten dreary, precarious years spent in alien New York. Some people, I have found, just as some trees, are difficult successfully to transplant and do not flourish on strange soil. Lang undoubtedly was one of these. His roots were buried deep in Keys City.

"What sort of a fellow is Ventnor?" Lang asked me suddenly.

"Ventnor," I said, "is one of the best. He's straight as a string and he's a good friend."

"Yes; but what I particularly want to know is, is he generous-minded?"

"I don't think I quite understand," I said. "Do you mean, is he tolerant?"

"Something like that. Would he believe the worst of a man before the worst had been proved? That's what I mean."

"I don't think so. On the contrary, I think he'd believe a man innocent until he'd been proved guilty—and even then he'd probably discover extenuating circumstances. Ventnor's something of an optimist as regards human nature."

"Well," said Lang in a strange voice, in which I thought I detected both sadness and sarcasm—"well, he's young and probably hasn't often been disillusioned." Then, after a pause, he said quietly, "He wants to marry Pamela."

I nodded wisely.

"I thought he did," I said. "I congratulate them both."

"Yes—yes, of course," he agreed absently. "But there's nothing definite yet, you understand—nothing settled. I'll have to have a talk with him first. There's something he's got to know; not about Pamela, but about me. Come up Sunday night, Mr. Richards, and take supper with us. Ventnor's coming and I'm going to get the thing off my chest. It's not very pleasant, but I want you to hear it as well as him, and then you can both form your own opinion; and you'll know then why it's particularly this Jamieson concern that I'm interested in. Come Sunday, Mr. Richards."

Of course I went; I went filled with curiosity. There is a skeleton, I suppose, in everyone's cupboard—a skeleton more or less terrifying—but it is not often that one is permitted a peek at it; and Lang had promised me at least a peek at his.

He told us—Pamela, Ventnor and myself—what I have already set down at the beginning of this account about his trouble with the Jamiesons. He was remarkably calm, and judicial even, in the telling of it. He took no sides, he displayed no bias. He summed up the case as might have a judge instructing a jury; and having informed us that both he and young Jamieson had protested their innocence, he left the verdict to us.

"All I will add," he concluded, "is that when old Jamieson dismissed me and advised me to leave Keys City I accepted the dismissal and acted on his advice. The dismissal I was, of course, bound to accept; but the advice I might have ignored. So there you are, gentlemen; and especially you, Mr. Ventnor, who want to marry my daughter. Think it over again, and take your time about it. Go home and sleep on it. As for you, Mr. Richards, you understand now, I guess, why I'm so anxious to get hold of that Jamieson company. If I can do that I can go home and look Keys City in the eyes, and Pamela, here, will have her chance. And I want to go home!"

It was only with this pitiful ejaculation that his calmness deserted him; but we all knew, I think, what effort that calmness had cost him. This resurrecting of dead and disastrous things is no light ordeal.

There was a silence. All of us instinctively looked at Ventnor; and then, aware that it was unfair to expect an immediate answer from him, turned our eyes carefully elsewhere. Pamela had not spoken, but now she got up and moved across the little parlor to stand behind her father's ugly red plush chair.

It was completely apparent that she, at least, had no hesitations.

I confess that I myself did hesitate. I felt that an innocent man can always prove his innocence; but at the time I forgot to add, "If he desires to prove it." And, moreover, I know now that the innocent have sometimes been convicted even while protesting their innocence.

(Continued on Page 62)

Growing Preference for U S L Among Automotive Engineers

THERE is in America a jury of highly paid men who take nothing for granted. Their salaries aggregate millions. They are paid to doubt. They act only upon facts.

The verdict of this jury of Automotive Engineers has placed the USL Storage Battery as standard equipment on sixty-one leading makes of cars. This was done only after rigorous, searching tests of many makes of batteries at all temperatures in the laboratory and on the road.

The verdict of this jury led five of the seven automobile manufacturers who changed batteries in 1922 to change to USL Batteries—five of the six new makers in 1922 to launch their cars USL equipped.

No car manufacturer who has used USL Batteries within the last three years has changed from USL. And the preference of automobile makers is reflected in the preference of users.

A recent canvass by an independent agency of seventy-five thousand owners of fifteen makes of motor cars, equipped with four leading makes of batteries, disclosed a vast public approval of USL—only one other battery sharing equally this remarkable endorsement.

Three times as many automobile owners replaced their batteries with USL in the last six months of 1922 as in the last six months of 1921.

The nation-wide USL service facilities now include more than 5500 battery stations, who know and will demonstrate to you the superior excellence of USL Batteries.

U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

U. S. Light & Heat, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada

U. S. Light & Heat Corporation of California, Oakland, Calif.

storage USL *batteries*

Get the Last Bit of Comfort by wearing them correctly

Do you know that Pioneer-Brighton Garters are designed in pairs—one garter specially designed for the right leg and the other for the left?

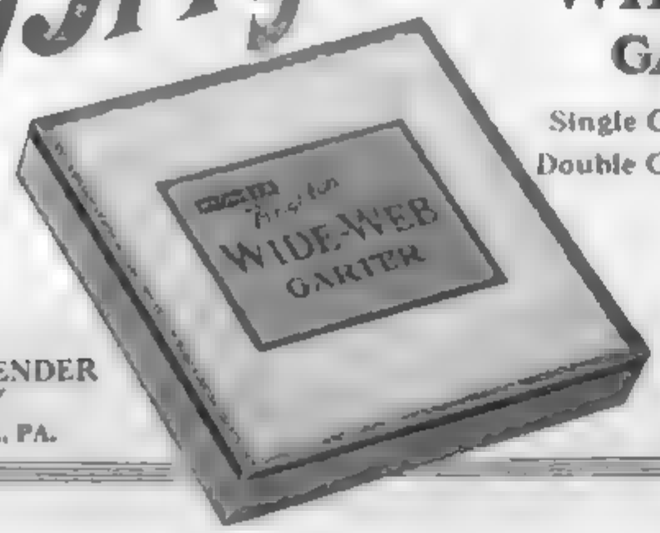
Even when worn incorrectly these garters will give you the greatest garter comfort you have ever known because the extra width and special weave of the soft, pliable web assures perfect support without tightness around the leg.

But it is just as easy to wear them correctly and thus add comfort unto comfort. Study the illustration. Note that the adjustment-slide should be worn on the calf on the inside of the leg, *not* on the shin bone. The pad should be approximately half way between shin and calf.

You will find Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs packed in the famous blue and orange box at the men's counter in the best stores.

PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

Single Grip—35c. and up
Double Grip—50c. and up



PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For 46 years manufacturers of
Pioneer-Suspenders
Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

(Continued from Page 60)

Ventnor, after a space, raised his head abruptly and said, "Mr. Lang, I should like your permission to marry Pamela as soon as possible."

And then he went to Pamela and put his arm about her shoulders. It was done undramatically; but it was, nevertheless, very dramatic. I felt proud of him, and not a little ashamed of myself; and I strove to salve my conscience by remembering that it was Ventnor and not I who was in love with Lang's daughter.

IV

THE next week Spitz Motors caused its spectacular behavior of the week before to appear tame by comparison. A ten-point jump on only a moderately large transaction ceased almost to cause comment. It was rumored—and quite naturally—that the stock was being cornered and that some very important gentlemen who were short of it would before long find themselves reduced to living in hall bedrooms. The usually monotonous, droning voice of the man at the tape was neither droning nor monotonous when he read such a sentence as "One hundred Spitz at 75; a thousand at 80; three hundred at 86!" And then, a few minutes later: "A thousand Spitz at 94!"

There was pandemonium in all the brokerage houses. Such of our customers as were long of the stock worked themselves into a fever deciding when to take their profits—when the peak would be reached. Mr. Lang alone was calm with the knowledge that he had already made his decision. He would sell at 160 and not one point below: his instructions had been issued; his buying orders were all in, all the way up the scale.

I said that he was calm; but that cannot be precisely true, for no man can be calm who sees himself nearing his goal; nearing what must have seemed to Lang the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

It was on a Friday of the next week that Spitz Motors crossed 160. I shan't forget that Friday for a great many Fridays to come. Our customers' room was crowded long before the opening of the market, and the smoke of innumerable cigars hung and swirled and swayed thick below the ceiling. The room was filled with a murmur of low but excited voices; a murmur that strangely resembled that threatening sound of an angry mob heard at a distance. Some of the men there—those who were short of the stock—were staring bankruptcy in the face; others were anxious merely about the amount of their potential profits; still others, who had no personal interests at stake, had come to watch the show.

At ten o'clock there came a sudden silence; then the announcement that the market was open; then the staccato clicking of the ticker.

"Five thousand Spitz at 120," said the youth at the tape. That was eight points up from last night's closing.

Lang, who was standing beside me, his unlighted cigar between his teeth, murmured, "Some of that ought to be for me, I guess; oughtn't it, Mr. Richards?"

"I hope so," I answered. "The stock jumps so fast that we're having difficulty getting your orders in on each ten-point advance."

"I see. Well, tell 'em to use their discretion, but to keep buying—keep buying."

"Four thousand Spitz at 124½; a thousand at 123."

Jack Ventnor came across the room to join Lang and myself.

"Mr. Lang," said he, "you must be a wizard. But if I didn't know what you were aiming at I'd advise you to sell right now and take your profits. This thing can't go on forever. Somebody will step in and put a stop to it just as soon as it becomes obvious that the market's being cornered. The thing's selling far above its real value this minute."

"I know it is," answered Lang quietly; "but there are lots of other stocks selling above their real value, too; and lots of others selling below. That's what makes speculation possible. There she goes again."

"Ten thousand Spitz at 129; five hundred at 131."

The announcement was greeted with a sound halfway between a moan and a roar. The bears were being thrown to the lions.

Shortly after that there came a lull and other stocks went sluggishly into action. It was not a broad market, nor was it—except for Spitz Motors—a strong bull market.

Mr. Lang took advantage of the lull to go out to lunch. He was gone a short half hour, and when he returned his stock was quoted on the board at 140. But it was not until the closing hour that the fireworks really began. During that one hour, as I recall it, something like fifty thousand shares of Spitz changed hands. It was truly a whirlwind finish. The boy at the quotation board stationed himself in front of the space reserved for Spitz and worked incessantly with both hands, posting up the latest sale, which in each case meant changing also the high for the day. Not once during that hour did the stock yield so much as a fraction of a point, and seldom did it jump less than three points. I had never seen anything to equal it before during my experience in Wall Street. I have seen nothing to approach it since.

At ten minutes to three the man at the ticker announced hoarsely and excitedly: "Twenty-five hundred Spitz at 158!"

I turned to glance at Lang.

"You'd better sell," I said. "You've got all you need."

He relit his cigar. I saw that his hand was shaking, but aside from that he appeared steady enough; a trifle paler than usual perhaps. Then he nodded his head.

"Yes," he said; "sell at the market. We'll get 160 or better now." And he did. His selling order was executed at 163. When I told him he sank into a chair.

"A little velvet," he murmured; "a little velvet."

Then he collapsed and we had to carry him into Ventnor's private office and place him on the couch. We worked over him for ten minutes before we brought him back to consciousness, and the first words he said were: "Buy all the Jamieson company stock you can get hold of." The next words he said were: "I'm on my way home, I guess."

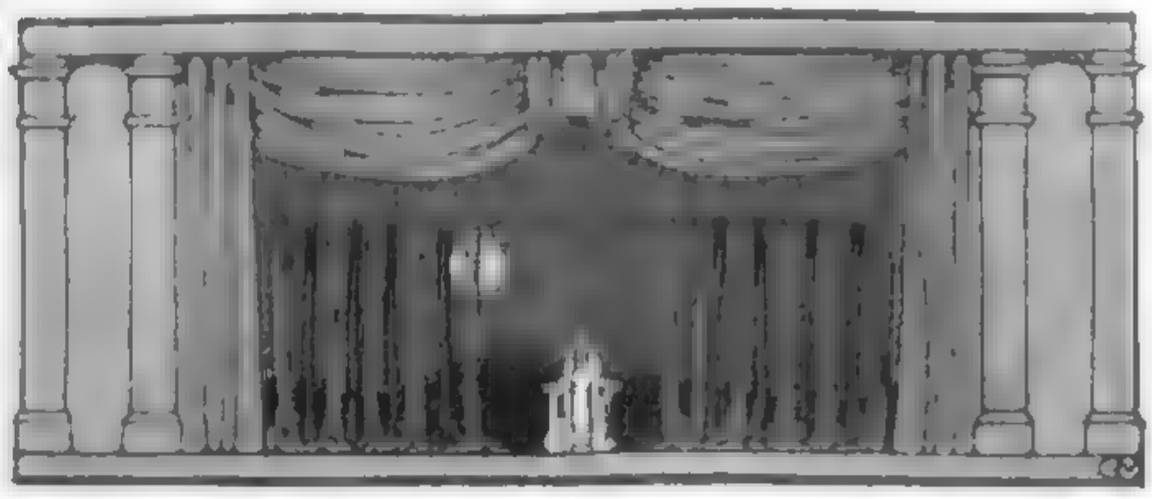
V

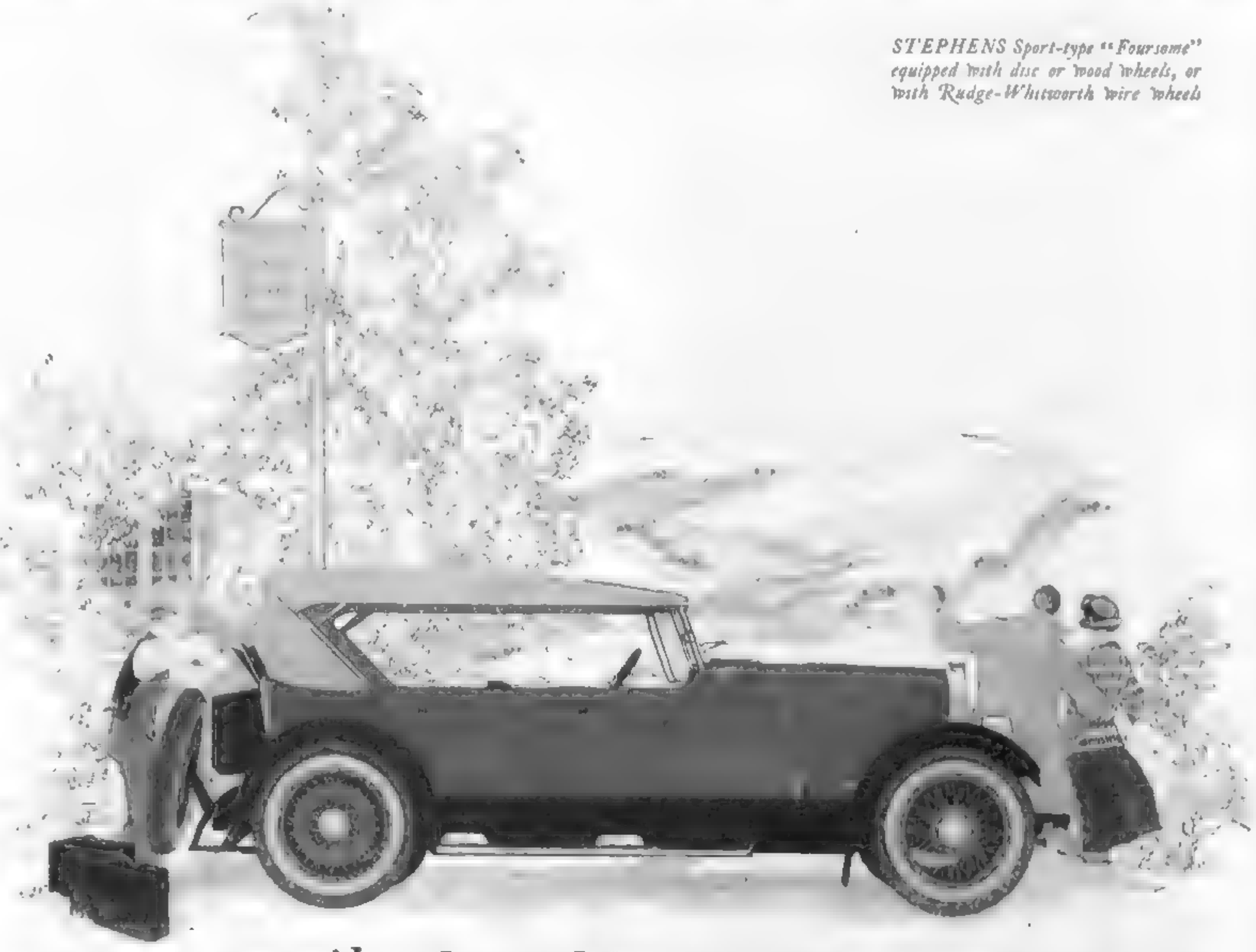
WELL, Ventnor and Pamela were married a few days after that. It was a quiet enough affair, but I have never seen a more cheerful one. Lang gave the bride away as gracefully and as graciously as if he had given brides away all his life; and when it was over there was a small breakfast at the Baldmore, whither the Langs had migrated after the Spitz Motors miracle. The prohibition laws were mildly violated, and then the unusually happy couple left for somewhere in the Carolinas. When they had gone Mr. Lang found time to speak to me.

"Richards, my boy," he said beamingly, "I want you to keep gunning after those Jamieson shares, you know. The sooner I get that control the sooner I get back to God's country. There you go, laughing again. I can't say 'God's country' but you effete Easterners begin to laugh."

I did not point out, although I might reasonably have done so, that it was the effete East that had provided him with the money to return to God's country after the latter had driven him into exile. No, the

(Continued on Page 65)





STEPHENS Sport-type "Foursome" equipped with disc or wood wheels, or with Rudge-Whitworth wire wheels

New trails for old! Stephens power and luxury transform any road

Green flame on every tree and shrub. Sap mounting. Robins calling. And far horizons beckoning you as spring romps north again across the hills.

Foot-loose, free of any road, the Stephens "Foursome" sweeps you out to meet this April magic—every racing mile a fresh, keen, confident adventure.

Patrician of sport models, the "Foursome" is as distinguished in performance as it is alluring in color and form. Fawn-gray and ebony, with apple-green wheels and khaki top, its swinging lines and contours are accented by the singing notes of polished nickel in radiator, lamps and windshield standards.

Thoughtful little refinements emphasize the skill and care that shape its Stephens-built body, motor and chassis. Nickeled slides cover the curtain-rod anchorages. Locked compartments and tonneau clock grace the rear of the front seat. Motor thermometer has its indicator on the dash. *Plus* superb equipment.

See the "Foursome." Study its virile lines, balanced design, over-size chassis units. Drive it. *Enjoy it today.*

STEPHENS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Moline and Freeport, Illinois*

STEPHENS

Finer Motor Cars At Lower Prices

STEPHENS

"A new Mark 26 Centuries Old" tells the story of the Stephens symbol. Write Moline

Full-color catalogue of seven smart body types on request. Write Moline today

Ide Streetline Shirts

Streetline Shirts are the soft-collar shirts that first came into vogue at exclusive country clubs; and that have now come into their own as an important part of correct street-dress as well. The choice of men who know and care about their clothes, they have created a new standard of style. Kentstreet is the shirt the picture shows; there are many other models.

GEO. P. IDE & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK

Ide

STREETLINE SHIRTS

(Continued from Page 62)

truth is seldom palatable; and the thing one hates most to lose is one's illusions. So I composed, as they say, my countenance.

"Mr. Lang," I protested, "I wasn't laughing at your phrase; I was laughing because I feel so happy—for your sake and for Pamela's sake and for Ventnor's sake. Everything has turned out admirably, hasn't it? And meanwhile I might as well tell you that I've already managed to pick up two hundred shares of Jamieson for you at 16. I got them through our representative in Chicago."

"That's fine," said Lang immediately; "that's fine. That's a good start."

"There are more to be had if you're willing to raise your bid a little. I'm afraid you'll have to raise your bid, say to 25, in any case sooner or later."

He waved his hand in a gesture of carelessness.

"I leave all that to you, my boy. You know how much I can afford to pay and you know how many shares I need. Do what you can and anything you can."

"Young Jamieson—at least we believe it's young Jamieson—is offering a thousand shares at 19. They say he's heavily in debt again."

"Take 'em," said Lang grimly. "Take everything he offers."

And that remark and the tone in which it was made was, I think, the only indication I have ever had that Lang bore young Jamieson the slightest grudge in the world.

It was difficult, slow work acquiring the five thousand-odd shares that Lang needed to secure a majority interest in the Jamieson Paint and Varnish Company, Inc. There was only one sure source upon which we could depend—I mean young Jamieson himself, and he sold only when his creditors became unusually clamorous. I found myself praying that the fellow would throw his money around even more freely. I hoped that he would plunge into even more reckless extravagance—would purchase automobiles, would buy champagne at bootleggers' prices, would take to playing roulette with two zeros against him, or would fall in love with an ambitious chorus girl.

Of course, we were able to pick up from indefinite sources an occasional odd lot—shares, no doubt, which Jamieson had sold before we came into the market for them; and when we raised our bid to 20 I have reason to believe that we got some of the minority stockholders' holdings.

A month passed and Ventnor and Pamela returned from their honeymoon. They seemed ridiculously contented with themselves and with marriage. One felt that they were sure they had solved the problem of the ages; that they were the first to have discovered matrimony. It was rather annoying to see them so complacent.

They went into winter quarters at the Beldmore, where they could be within elevator reach of Mr. Lang.

March thawed into April and April went verdantly into May, and Lang still lacked over a thousand shares of the necessary five thousand. And then one day our man in Chicago wired me that he had bought two thousand shares for us at 20. It was so unexpected that we could scarcely credit it, and it was inexplicable until on the following morning there appeared, insignificantly placed in the newspapers, a short paragraph announcing that a certain Charles Jamieson, of Keys City, president of the Jamieson Paint and Varnish Company, Inc., had shot and killed himself. The action was attributed to financial difficulties, and even, it was hinted, financial irregularities.

"There!" I said to myself. "Now Lang will come out and tell us all about his own affair. His quixotic conscience will certainly give him freedom of speech at last."

So I hurried with Jack Ventnor up to the Beldmore. When we entered Lang's room we found him busily packing his trunks. Pamela sat on the bed, swinging slim legs.

"We're leaving tomorrow!" she cried. "You, too, Jack. Father can't wait a day longer."

"I thought we were going the end of the week," said Ventnor dubiously. "I'm not sure I can get away so early as tomorrow."

Lang looked up.

"Try to arrange it if you possibly can, my boy," he urged very seriously. "I don't want to put it off if I can help it."

"You've read the papers, Mr. Lang?" asked Jack.

"Yes, I've read the papers. It's too bad. I'm sorry; I'm very sorry. Poor boy!"

And that was the only comment he made. Not a word, mark you, to indicate that he believed this suicide might clear himself of suspicion in Keys City. I wondered if he did believe it.

"I have reservations on the train," he said quietly. Then, crossing over to Ventnor, he put both hands on the younger man's shoulders and said again, "Try to arrange to go with us, my boy."

As I Worked I Was Amazed at the Rapidity With Which the Potential Profits Mounted

There was a space of silence. I knew very well how difficult it would be for Ventnor to get away on such short notice. I knew very well that he must have thought this urgency to depart a little absurd, a little exaggerated. But Lang's manner was compelling and his eyes were pleading. Pamela, herself, after a glance at her father, turned suddenly serious.

"Of course Jack can arrange it," she said.

"Of course," agreed Ventnor; "of course."

VI

HE DID arrange it, after a day of desperately hard plodding. I went to the station to see them off, and then I saw nothing of any of them almost for a month. I had, of course, occasional letters from Jack; letters which dealt mainly with his business affairs in New York, the selling of certain securities, the reinvesting of others, and so on; but I was able to gather from a phrase or two here and there that things were not going as well as possible with poor old Lang.

"He's surprised that Keys City is not exactly as it was ten years ago," Jack wrote, for instance. Or again: "He's practically turned over the paint and varnish company to me, and I'm up to my ears in work, as you can imagine." Or still again: "He couldn't stand the hotel, so he's taken a little house here; but he doesn't go out of it very much."

I gathered, however, that Jack himself and Pamela were delighted with Keys City.

"It's a grand little town, and Pamela and I are prepared to live and die in it."

And then one day I got a telegram, saying that he was coming East and would see me the next morning at the office. He came looking in the pink of condition physically, but mentally not so pink, I thought—healthy but worried.

"Let's get out of here," he said, "and go somewhere where it's quiet and we can talk. I've got a lot of things to tell you. It beats the devil."

"What beats the devil?" I inquired when we had found a remote table in an eating place and had settled ourselves comfortably.

"What beats the devil?" he repeated. "Human nature, I guess."

"That," I observed, "is by no means a surprising statement."

"Well, be patient and I'll surprise you yet. First, I'll tell you a little about Keys City. It's a good deal the sort of town I expected it to be—nice, quiet, comfortable, roomy little place, built, as Lang said, on a slope. Plenty of fresh air to breathe and not much smoke to breathe in with it. We went to the hotel at first. You'd laugh at the hotel probably—you effete Easterner. It's oblong and built of brick, and it has a portico out front that looks like a Greek temple. But there's nothing wrong with the food they serve or the rooms they give you to sleep in; and when you look out of your windows—windows, mind you, not window—you see trees and a touch of sky instead of milk bottles and sponges across the area. Pamela and I thought it was fine, but old Lang surprised us by complaining. Seems they'd changed managers and he didn't know the clerk behind the counter.

"He hustled right out to a real-estate fellow to see about renting a house. He knew just the kind of house he wanted, but—well, when he got to the real-estate office he didn't know the fellow who was going to rent it to him. That seemed to annoy him, and he came back with the lease and with a sort of dazed, lost expression on his face.

"At the paint and varnish works he finally did discover men who knew and recognized him—an old bookkeeper or two and some other antiquities. But somehow they were uneasy and embarrassed—at least he thought they were. I couldn't see it myself. If they were, it was probably because they thought he was going to reorganize and they'd be fired in the clean-up. The trouble with him, you see, was that he was oversensitive; he was going around looking for trouble, and if an old acquaintance flicked an eyelid at him he imagined it was because everyone remembered that he had left Keys City under a cloud.

"Take the case of Cobden, the president of the local bank. Poor old Lang went in

How about the corncob?

The old family meerschaum stirs no thrills in this smoker

"Dear Sirs and so forth," begins a letter we recently received from H. T. Spenser, Madison, Wisconsin, "I am cupping my hands in the shape of a megaphone and shouting a loud echo of approval to your correspondent who smokes a meerschaum pipe fifty years old.

"But I don't want him or any other smoker to get away with the idea that a meerschaum is the only pipe where Edgeworth is concerned.

"For, you see, I am a corncob smoker. What's more, I am a corncob-Edgeworth smoker!

"The corncob Edgeworth combination is hard to beat. I have tried almost every combination of pipe and tobacco there is and have yet to find one that can approach it for [illegible]-in-and-out pipe smoking.

"The only thing this other fellow has on me is the age of his pipe. I can never keep track of a pipe fifty days, let alone fifty years. I keep corncob pipes scattered all over my house, so that I never know whether I have just lost one or just found one.

"It's the same with tobacco. If I had just one little blue can of Edgeworth in the house I could never lay my hands on it when I wanted a smoke. So every once in a while I buy a dozen cans of Edgeworth and distribute them around the place. Usually my wife hides one can for me for an emergency when I can't locate any of the others.

"By strict application of this system, I manage to keep up my smoking pretty regularly.

"So if you're starting a Corncob-Edgeworth Club, don't forget to put me down as a charter member."

We are continually being surprised by smokers who discover things about Edgeworth that we don't know ourselves. For instance, we never suspected that Edgeworth smokes any better in a corncob than it does in a briar. Frankly, we don't believe that it does. At any rate, we have any number of friends who claim that Edgeworth is the only tobacco to use in briars, in calabashes, in meerschaums, or in clays.

In smoking, we believe, it is every man to his own taste.

That's one of the reasons why we don't try to make all of the tobacco that is smoked in pipes. We know there are men who have perfectly sound reasons for not liking Edgeworth.

At the same time we know there are any number of men who would like it if they only had a chance to try it once. That's why we are always glad to send free samples.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address on a postcard. We will forward to you immediately free samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. If you also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth if you should like it.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

"I never wear any other kind"

WHEN one man meets another in the intimacy of the club locker room and enthuses about the comfort he gets out of Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes, there must be a good reason for it. There *is* a reason, and here it is:

Glove-Grip Shoes are made to *fit*—made to follow the lines of the foot in a natural way, as any good shoe ought to be made, but as only Arnold Glove-Grips *are* made. The soft, pliable leather of the instep comes up snugly under the arch of the foot, gently supporting the arch and fitting it like a glove. When the shoe is laced, it lifts up the arch instead of pressing it down.

This Glove-Grip feature gives an easy-fitting comfort without any sacrifice of style or good looks. That's why Arnold customers become voluntary salesmen and sell the Arnold comfort idea to their friends.

Step into an Arnold shop and try on a pair of Glove-Grip Shoes. There is no obligation to buy—just experience that delightful restful feeling. Look over the styles, too—all the newest shapes and leathers for both men and women. The "Haig" is one of the newest styles for men—made of all grain leather, with the popular broad, round toe and flanged heel. For sport wear ask to see the "Country Club." If you don't know the name of the Arnold dealer in your community, write to us for it. We will also send you an attractive booklet of shoe styles.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY
North Abington, Massachusetts

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

Men's Oxford
The "Haig"

to see him to start an account. Cobden received him in his private office and was as friendly and cordial as you could wish any old fossil of a bank president to be.

"'Hello, Tom,' he said; 'we're all glad to see you back here in town. Understand you were clever enough to clean up even Wall Street.'

"Well, now to you or me that would sound like a perfectly harmless remark, wouldn't it? But it didn't sound harmless to Lang. No, he saw an insinuation in it; imagined that Cobden was insinuating he was a clever crook, or something of that sort.

"Nothing that Pamela or I could say would convince him that the past was wiped off the slate and forgotten. Even after we moved into the little house up the hill beyond the orphan asylum he was depressed and moody and disappointed. It was just such a house as he had been raving about, too, for ten years—white wood with green shutters and a veranda with vines; and a lawn about it; and a garden with sweet peas and nasturtiums and hollyhocks and mignonette; and a picket fence in front of it—white, except where the boys had rattled their sticks along it in their endeavors to imitate machine-gun fire. It's a dandy little house, Richards, and Pam and I are keen about it.

"Well, Lang wasn't keen about it, but he scarcely ever left it. He'd sit rocking in the parlor all day long, brooding. He gave up going to the factory, and took, instead, to going to the cemetery to stare at his wife's grave. He was getting morbid, I tell you.

"One day he came out with it and spoke straight from the shoulder.

"'Listen!' he said. 'I can't stand living here any longer. It's getting my goat. Everything's changed. I don't know anybody in town any more, and I'm simply unhappy staying here; and it doesn't make it any the easier to remember that there was once a time when I wasn't unhappy here. For ten years I've been remembering that time. Well, I'm going to quit remembering it from now on, because it only hurts. So I've made up my mind to go away.'

"You can imagine," said Jack, "that that was like a bombshell plumb in the middle of the parlor. Pam and I both made incoherent noises of surprise.

"'But, father,' said Pam, 'we've only just come. Give it a chance. Things may look better to you in a little while.'

"'Do you like it here, Pamela?' asked Lang.

"'I adore it,' said she.

"'And do you like it here, Jack?'

"'I certainly will say I do.'

"'In that case,' said Lang, 'I want you both to stay here. If you can be happy in Keys City, there's no better place to be happy in. You, Jack, are running the factory already. I want you to keep right on running it, for I have no intention of running it myself.'

"'What are you going to do, then?' I asked.

"'What am I going to do? I'm going to do something I've never done in my life—I'm going on a well-earned spree; I'm going to travel and see the world.'"

Here Ventnor paused like an experienced actor who, having reached his climax, awaits the plaudits of the audience.

"That," I admitted, "is certainly amazing."

"It is," he said emphatically. "Didn't I tell you that human nature beats the devil? Here's old Lang, pining for his home town; and when he gets there, finding he can't stand it; and here am I, a born and bred New Yorker, who imagined I had a healthy scorn of all the Keys Cities in the world, finding that I'm settled in one of them for life and damn glad of it. Doesn't it beat the devil?"

"Well," I said, "it at least beats me. You're going to get out of the firm?"

"Yes, that's what I came East for. Meanwhile Lang's out there packing his trousseau into his shiny new trunks and is as excited about it all as a boy leaving school."

"Where does he intend to go?"

"I don't know. He says Hong-Kong or Rio or Algiers or some place like that."

"I see," I murmured. "Some nice little home town."

THE ENGLISH TUTOR

(Continued from Page 7)

"What has she got?" he said. "Never mind what it is! Take it, Englishman; she gives it to you. You mustn't refuse her! Take it; it's yours!"

"Er ——"

Hope hesitated. The lovely face of the idiot seemed to implore him gently; the brutal iron muzzle of the big muzhik besought him. Even in the dull and heavy countenance of the woman there was something that dared him not to comply. He found the gift pressed into his hand—a little oblong cardboard box, such as once one bought with its contents anywhere in Russia for twenty kopecks, which had grown now unfamiliar.

"Oh, I couldn't!" The phrase was merely automatic, part of a code of politeness. But it might have been a curse; for the girl began, as it were, to wilt under it; her soul reeled visibly under the blow. He hastened to make amends in a silly patter of words. "It's too good of you! I can't thank you enough. Why, I haven't seen any for ever so long! But are you sure you can spare all these?"

It was the muzhik who now touched his arm.

"Quick!" he said. "Take one! Let her see you! Quick—and you shall have some food to take away!"

He bent and reached to the fire door and drew forth in his iron fingers a piece of glowing wood. The idiot girl clapped her skeleton hands and her beautiful face was radiant and elfin with delight. Hope ran a thumb nail along the edge of the little box, took from it one of the twenty cigarettes it contained and lighted it. The girl squeaked with delight and her mother shook her.

"My Englishman is smoking!" she was chattering. "He smiled at me, and now he is smoking. Oh, *matushka*, isn't he pretty?"

The muzhik laid back his fire stick.

"That's good, eh?" he said. Then in a lower voice: "You know, she's one of those that see things. She sees things that we can't see. We never thwart her. She's taken a fancy to you."

Hope was smiling. Facts were no longer true and values had ceased to exist. The lunatic drama that is Russia had condensed itself into that single room. Like everyone else from the White to the Black Sea, his fate hung on the whim of a maniac. Who, by taking thought, could add an hour to the span of his hair-hung life? The delicious anæsthetic of the smoke worked within him; he was warm; food to take home had been promised him. He ceased to think and let the wayward tide of events carry him as it listed.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when at last the door of the cottage closed behind him, shutting him out to the dreary inhospitality of the road. The sack that he had worn over his neck was now slung over his shoulder. The idiot girl had hovered round him to the last, gamboling on lean ankles and ungainly feet, and her favor abode with him while the muzhik stocked his sack. The gold watch and the historic ring had nobly proved their worth. The first had fetched something like fifteen pounds of bread, a bucketful of potatoes and a slab of some whitish animal substance, the Russian name of which conveyed nothing to him, which was probably dripping. The ring—that was an heirloom, too; Captain Prince Orlovsky, of the Bodyguard, had given it to the princess, then a maid of honor, upon her betrothal—had also been valuable. It had fetched eleven eggs and the remains of a joint of beef.

The night that had been filling the earth had now settled down upon it in a stagnation of windless dark. The cold that had bitten at him on his way out from Moscow now entered his body and inhabited him like a strong-rooted disease; and the sack, the sack of life that he bore, burdened him to the limit of his strength. There were eleven good footsore miles to go—the whole eleven that he had already traversed. If the dawn saw him back at home he would have done well. Later than that the streets of the city were not safe for men who carried sacks.

"Upsy-daisy!" said Godfrey Hope cheerily, and slung his burden where he could best carry it. "Come on, grub! It's probably worse than this in the trenches!"

(Continued on Page 69)

Sampler Days

In Society since 1842

We like to think that the growth of Whitman's, from the little shop in Philadelphia in the time of President Tyler, is due to the bed-rock devotion to *quality* on which this business is founded.

From the fair shoppers in 1842, drawn in quaint Victorias, who called at the Whitman shop, it is a far cry to the thronging thousands who now buy Whitman's Chocolates every day in every town in America.

In stage coach days folks from New York, Boston and Richmond always took home Whitman's when they visited Philadelphia.

Now the Whitman quality, with modern improvements and infinite variety, can be had conveniently in nearly every neighborhood in the land.

The names Sampler, Salmagundi, Fussy, "1842", Super Extra, Pink of Perfection and Pleasure Island are full of significance for candy buyers. Each stands for the satisfaction of a special taste in confections.

Simply look for the Whitman sign on the selected store that is agent for the sale of Whitman's Chocolates.

Whitman's

Chocolates

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St. Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South
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Paint the Lily—
and it Dies!

YOU have read, perhaps, of the little child covered with gold leaf to represent a cherub in a religious procession, and who died because *the pores ceased to breathe.* Unwittingly, thousands of people are committing virtually the same error when they use *impure* soaps. A greater tax is placed upon the kidneys and lungs to dispose of the waste which should be thrown off by the skin. Bodily health is impaired.

Paint the lily—and it dies! But wash it with the gentle rain and it lives—re-beautified. Clog the pores—and they cease to breathe! But wash them in the gentle lather of *soap in its purest form*—Fairy—and every pore is gently stimulated—there is a feeling of *natural*, bodily vigor—the body *breathes*—there is *health.*

It is easy to understand, therefore, why more and more *really clean* people are swinging to *American white cleanliness*, as shown by the ever-growing demand for Fairy—*the whitest soap in the world.* The old-time fashion is fast giving way to the new idea of whiteness and purity. Today, simple, thorough whiteness is considered the smart thing—it calls for no foreign touch, just as the lily demands no touch of the artist's brush to enhance its natural beauty.

Help the body breathe. Keep your five miles of pores happy. Fairy Soap cleanliness is *pore-deep* cleanliness, *real* cleanliness, *white* cleanliness. For a baby's tender skin, a woman's beautiful complexion, or the sturdy body of an active man it spells refreshing, soothing skin vigor.

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Factories in United States and Canada

It Keeps Your Five Miles of Pores Really Clean

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WEST ENGLEWOOD N. J

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
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Gentlemen:

Theodore Roosevelt believed in clean minds in clean bodies. The Roosevelt Military Academy stands for the ideals of Theodore Roosevelt. Lively, healthy American youngsters are bound to get a certain amount of wholesome dirt on them in the course of their play and study. FAIRY Soap, which we use in the Academy, helps to get them back to cleanliness—which is said to be next to Godliness.

Very truly yours,
ROOSEVELT MILITARY ACADEMY
J. H. Carmichael
Secretary

JAC B

FAIRY SOAP
HELPS THE BODY BREATHE

(Continued from Page 66)

Long hauls and short rests, till shorter hauls and longer rests forced themselves upon him. Twice, in that desert where solitude was the only safety, he saw human beings and slid and scuffled down to the roadside ditch to let them pass. The first showed afar off a point of light that grew swiftly as it approached, split into two and became the headlights of a motor car. The thin ice in the ditch bottom broke under Hope's hurried feet and the water stung him through his broken boots like an adder. The ruts of the road kept the speed of the car down. With eyes peering over the rim of the ditch Hope had a brief view of its occupants: the leather-clad soldier chauffeur at the wheel and, in the lit interior of the body, the two passengers. One was plainly an underling, the profile of a rat, with all the rat's character of wary viciousness and mean acuteness, a face that receded in degenerate slopes from an eager carrion-questing nose. Beside him, with a peaked cap jammed down on his brow and a collar turned up about his ears, was the obvious master, with brows that bulged and overshadowed the eyes, high cheek bones, pug nose and wide, sensual mouth. Hope had never seen them before, but he knew who they were. Only the hierarchs of the charnel house went awheel; their slaughterers walked. Here, upon who can tell what mission of horror, went Death and his pimp, Fear, weaving through the night their secret web, the go-betweens of tyranny and doom.

The others he saw an hour later. He was resting, so that he heard their footsteps on the road and had time to get to the ditch before they could be aware of him. These had no lights. He saw them only as vague shapes moving in the dark, one tall, the other no taller than himself. They trudged painfully upon their way, talking in brief snatches as they went. It was not till they were quite close that he could hear them clearly.

At the first words that he distinguished he moved in a start of uncontrollable surprise. The taller figure was talking in the low and hoarse voice of a man with a heavy cold on the chest.

"We can't miss it," he said. "It stands alone. There are no other houses near it"

"Ye-es!" The voice of the smaller wanderer was that of a woman. "But if they shouldn't be willing to sell, after all! I am so afraid we'll get nothing."

"Hush, dear," said the man. "They're just peasants, you know. They probably never saw a gold watch in their lives before."

And so, talking, they passed on with their gold watch, their mortal need and their vain hope, seeking the house of the idiot girl, the house that stood alone.

II

THERE used to be a painting by Vereshchagin showing horses of Napoleon's cavalry stabled in that fantastic, Coney-Island-looking church which faces the length of the Red Square in Moscow. The horses and their gear and their litter were crowded into the labyrinth of little dark wooden-pillared chapels; the troopers lounged among them; and the church, St. Basil's, is there to this day to show that they did it no particular harm. There is a historical affinity, after all, between an altar and a manger. Vereshchagin is dead. His place is vacant for the painter who shall be moved to set on canvas Moscow itself, the white-walled, the Sacred City, now that those who held it holy have got it to themselves. Trotzky and his cattle in the Kremlin, for instance; the shrine of the Iberian Virgin, where once the pickpockets worked all the twenty-four hours round among the thronged devotees, now violated and despoiled; the palace, old and new, where the commissars and their women and their brigands hived themselves together. And the dirt and the misery and the failure of it all—a revolution that triumphs in rags and scrapes the gutters for crusts to celebrate with!

Just behind the splendors of the Tverskaya, and close to the buildings of the Old University, was the house that Rinaldescu, the great Rumanian millionaire, had built for himself. He had other houses scattered here and there about Europe; he moved from city to city ceaselessly, taking each in its brief yearly season of perfect bloom, and died soon after the Armistice of ptomaine poisoning contracted in a dining car. It was a marble-fronted building upon the model of a Venetian palace, with a loggia of slender pillars fronting the street, a beautiful arched doorway and a paved courtyard in the middle. He had been a collector of stained glass, among many other things. The best of it was framed in the eight tall windows that fronted the street above the loggia. At night, when the great room within was lighted up, they shone forth to the filth and darkness of the crippled city with a ripe and tender glow, as though their mild and shining saints would signal: "This is the house of a commissar. Walk wide of it!"

It was not yet dawn, but the gray forerunner of day was in the east and the lights in the windows were extinguished, when the sentry huddled in the loggia was aware of one who approached. He would have paid little attention, for malefactors never came this way, if the passer-by had simply passed by. The sentry poked his head forth from between the pillars to look at him.

The man was behaving strangely. He seemed to have a large bundle of some kind, and suddenly he let it down upon the pavement, fell on his knees beside it and bowed his head upon it. The sentry disengaged an ear from under his cap and became alert. The man was praying! Presently he saw him rise, struggle with his burden, and stagger forward with it; and all the time there came from him a rising and falling mutter of speech. The sentry had had a pious upbringing, but he recognized no word of any prayer that he knew. The man was abreast of him, when down went the burden and its bearer with it, groaning his unceasing prayer.

"Hi!" called the sentry then. "What's all this?"

The other's head was resting on the sack. He did not raise it at the summons. He was still praying, with no word that was intelligible. The sentry hesitated, then stepped from the foot-high terrace of the loggia and shook the man smartly by the shoulders.

"Now, then," he demanded, "what do you mean by it?"

The crouching man lifted his heavy head, and in the gloom his thin and beardless face showed white like a shine of water. And still he prayed.

"Long—long way—to—Tipp'rary!" he was saying feebly.

The sentry released the limp shoulder.

"*Inostranets!*" he said with disgust. "A foreigner!" He gave the foreigner a Russian kick. "Stay there, you!"

His second or third shout fetched out the sergeant of the guard and a comrade with a lantern.

"A foreigner," explained the sentry. "Flops down and prays over that bundle; can't understand a word he says."

"Prays, eh?" The sergeant showed interest. "Better see what he's praying about. Open the bundle, one of you!"

When the sentry released him Hope's head had fallen forward once more. His praying had ceased at last. Physically a weakling to begin with, miserably undernourished for a long period, he had stretched his endurance to the uttermost. He had covered the last miles in a delirium, hunted along from collapse to collapse only by an unflagging will. While the soldiers stood around and talked above him he slept with his face flattened on the sack. But when the sentry bent to pull the sack away his hands were yet clenched upon it and hung on.

"Well," said the sergeant, "there's a vicious devil for you! No, don't bayonet him; we may want him."

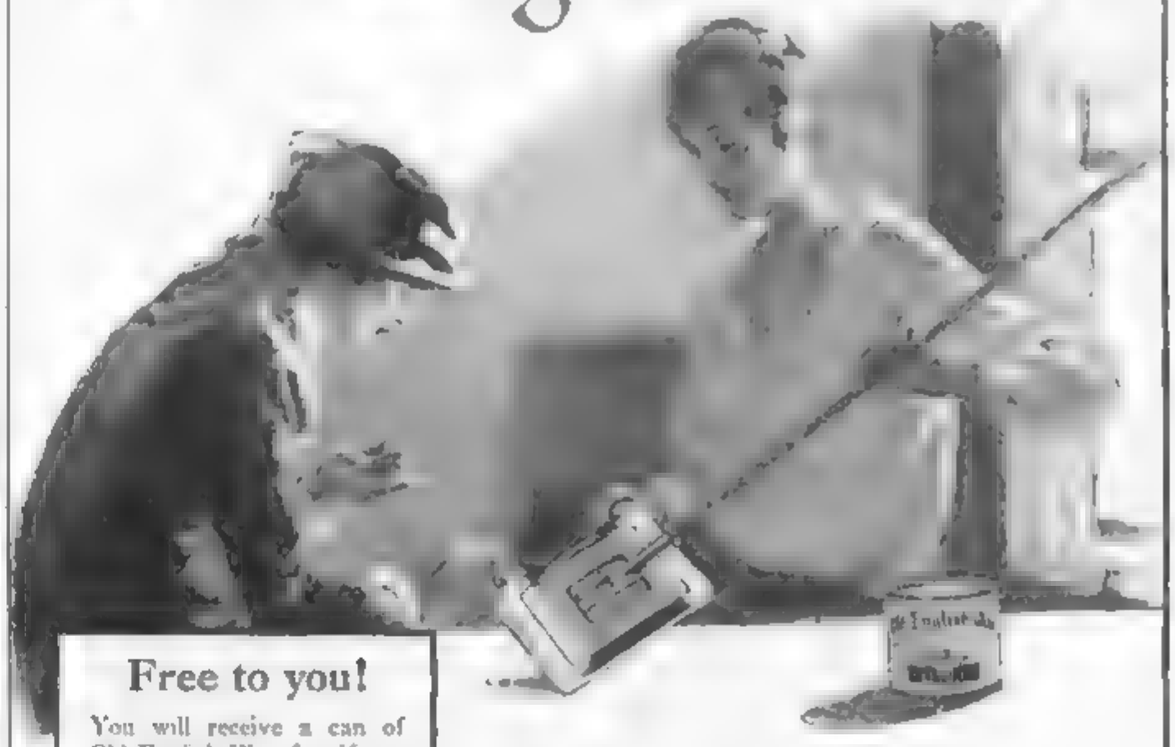
His skillful foot—he had been a gendarme in the old days—kicked the outworn body aside. It lay, writhed for a second, and was still again. Hope was asleep once more. They opened the sack, upended it and spilled its contents forth upon the pavement. The lantern was lowered to illuminate them.

Like the jewels on the muzhik's bench, they lay heaped on the dirty pavement. The bread, the meat, the smashed eggs and the rest, bought with the insignia of pride and honor and carried hither with what bitter labor! The sergeant grimaced and scratched his chin.

"H'm!" he reflected. "A food speculator! Better take three of those loaves and the meat—and the dripping, of course—to the guardroom. That'll be our share; the rest is evidence. Put the prisoner in the cell. Tickle his tail with the bayonet if he's lazy."

Rinaldescu's Venetian palace had its Russian dungeon, a large arched storeroom

Old English Wax



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Gradually, more and more people learned of the simple, inexpensive treatment that gave floors such beauty.

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Here is the way: Finish your floors with Old English Wax. As you wax and polish them, the floors will take on a mellow lustre—a hard, lasting finish that cannot be scratched or show heel-marks.

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The new, easy way to wax and polish

Many people still use a soft cloth to apply wax and polish the floor, and it will always be a good way. But with the Old English Waxer-Polisher, the work of waxing floors on hands and knees is made unnecessary.

Just as easily as you push a carpet-sweeper, so can you use the Old English Waxer-Polisher. It waxes and then polishes the floor. The only device of its kind. It's quicker, easier, and uses less wax.

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Old English waxed floors cost less than you think. Old English has a high percentage of hard, high-grade, imported wax, so it goes farther, lasts longer, and therefore costs less than most other finishes.

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Use Old English Linoleum Wax, liquid, a special wax that polishes, preserves, and beautifies linoleum. Recommended by leading linoleum manufacturers.

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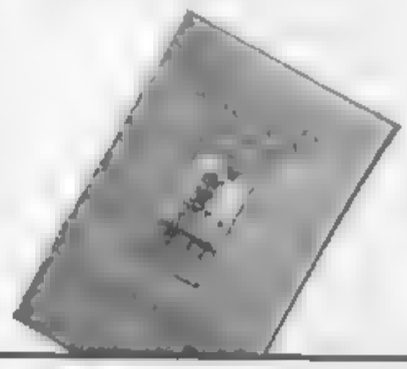
Merely sprinkle Old English Powdered Wax lightly over the floor. The dancers' feet will put on the polish.



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If your grocer cannot supply you, ask him to order it for you, or write us direct

opening from the cloisters of the court. It was closed with massive double doors artistically studded with copper nails; over them a curved transom of ground glass gave a little light when there was any to give. Hope was wide enough awake when the wicket in the big doors was set ajar for him. He tumbled through it just not quickly enough to escape a final humorous prod from the long three-edged bayonet that had awakened him. The wicket slammed behind him; the lantern was hung up in some place that let the dregs of its light leak through the transom; and he fell on his face on the stone floor, sobbing—not weeping; just sobbing. For a while he could do nothing else.

There were others in the place, the nightly bag of the commissar's huntsmen. When he had come to mastery of himself he was aware of them, stirring and breathing in the gloom. They seemed to be huddled together upon the ground in a far corner of the place. Then one of them spoke.

"Have they hurt you, *tovarish*—comrade?"

It was a woman's voice, husky like an old drunkard's, with cracks and quavers in it.

"Yes," said Hope. "They—they drove me in with a bayonet. I seem to be bleeding."

The stickiness and warmth of it were spreading under his clothes. His side hurt him, too, where the sergeant had kicked him. All these disasters had happened to him while his senses were yet clogged with weariness and slumber. He was like a man who returns to consciousness sick and racked with pain after an operation.

"Come over here," said the woman. "Come close and you'll be the warmer. There are three of us here."

Hope stifled a groan as he wrenched himself up. There was not a cell of his body that was not the home of an ache.

"Thank you," he managed to say. "That's very kind of you."

He tottered across and sank down into that little communion of surely the wretchedest people on earth.

"You're a foreigner, aren't you?" asked the woman. "Well," she sighed, "it doesn't matter nowadays. You'd be no better off if you were a Russian. Look at us three! That young man stole a pair of boots. This old fellow next to me—why, he hasn't done anything. He's been a church-door beggar all his life, and now his leprosy has gone to his eyes and he's blind. What's the sense of executing a poor old fellow like him? And me! What harm have I done?"

She seemed to want an answer.

"None, I am sure," said Hope.

"They told us—they told us in so many words—that we girls needn't have yellow tickets any more. And then they arrest us!"

Yellow tickets were the permits issued by the police to women to practice as courtesans in Moscow.

"Do they expect us to sit still and starve?" she demanded.

Hope sighed. He was leaning against her, his shoulder to hers; she had had the blind leper on her other side; and the stench of them made a faint illusion of indoor warmth. He had a vision of the old prince and princess in their fireless chamber, awaiting his return, dying by hours, believing at the last that he had deserted them, taking with him the ring and the watch. And they would not blame him; often they had urged him to go and save himself.

"I think they do," he said to the woman. "But as we haven't, what do you think they'll do to us?"

She shook her head and sighed in her turn.

"Who can tell?" she answered. "There's nothing to go by. The commissar is in a hurry, perhaps, or his corns are hurting him. The death warrants are before him, all signed; he has only to scribble your name and you are disposed of. Then they take you out to wait for the dead cart, and when it comes they knock you on the head and throw you in—that's if they don't save you up for the cellars."

"Ah!" said Hope. He had heard of the cellars and had not believed in them. "The cellars, eh? You don't seem to be terribly afraid of them though."

"That's the only thing I am afraid of," she answered. "If it's men I have to deal with I'll be all right. But these damned women and their cellar parties, and everybody drunk but the poor devil who's dragged in to furnish the fun—that scares me! Yes, you may think they'll be careful what they do to a foreigner; and perhaps they would be; but not if some little darling with a baby face comes smiling up and says, 'Oh, is that an Englishman? Do let us see how an Englishman dies!' Then—the cellar party! You'll hear the music from the dance upstairs, and presently they'll come down to you, all giggling and whispering. There'll be drinks—you'll probably get some—and they'll chat with you. You'll never tell anyone what they say to you. Oh, I've heard it all from people who've been there; it's true as gospel! And then the one who's won you—you'll see her with the pistol in her hand, and if she's a good shot you'll never see anything else at all. And that's what the cellars mean!"

"I see," said Hope wearily.

"Do you?" The woman spoke sharply. "Well, I don't. What's the matter with people, anyhow—tossing death about like confetti? The Czar is executed and the people are in power; what more do they want? Why can't they leave us in peace?"

"I don't know," answered Hope. "They are like a boy with a knife, I suppose. They must have something to cut."

To neither of them did it suggest itself that all the error and the wrong, the crime and the failure, were rooted in the heart and ran in the blood of the people. God had been ceremonially exorcised; the Czar with his sick child in his arms had been murdered; the idle rich, the busy rich, the bureaucrats, the bourgeois and the intelligentzia, all that hampered the development of the much-advertised soul of the Russian, had been stamped out. There remained only that sterling manhood which starves by millions in the granary of Europe and freezes to death in a country of forests. And their sole contribution to civilization and the cause of mankind was the hysteric philosophy, the madhouse economies and the monkey morality of Bolshevism.

"Huh!" the woman grunted, and was still.

The old leper and the thief had spoken not at all. Hope, despite his wounds and his many pains, found himself drowsy again. His head drooped and presently came to rest upon the shoulder of the woman. Daylight crawled up and showed grimy and stale upon the stones of their prison; and the four of them, expecting and dreading death, slumbered together as though sleep were not itself the better and more blessed part of death.

III

DIMITRI PAVLOVITCH BOTKIN had been a clerk in the Moscow showrooms of a German firm of automobile manufacturers that specialized in a motor for the gilded-youth market. Daily before his eyes they lounged and postured, the exquisite young men of wealth or debts, with their English clothes and their piquant companions, their slang and their manners. He himself was the son of a village schoolmaster who had done his poor best for him in the way of education; but his university was the showroom with the two great shining cars in the middle of the floor, his professors the spendthrifts and millionaires who walked round them, criticized them and sometimes bought them. By 1914, when the army sucked him in and rolled him in the crudities of the Polish front, he needed only money to demonstrate himself as accomplished and showy a waster as the most eminent of the gilded ones. In 1917 he shot the captain of his company with his own hand and went into politics.

He was a tallish man of about thirty, long limbed and herring gutted, with a long face, womanishly smooth, sleek black hair and a comic little smudge of black mustache. He had a well-selected repertoire of noticeable attitudes and an impressive languor of speech; the cant word "comrade" in his mouth sounded like a witticism. He considered it characteristic of his taste and personality that he had selected the Rinaldescu palace for his headquarters as commissar when he might have taken the Hôtel de Paris.

It was towards eleven o'clock in the morning when he came into the great room with the stained-glass windows, drooping at the shoulders, a hand sunk in a trousers pocket, a cigarette gummed to his lip. People were there already awaiting him.

"Halloo, everybody!" he greeted them languidly. "Hope you're all feeling as rotten as I am. That you, Sashenka?"

(Continued on Page 73)

It's a Remington

The new Remington Quiet 12 has every advantage for which the Remington is famous—strength, durability, simplicity, the "natural touch",—*plus* the priceless feature of quiet operation.

Many refinements of construction have hushed the old, familiar typewriter noises.

This new Remington pleases both the executive and the operator. It relieves the executive from disturbing clatter. And it enables the operator to turn out clean-cut, beautiful work, with ease and speed, and the minimum of effort. This not only pleases her but scores with the "boss".

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PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 70)

The girl who sat in the narrow recess of one of the tall windows lifted her head so that her profile had its dull-glowing colors for a background. She wore furs, and boots that rose to the hem of her short skirt. She nodded to him carelessly.

Botkin let himself down in the chair behind the wide desk. His secretary, a fat, bald little man in spectacles, trotted to his side with papers. The dandy commissar leaned back from the documents.

"My dear fellow," he said protestingly, "you're a very nice chap, but don't try me too far. Is there anything in all these papers that I really must see? Statistics? Damn the statistics! Personal memo? You can leave that. Report of proceedings? File it. Wireless news? Yes; I'll look at that. Anything else?"

"These communications must be acknowledged. But I can do that."

"Of course you can, my dear old chap. That's what I keep you for. Off you trot and do it!"

The girl in the window recess looked up again.

"Why don't you do some work sometimes?" she said. "You're only an ornament; little Postnik there is the real commissar. He does everything."

"Ye-es," drawled Botkin, and Postnik, the secretary, quaked as a sleepy eye rested on him, for the commissar had his Neronic moments. "But don't encourage him to think so. It wouldn't be good for him. You can go, Postnik."

"Yes, excellency," truckled Postnik, and vanished thankfully.

The sergeant and commander in chief of the commissar's army of twelve strode across the parquet, big and soldierly.

"Four prisoners, comrade!" he announced. "Shall I bring them in?"

"Prisoners, eh? In that case we'd better have Postnik back," said the commissar. He pressed a bell button. "All right, sergeant; fetch 'em in."

They had been given a glass of tea apiece, but nothing to eat. They came, in all their distress and disrepair, escorted by two soldiers with fixed bayonets, up Rinaldescu's marble staircase with its wonderful bronze rail, past his world-famous Venus Anadyomene, through the splendor of the anteroom and so into the presence. The thief went first, a burly-bodied, half-human creature, with an inch-wide forehead and no chin. After him limped Hope; and last came the woman, with the old blind leper tottering beside her, hanging to her arm. The group of them dragged their way across the shining floor till they stood some ten paces from the desk.

"The prisoners," reported the sergeant.

The commissar, leaning back in his chair, cigarette in mouth, one knee raised to rest against the edge of the desk, surveyed them with a supercilious weariness. The girl in the window rose and came and leaned her hip against the corner of his desk to look at them.

"Really, sergeant," said the commissar, "you do collect the most extraordinary specimens! What on earth is that old creature there?"

He gestured with his head towards the old beggar. For years the old man had lived on the utter horror of his appearance; it had been his working capital. But capitalism is a crime under the Bolsheviks.

"Public nuisance," replied the sergeant promptly. "Squats in doorways to beg and refuses to move on. Professional beggar; blind; a leper; and ——"

"Eh?" The commissar jerked upright in his chair and the cigarette fell from his lip. "A—a leper! What the devil do you mean by bringing a leper in here, damn you? Take him out—d'you hear?—right outside, clear of the place! What shall you do with him? Kill him, you stupid fool—and don't leave the carcass lying about! Postnik will give you the warrant afterwards. Hurry now!"

One of the soldiers swung the old man round and headed him for the door. It is probable that he understood nothing of what was passing. He went out with his armed companion and executioner, and they heard his shuffling descent of the stairs, the cautious move from step to step lest in his blindness he should fall and break his neck.

"If ever you bring a leper in here again, sergeant," said the commissar, "I'll deal with you in a way that'll startle you. Remember that!"

"Very good, comrade," answered the sergeant.

The commissar lit a fresh cigarette.

"Well, who's the woman?"

The streetwalker stepped forward and spoke her name, gazing with eyes of alarm from the man to the girl and back again. She was a thickset, blowzy creature, with a fat face that one would have called honest. The charge against her was some complicated matter of registration.

"H'm!" The commissar nodded. "Got anything to say about it?" he asked of the woman.

She moistened her lips with her tongue ere she answered.

"I didn't understand about the papers," she answered in her hoarse voice. "The laws keep changing so; nobody understands. I haven't done anything to be killed for."

The commissar smiled and exchanged an amused glance with the girl beside the desk.

"You think you can't be spared?" he suggested.

"In the old days they used to fine us," went on the woman. "At the worst, it was a week in jail. It isn't as if I'd done any harm. What's the use of killing a poor girl for what she can't help? The soldiers have taken all my money; isn't that punishment enough?"

Again the commissar smiled. He was enjoying this, the rapier play of what he esteemed to be his wit against the clumsy bludgeon of the woman's desperate defense.

"It isn't a question of punishment," he drawled. "You don't understand the law and therefore can't obey it. So the question is whether we're not better off without you."

She needed a moment to understand this.

"I can obey it!" she cried. "Tell me what it is and I'll obey it, I swear!"

"We-ell!" He affected to deliberate. The victim, her face rigid in a grimace of suspense, hardly breathed. The commissar turned to the girl. "What do you think, Sashenka? Ought we ——"

The wretched woman awaiting judgment uttered a cry. She fell on her knees and stretched her arms to him in frenzied supplication.

"For God's sake, excellency, not her—not her! Don't ask her! You are the judge, excellency. You can be merciful! Don't listen to her, excellency! She'll only tell you to send me to be shot! Excellency—excellency ——"

Her voice clooked to a standstill; she remained kneeling, gulping painfully.

"Set a woman to catch a woman, Sashenka," remarked the commissar. "How you dear things know each other!"

The girl wrinkled her nose disgustedly.

"That isn't a woman," she said. "It's only another sort of leper."

"I prefer this sort to the other," said the commissar. "Still I'd better write her a prescription for her trouble." He picked up a pen and wrote; a rubber stamp completed the death warrant. "For all her troubles, in fact," he added. "Now, who's next?"

The thief showed no sport; he lasted just thirty seconds, and then the pen and the rubber stamp disposed of him.

"And this fellow?"

Hope stood forward. There was an oval mirror on the wall behind the commissar, and his own face looked back at him, white through its dirt, with blue shadows in the hollows and unfamiliar strained lines. He knew what he had to encounter. Here was no justice, no law, not even the sober pursuit of any particular policy; only the freakish and vanity-eaten personality of the commissar. He made a little bow.

"Godfrey Hope," he announced himself. "An Englishman."

"Ah!"

It was a soft exclamation of interest from the girl. She hoisted herself so that she half sat upon the corner of the desk, with one foot swinging and the other upon the floor. The little secretary, standing behind his master's shoulder, became alert behind his spectacles. The commissar crossed his knees elegantly and prepared to make use of his opportunities. The sergeant declaimed the charge.

"Well, Mr. Hope"—the commissar used the English word—"this is very unfortunate. I hope you will be able to explain satisfactorily. Perhaps you would like to sit down."

"You are very kind," said Hope. "I am rather tired."

It was one of the commissar's little tricks. He often invited a victim to hear

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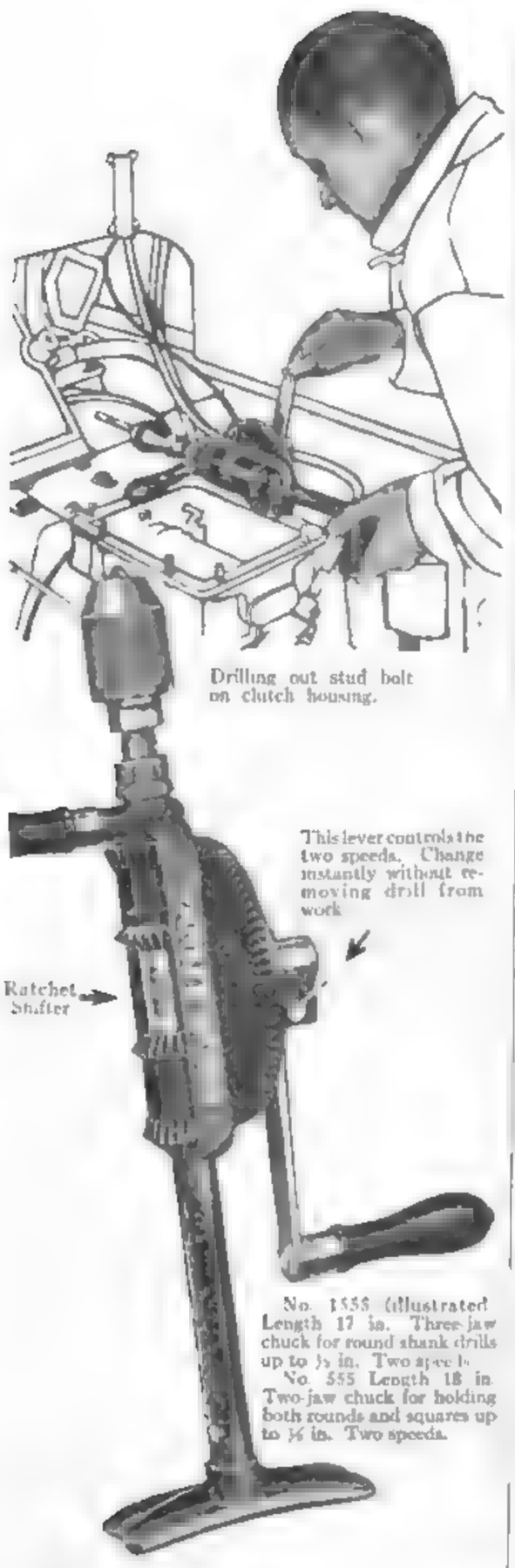

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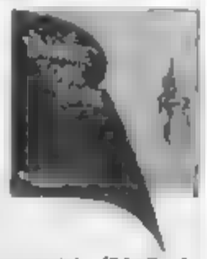

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his doom sitting down. But always they protested that they were only too willing to remain standing.

"Give the gentleman a chair, sergeant; and take those other two prisoners out."

Hope seated himself thankfully on one of Rinaldescu's tapestry-covered chairs. He found nothing either sinister or surprising in the commissar's civility; he was always civil himself.

The woman and the thief went out, and with them went the bayonet and the papers. It is possible that, owing to the commissar's manner of doing business, they did not know whither they were going.

"Now, Mr. Hope," said the commissar, "what are you, an Englishman, doing in Moscow?"

Hope shrugged and smiled faintly.

"Starving!" he answered.

He had intended nothing in the nature of a repartee, but the girl suddenly laughed.

"Really?" The commissar took his cigarette from his lips with a slow flourish, making a gesture of the movement. "But it would certainly seem that you know where to get supplies. There is enough in that sack for half a dozen people."

He waved to the sack. That *corpus delicti*, skimmed of its cream by the sergeant, had been brought into the room, and lay, obscene and incongruous, upon the polished parquet, with a cabbage in its mouth.

Hope shook his head.

"For three people," he replied. "Myself and two others—to last as long as possible. It would have saved their lives."

"Yes!" The commissar waved the cigarette again. "No doubt your intentions were excellent. But you must have been aware that this illicit traffic is strictly forbidden, and that by engaging in it you incurred a certain penalty?"

He watched his prisoner under lowered lids. The fellow was altogether too much at his ease. He liked to see them writhe and gasp.

"Oh, yes," answered Hope. "Oh, yes; I knew that of course."

The girl smiled, and, still smiling, turned and looked at the commissar.

"Ah, you did! Then I must ask you to tell me from whom you bought these provisions."

"From whom I bought them!"

Hope's eyebrows rose in an expression of amused surprise. The commissar marked it. Gentlemen in the showroom had looked at him like that sometimes, as though he and his vices and his virtues, his life or death, his pain or pleasure, were dim, far-off, trivial things. He reddened and the avid beast within him raised its terrible head.

"Yes," he said shortly. "You heard me correctly. Who sold you this food?"

Hope's faint smile showed again.

"Sorry," he said. "I can't say anything about that."

"You mean you refuse to answer willingly? Because, Mr. Hope"—he paused and released a mouthful of smoke—"because you will be obliged to answer, willingly or not."

Hope was silent, but the look that infuriated the commissar still lingered on his face. The official's soul clamored for ugly words that should set a gape of terror in its place.

"Come, Mr. Hope; your feelings and the names you call them by—honor, loyalty, and so forth—we can take for granted. But they are not things that can be allowed to stand in the way of our administration. You must see that. And since sooner or later you will answer—oh, I assure you that you will answer; stronger men than you have refused to answer, and yet ——" He paused and shrugged. "They babble like delirious women in the end," he said slowly.

Hope pursed his lips thoughtfully. The commissar and the girl were both watching him, the latter leaning forward, propped on a closed hand, with a look as of gay excitement. But though he seemed to ponder, he was actually not thinking at all. There was nothing to think about. He only knew one way of behaving, a very simple and obvious way.

It is ignorance such as his that sends men to the stake.

"You mean"—he began, and hesitated as at an indecent word—"you mean torture." The commissar continued to gaze at him, all his sallow face charged with deadly meaning. But he answered nothing. "Yes," said Hope, "I heard torture was being used. But I didn't believe it."

Still they were silent. They knew, they knew how to let a man's own thoughts do their work for them. The word had been skirted, shied at, dodged, till the victim had been forced to speak it—"torture"; and now would come the visions it would evoke, the frail flesh and the remorseless irons, the searching, crushing and needless pain.

He lifted his face and returned their stare.

"No!" he said. "Sorry, but I can't tell you anything."

"Then," began the commissar slowly, while his full red lips widened to a smile, "in that case ——"

"*Chort!*" The girl's short oath interrupted him. She had swung round to look at him. "Don't be a damned fool, Botkin! You've played and lost! And you know already where he got the grub! You're only play-acting!"

The commissar's careful outwardness dissolved in mere human anger.

"Look here, Sashenka ——"

"Bosh!" she snapped. "Don't try that on with me! You aren't big enough!"

The movement of her shoulder as she turned it on him was like the slamming of a door in his face.

"So you won't tell where you got it, Englishman? Well, shall I tell you?"

She wore a fur cap that hid her hair. Under the brim of it her small face, cream pale, was impish and piquant, a girl Puck, aflutter in the dark forest of the midwinter night's fever dream. Hope had seen her so far only as a part of the great splendid room, a living bibelot among the other treasures of the place.

He turned to her with just the right little start of prompt attention and half smile of pleased interest. He did these things as he breathed, automatically. Actually, he was surveying her with what acuteness he could muster. There was something in her—he labored to identify it and failed—that seemed familiar.

"Shall I tell you," she repeated, "where you bought all that muck?"

"If you like," answered Hope. "But you mustn't ask me afterwards if you're right."

She smiled at that. The commissar was at work with his pen and his rubber stamp. The little secretary, timidly insistent, was bending beside him, whispering and pointing with a black-nailed finger to something in a typewritten paper that he had. Neither Hope nor the girl looked at them.

"Listen!" said the girl. "A little thatched house, all by itself! A big muzhik with a beard, a nice fat wife, a little boy and a queer daughter! What do you say to that?"

"Nothing," answered Hope, "except that it sounds very nice."

She laughed.

"That is the place you would not betray. But we know all about that place. It has nothing to fear; a very strong arm protects it. Look!" she cried, clenched her fist and went through the motions of flexing her biceps and feeling the muscle. "If one straw of its thatch were harmed I'd set fire to Moscow!"

He recognized it then, the thing in her that he had sought to identify. It was her eyes of clear pale blue and the dancing, precarious light of them, like windows of a drafty room in which a fire leaps and sinks. Not fifteen hours ago he had seen such eyes in the face of the idiot girl. After all, it was not such a crashing coincidence, since she worked for the soviet in Moscow. She was the *uchitelnitsa*, the clever daughter; she made safe the traffic of the house that stood alone—a pretty little bird of prey, a pet carrion canary in the ghoulish aviary of the commissars, a figure of note in the dances and the cellar parties. Lucky, indeed, was the father of such a daughter, now that women were going so cheaply!

"Well?" she demanded.

He smiled and shook his head.

"No use asking me," he replied.

There was argument between the commissar and the secretary.

"I only call your attention to it, excellency," the latter was saying, sweating visibly. "It is a positive order and we acknowledged receipt of it. I should be blamed, excellency."

The commissar looked at him with a feral sidelong droop of the mouth.

"Yes," he answered; "you will!"

"B-but, excellency, it is not my fault." The secretary cast despairing eyes around him. "The young lady is witness that I begged your excellency ——"

"Shut up!" interrupted Botkin savagely.

But the girl had heard. She turned sharply.

"I'm a witness all right," she said briskly. "What's he trying to do to you, Postnik? What's the game, Botkin?"

The commissar snarled, "You mind your own business if you've got any!"

She gave him a look that calmed him as a splash of cold water calms a hysteric.

"Right!" she said. "I will! You're a rotten brute, Botkin, and you've lasted too long in this job. That's the business I'm going to mind today."

She slipped down from the desk and, still looking at him, began to draw on her gauntlets.

"Don't be silly!"

The commissar moved awkwardly in his chair. He knew the kind of thing she would do to him; he had seen it done to others. She had only to find or create the right moment and the right mood, to speak, pungently and adroitly, the needful poisoned words—smile them, perhaps, across the rim of a champagne glass—to this bloated potentate or that, and the thing was done. The head of a commissar on a charger was cheap enough.

"Sit down again," he urged. "It's nothing, really; simply something I ought to have known before that this fool springs on me at the last moment like this. Sit down, Sashenka."

She curled a scornful lip.

"That's right; blame Postnik!"

"Damn Postnik!" cried the commissar.

It was an order from Lenine himself, signed with his own august hand, that all cases involving foreigners of certain specified nationalities were to be referred to the Commissar for Foreign Affairs. Litvinoff, the Bolshevist emissary, was not finding himself very comfortable in London; people whose friends or relatives had been murdered by his employers were narrow enough to be stand-offish; and even in government offices, where broader views might have been expected, there was no real cordiality. France, too, was stubbornly obtuse to the red evangel; and an execution volley in Moscow echoed and reechoed from seaboard to seaboard of the United States. The order therefore was peremptory.

"Now, Mr. Hope, listen to me!" Hope sat up and obeyed. "I cannot tell you whether you are fortunate or otherwise in that your case is to be decided elsewhere. As a foreigner, you are remitted to the Commissar for Foreign Affairs. I can't, however, advise you to found hopes on that. Your crime is a serious one and is becoming much too common. You will therefore go to prison until your fate is decided."

Hope rose from his chair and bowed gravely.

"Meantime I have a request to make," he said.

The commissar frowned irritably. The prisoner's manner was impressing him, and he resented it.

"You are not in a position to make requests," he said shortly.

"But this is not an official matter," persisted Hope. "It's a personal thing, as between gentlemen. You can't possibly refuse it."

The girl made some queer little noise between a word and a laugh. The commissar compressed his lips.

"Make your request, then," he said.

Hope bowed again, gravely as before.

"The people with whom I have been living were expecting me back before daylight. They will be in great fear and distress. They are very old and feeble, and I should be deeply grateful if you would cause them to be told what has happened to me."

"H'm!" The commissar slowly lit another cigarette and sat for some moments in thought. "Who are these people?" he asked at length.

"The Prince and Princess Orlovsky," replied Hope, and gave the address.

The commissar nodded and noted it on a pad.

"You lived with them?" Hope nodded. "In what capacity? *Sluga*, perhaps? A flunky?"

Hope smiled pleasantly.

"Something of the kind," he agreed. "I was a tutor in the family."

"A tutor!" repeated the commissar.

A very royal contempt was in his tone. He had suspected the fellow of being a man of position, an aristocrat, one of those who lounge into showrooms to look at cars. As to tutors, he knew all about them; his

(Continued on Page 77)

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The Clothes that made Young America free

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR JACK TAR TOGS BY **IRVIN S. COBB** ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE average person couples recollection of any outstanding event in his early life with the remembrance of the costume worn by him on that date. I, for one, am that way. When I think back on my own remote youth, I think not so much of this or that stirring experience but rather of what I had on at the time

Or what I didn't have on!

When I was a boy, boys were much put-upon creatures. Every occasion calling for dressing-up on our part meant for us tribulation of the spirit and mortification of the flesh

It was not merely that our ceremonial garbings were acutely uncomfortable. They were all of that; but through long suffering we got used to it Nor was it that they were so homely, so unsuitable to our age and station, and so unhygienic; these details might be lived down—and were. But what girded us right down to the quick was that they were so plum' dog-gone ridiculous!

Most week days we went about carelessly clad and happy as the summer day was long. Only with night time came a touch of sorrow; we had to wash our feet before we went to bed!

The luckiest boy in our town—and the most generally envied by the juvenile populace—lived a life of glorious gypsy freedom on a shanty boat, and in warm weather only wore a chaste and simple two-piece outfit—a shirt open all the way down the front, and a pair of ragged breeches, union between the two being effected by means of one button before and one button behind. Unbutton one of his buttons and he was ready to be spanked. Unbutton both of them and he was ready to go in swimming

Neckties we knew not from Monday through Saturday, and when we had a haircut it was an event in the family, and small household utensils which had been missing for weeks were found. A boy with more than one stone bruise on either foot was regarded as being overdressed.

But on Sundays we became, indeed, young Christian martyrs

And the same was true of feast days and high-days. Gee, but we caught it then!

There were stockings long and stuffy to be drawn on over rebellious sun-tanned legs

There were heavy shoes made of some hard and unyielding composition—it couldn't have been leather, although it somewhat resembled it—to cramp our tortured toes

There were knee breeches which seemingly had been cut out with a knife and fork according to some strange barbarian's fancy and—

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Jack Tar Togs

MAKE A REGULAR FELLOW OF YOUR BOY

(Continued from Page 74)

father, one recalls, was a village schoolmaster.

But the girl repeated the word too.

"*Uchitel!*" she cried. "A teacher—you too!" She clapped her hands, and her laughter rang in the great room. "Oh, I must certainly ask the people who sold you the food about you! This is wonderful!"

The commissar waited grimly for her to finish.

"Well," he said to Hope, "the people you speak of shall be informed of your arrest. You have nothing else to say? Good! Sergeant, remove the prisoner."

"Good morning," said Hope politely as the sergeant took him by the arm.

The commissar grunted involuntarily. He had not the temper to play his own game to the end. But the girl laughed once more.

"*Do svidania!*" she called. "Till we meet again!"

Hope smiled mechanically; and while he smiled he wondered when that next meeting would take place, at what hour and in what cellar!

IV

THERE were prisons enough in Moscow in the days of the Czar; and, as prisons go, they were not very terrible. The prisoners gambled a good deal; they bought liquor and tobacco from the warders; and a few, like Dostoyevsky and Gorky, made a profit out of the record of their experiences. But in the year 1918 there was a shortage not only of food and fuel, of boots and medicines, but of jails. They had to be extemporized all over the city like hospitals in wartime, wherever there were stout walls and strong locks. Churches, private houses, wine cellars and stables were pressed into service; people passing along any shabby, unclean street might hear suddenly the outbreak of singing, men's and women's voices in chorus, that would tell them that a jail was close by. For only the prisoners, in those days, were free enough to sing.

The prison to which Godfrey Hope was marched, a single armed man trudging at his heels to guard him, had been a German boarding house. A tortuously carved hat-rack and an oleograph of a girl with flaxen pigtails still remained in the entrance, where a fat old man, in a mixture of workman's clothes and soldier's uniform, struggled grunting from a broken rocking-chair to receive him into custody.

"*Anglichanin?*" he repeated, when the escort had gone through the forms of handing over his prisoner. "Is he rich?"

"Him!" The soldier sneered. "Look at him! I've been through every pocket he's got and there wasn't a kopeck. I'll bet he's starving at this moment!"

He grunted and went away. The old man hobbled close to Hope and felt him up and down in the pretense of a search. He might have been anything between sixty and eighty, a shameful old bladder of a creature, useless and horrible as a snake, who yet found the means to be fat. Some tangled string in the confusion of the times had been pulled and here he was in office. Perhaps he, too, had a pretty and clever child. His patting, seeking hands found nothing, of course.

"Bad bad!" he groaned. "It is bad to be without money in these days. Me, I have only my rations to keep me alive; a little bread, a little soup, a little tea; and I am an old, old man. Those soldiers, they are thieves. They robbed you, eh?"

"They took all I had," answered Hope.

"Ah, the brigands! And you heard what that liar said? But you have friends who will get permission to visit you yes? A gentleman can be very comfortable here if his friends are good to him."

"Perhaps," said Hope vaguely.

"Of course," said the jailer. "And when you want something why, here I am! Now I will call a man to take you to your quarters."

There was a suite of rooms on the second floor, cut off from the rest of the house by a single door with numbers painted upon it. A short corridor was within, with windows opening on the street on one side and two small rooms on the other; at the farther end was a single large room. Some débris of furniture remained in it, cheap wooden stuff that retained in its decay and wreckage the unmistakable boarding-house character.

"Go in," said the jailer, who had brought him up the stairs, standing at the opened door.

The place was full of voices, but not noisy. Folk were talking in all three of the rooms in ordinary voices, though there was no one in the corridor. Hope was aware that he expected something different, a cowed silence broken by groans, perhaps, or an uproar of desperation. He hesitated with a sense of trespass.

"Go in, will you!" ordered the jailer. "You can squat down where you like. No reserved places here!"

He gave Hope a shove and thrust him into the short passage. The door slammed at his back, and its bolts and bars jangled into place. Those in the rooms heard it, for talk halted. Folk appeared in the doorways to look at him. From the large room at the end a tall man came towards him.

"A new prisoner?" he asked pleasantly.

He had a thin, shaven face, with the remains of deep weather stain upon the high cheeks, and thick gray hair. He was dressed in the worn uniform of an infantry officer, with the badges removed.

"Yes," said Hope. "I was arrested this morning."

The other nodded.

"An Englishman, aren't you? I noticed your accent. Better come into this farthest room. They called rather a long list of us yesterday and we've got more room than the others. Come along!"

Hope followed him. The large room extended through the front wing of the house and had windows both upon the street and the courtyard. There were perhaps twenty people in it, men and women both, lying on their bundles by the walls or seated in groups.

"By the way, my name is Volkov," said the man who had greeted him. Hope spoke his own name, pronouncing it, according to the local convention, Gope. For there is no "h" sound in Russian and "g" does duty for it; the late Kaiser was called Wilgelm Gogenzollern.

"Well," said the officer, "I'll postpone the introductions. You look awfully tired. When did you have a meal last?"

Hope shook his head.

"Meals haven't come my way lately," he said. "I know I had nothing yesterday. The day before I had some bread. But I'm all right, really. I suppose they sometimes feed one here, don't they?"

Volkov took his arm.

"Come and sit down," he said. "We needn't wait for the ration. God be thanked, our jailer is bribable. As Trubin said, it's only the bad Bolsheviks who make life possible in Russia."

He found Hope a seat on the floor against the wall and gave him a folded uniform greatcoat to sit on. A girl sitting a few feet away turned to the newcomer. Volkov spoke to her.

"Here's an Englishman for you, Elena! Look after him, will you, while I get him some food?"

"An Englishman?" repeated the girl, and hitched nearer.

"Yes," said Volkov. "One of those whom Trubin called the envy of the world and the despair of heaven. Just talk to him while I knock for *kipyatok* to make tea."

He moved away. Hope found the girl beside him looking at him with an effect of piercing intentness. She had a thin, dead-white face, broad across the brows and running sharply to a point at her chin, and dense black hair cropped at the level of her ears. He knew her for what she was as surely as if she had been labeled: a part—that leaven of sore hearts and fretful moments, of strained capacity and fevered ideals that had always forced a ferment in the heavy dough of Russia; young folk who would remedy with bombs or with bombast those evils that other nations have cured in themselves by the healing operation of centuries.

"Too tired to talk?" she asked.

"Oh, not at all," said Hope. "Only too pleased, of course."

She considered him.

"Needn't trouble to be polite," she said curtly. "Waste of time here, when a list may be called at any moment. Who are you?"

He told her that he was an English tutor employed by the Orlovskys. She shook her head.

"In Russia a tutor may be little more than a servant," she remarked. "In England, perhaps, it's different. Are you a person about whose death the government will make a fuss?"

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "I have an uncle who is an important sort of person; my mother would try to work him up to something. But, you see, about a million better men than I have been killed

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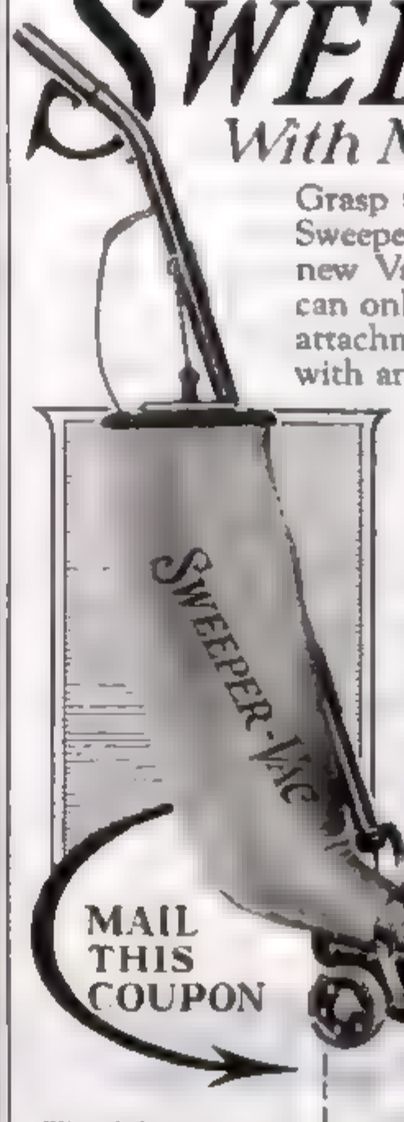

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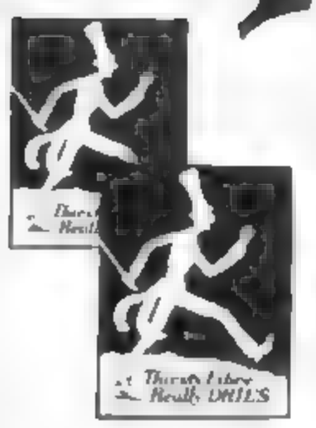

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in the war. What's one unfit Englishman among so many?"

She frowned.

"Yes; but Trubin said that wars were fought by the fit for the unfit, and ultimatums were invariably drafted by elderly gentlemen subject to boils. He said it was safer to insult a foreign flag than a foreign woman, and that all wars were just a slopping over of accumulated sentimentality."

Hope smiled.

"He was a philosopher," he said. "I never heard of him before, though."

"Of whom? Trubin?" asked the girl. "He wasn't the kind of philosopher who writes books. He was just one of us here. You're sitting in his place. They called his name yesterday."

"Er—called his name? You mean ——"

The girl went on: "They come in every day with a list and read it out. Those whose names are called stand up and are taken away. We thought they'd arrived when the door was opened for you. Yesterday they called eight, and Trubin was first. He was a priest, you know, and he talked a lot."

"Somebody might get into trouble for killing a priest," suggested Hope.

"Perhaps," said the girl wearily. "I hope so. We're all ready for anything; most of us have had a bad time and nobody's afraid. But—they might have left us Trubin. I'll forgive them for killing me when the time comes; but Trubin ——"

She paused and seemed to seek for a word, and gave it up. She fell silent, and Hope had nothing to say. He felt, but had not words in which to tell himself, that here was proof of the futility of all the jailing and the killing. It was wasted sin. The man who yesterday had been summoned to the slaughter yet lived; the room whence he had been taken was yet full of his presence; his words endured. What shall it profit the assassin if in dealing death he but confess an immortality, raising up witnesses against himself of heroic tradition and enduring faith, which no prison can confine and no violence can silence?

Volkov returned presently. He brought with him steaming tea, a thick slice of bread and two withered apples, and laid them beside Hope.

"It's all I could manage to get for the moment," he said. "I had to hurry, because it's about time for the list to be called. Still, it's better than nothing."

Hope flushed.

"It's—it's more than I can thank you for," he said hesitatingly. "I oughtn't to let you ——"

Volkov interrupted him.

"You're not depriving anybody of anything," he assured him. "We have everything in common here. It's better stuff than the soviet serves out, because we buy it from the thieves who looted it. Whenever Trubin bought food he used to say he had ransomed it. So just you tuck in!"

It was what Hope had needed. The tea was hot, the bread was eatable and the apples were pleasant. He had been reaching that stage of fasting when the appetite grows numb. The food and the hot liquid stimulated him like wine. He was drinking the last of the tea when Volkov on one side of him and the girl on the other suddenly lifted their heads. The other people in the room looked up at the same moment. The door was being opened with a jangle of fastenings.

"It's the list," Volkov told Hope. "It's good form here to take no notice unless your own name is called. Just look on calmly."

The feet of the messenger of death and his companions rang loud on the boards of the passage. The people in the room resumed their talk and their other occupations. All over the old and splendid city the same dire ceremony was being performed. If it be true that misery loves company many a most miserable man and woman might take the comfort of knowing that he or she was not alone, but one of a great host.

The officer in charge of the armed party strode into the room, burly, with fresh pink cheeks, point-device, with sword and uniform and the red armlet of the soviet. His troops were in the passage; a couple of them—one a khaki-clad Chinaman—stood in the door to watch the naming of the doomed.

"Pay attention!" barked the officer, just as if it were possible for those quiet people, for all their careful calm, to ignore him. "Those whose names are called will stand up and pass out to the passage."

He paused, produced a paper from the breast of his coat and scanned it.

"Kazakov," he read.

A bearded young man in the uniform of a university student rose at the end of the room and walked the length of it to the door. His face had gone corpse white, but his gait was steady enough. As he passed he nodded to the girl by Hope's side and his face constricted in an attempt at a smile. Poor hero, he had prepared himself for that, primed his mind through long agonies of foreboding. He came to the door and the soldiers let him through.

"Sorokin!"

A middle-aged man who had been stout—his clothes were baggy about him—looked up over his spectacles and rose deliberately. There was no bravado here, no compulsion of resistant limbs. Placidly, soberly, he got to his feet and went to the door, looking neither to the right nor to the left. He went to his death as he might have gone to his barber.

Two more names were called. One was that of a woman. She was tall, long in the face, sharp at the corners, not unlike the conventionalized boarding-house landlady of the comic papers. The burly officer with the list might have been the angel Ithuriel with his spear, he who unmasks and reveals the true form of whatsoever he touches. At the sound of her name she looked up, and a tide of strong living color suffused its sallowness—and suddenly she was beautiful. Her tall figure seemed to float to uprightness and she showed a face that was radiant, charged and overflowing with that more than human inner power that upholds martyrs and makes them mighty and terrible. Like a queen to the pomp of her bridal, she passed down the room; with her head high and her eyes shining, she turned and went out at the door

Hope had followed her with fascinated eyes. Pain he knew and had endured; courage, tenacity, patience he had experienced. But that rapt ecstasy of sacrifice was new to him; it thrilled him and somewhat daunted him. He turned to his neighbors with a whispered comment, when the last name was read out.

"Volkov!"

The whisper died on his lips. The gray-haired man gave him a small grimace of a smile, deprecatory and humorous, and began to rise to his feet. Hope's jaw dropped; his mind staggered. He heard the other speak as from a distance.

"Elena will show you the ropes," said Volkov.

He nodded to the girl, who nodded carelessly back to him. It was the convention of the place; there is many a great principle crystallized in a convention. Then he swung away, going with the easy, loose strides of a soldier off duty. For this was not a parade; it was a rendezvous.

The burly officer put away his list, patted his belt to its precise position and turned to go. Exits were not his strong point. He called men out to die robustly enough; but he lumbered through the door with the back view of one who retires, worsted, from an encounter.

"Here!" said the girl Elena sharply to Hope. "Take a cigarette; it'll quiet you! I know how you feel."

Dumbly he took it. All round the room people were lighting cigarettes.

"Trubin said that a cigarette was to a cigar what good intentions are to good works," she remarked presently. Then, as her manner was, she dashed off on a new traverse. "I should like to stand by the deathbed of a commissar," she said; "one who died sober and was conscious to the last. I want to know what death means to a man like that. I want to be sure of what they really are."

"Aren't you sure?" asked Hope. "Isn't it clear what they are?"

"No," she frowned; "it isn't clear. Blood lust, you'd say; but when generals in the war were fattening the fields of Europe with dead bodies, one didn't speak of blood lust. Volkov was a general. No; mere killing isn't the test. But is there, behind all the bloodshed and the horror, some real compelling inspiration? Oh, a wrong one if you like—wrong, futile, crazy—what does that matter? Men can be sincere in their errors; one doesn't need to be right to be heroic."

"I'm afraid I can't help you," said Hope. "A man, for me, is wrong when he does wrong, just as a man is dirty when there is dirt on him. It's not a very subtle argument, I know; but the distinction between

(Continued on Page 80)

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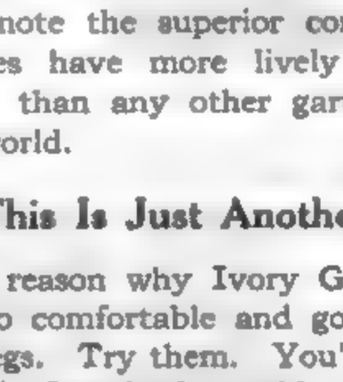

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Every Inch a Garter

(Continued from Page 78)

right and wrong has never seemed to me to be a subtle one."

"But it can be a subtle one," retorted the girl. "That is why judging and condemning others is so frightfully dangerous. Trubin said that if you think any man is fit to judge another you have only to look at our judges."

"Well," said Hope, in a momentary access of unusual acuteness, "isn't it as dangerous to acquit as to condemn?"

She liked that and turned to him quickly.

"It depends upon whether ——"

She broke off abruptly. The fastenings of the outer door were clanking again. Everybody was looking up. They heard the door open and the noise of footsteps on the bare boards.

Once before a list had been called twice in the same day. But those who came along the passage had not the hasty and heavy tread of soldiers.

Two figures appeared in the doorway of the room—a tall, frail old man with a forked white beard and a high thin nose; and upon his arm the silvery ghost of an old lady. They came forward slowly and uncertainly.

"Two prisoners," murmured the girl.

But Hope sprang up with a cry and hastened to meet them. It was the Prince and Princess Orlovsky. Thus the Commissar Botkin had carried out his promise to inform them. He bent to kiss the princess' hand.

"Ah, my dear boy," the old prince was saying, "this is a great comfort, a great comfort. I do not know what we should do without our dear boy!"

▼

GODFREY HOPE never learned in full detail the manner of the arrest of the Orlovskys, with its little touches of Commissar Botkin's distinctive style. The moment of their arrival was not one for questions and explanations. The princess, who had walked in upon her husband's arm in a heroic masquerade of nonchalance, her face corpse white and famine thin, but gentle and benign yet, came to the end of her powers at the moment that Hope bent to kiss her hand. She swayed towards him as though in the motion of a slow bow, and but for the feeble support of the prince's arm and Hope's swift clasp at her she would have sunk down. She breathed a sigh, in which words were borne faintly:

"Unaccustomed—forgive a very old woman—our dear boy ——"

The girl Elena appeared swiftly beside Hope.

"Let me!" she said, and her arm relieved that of the frail old prince with her young nervous strength. "My place—help her over to it!"

Together they supported the old lady across the floor and eased her down till she lay upon a spread of coats and blankets, her head, beautiful yet with its coif of silver hair, pillowed upon a bundle. There was no lack of willing helpers. The women in the room were quickly about her and Hope was pressed aside to make way for their ministry. She continued to murmur in a ghost of a voice and with a flutter of little smiles her broken phrases of gratitude and apology.

Elena, upon her knees beside her, leaned up and spoke to Hope.

"Leave her to us," she bade. "Go and look after the old gentleman. I'll send for something to eat at once."

The prince at Hope's invitation sat himself down in the angle of the floor and the wall and accepted a cigarette. In spite of his height and the forked flow of his white beard, his unconscious dignity of carriage and his age, there was a simplicity in him, a sincerity of manner and bearing, that made it possible for him thus to squat like a church-door beggar and yet be fine and reverend. He seemed bent on excusing his wife's weakness.

"At her age," he said; "and so suddenly too—I am sure you understand, my dear boy! Everything so sudden; even the great pleasure of seeing you again. I assure you, I feel the effects of the shock myself! But in every other respect she has been wonderful—wonderful! I have been full of admiration. Her concern was all for you till those men arrived. Really that young commissar is a very deplorable creature!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Hope. "He promised to let you know what had become of me; I hoped there had been some mistake in carrying out his orders. But you saw him yourself?"

"He came in person with his—er—janizaries," said the prince. "I could not understand him at all. He was like—like something mechanical, a figure that you wind up and set going and laugh at because it moves like a man and yet obviously is not one. A marionette, shall we say?—a marionette dressed for the part of a gentleman, whose strings are pulled by a lackey? Yes, that conveys it."

"Ye-es"—Hope smiled—"that conveys it admirably, excellency."

He had glimpses—he earmarked them for future conversations with such as Elena—of a Trotzky trying to make Napoleon behave with probability; a Lenine fumbling with the strings of Mirabeau; a Litvinoff in a hopeless tangle with Talleyrand.

"Was he—were they rough?" he asked.

"Oh, no," answered the prince. "He was weirdly polite. He took his cigarette from his mouth and waved it gently to and fro—there is a character in the Revizor who does it exactly like that—while he informed us with his eyes half closed, like that nasty fellow in La Dame aux Camélias, that we need no longer fear a death by starvation. We did not answer, of course, and he asked us if we understood. It was then that the princess spoke. 'Perfectly,' she replied. 'Nor death from old age, either, I presume.'"

Hope nodded.

"Strange how that reply seemed to disconcert him," went on the prince. "The marionette visibly stuck for a moment. He snarled an order to his janizaries and we were taken out. I cannot say that our progress through the streets was agreeable. We were forced to walk rather faster than was easy for us; but we expected a much worse destination than this. Least of all did we expect to find you. We had feared—ah, we had feared ——"

He shook his head, implying something of the night-long torture of apprehension through which the pair of them had lived, huddled for warmth and companionship in a single armchair, waiting in doubt and dread through the hours, picturing to themselves tragedy, horror, the small change of the life of the time in Russia.

"I will tell you my adventures later, excellency," said Hope. "I see some food coming now. I have only been here a few hours and I don't understand this place yet. But it seems that there are means of getting a few comforts."

The prince smiled.

"A few comforts," he repeated. "Just when we had learned to do without them! It makes me feel rich again."

The food came, a tin bowl of soup and a manchet of bread. A young man, brown-haired, brown-bearded and brown-eyed—an effect of hairy softness, like a Russian village priest or a retriever dog—brought it. He smiled shyly as he set it down before the prince.

"I can only say for it that it is hot," he said.

"I could say more than that," answered the prince; "but all my thanks would take a long time."

The young man waved the thanks from him.

"I have done nothing but carry it," he protested. "It is not my gift; I wish it were."

"Whose, then?" asked the prince.

The other smiled again and shrugged vaguely.

"Ah!" said the prince, as though all were now quite clear to him, and began to eat.

He knew his Russia; knew it as a wise husband knows the dark mind of a whimsical wife, the insincerity of its visible processes, the secrecy and tortuosity of its realities.

Somewhere, ambushed in the mad disorder of the revolution, a tenacious good will towards such prisoners as he had dug itself in. Money trickled from hand to thievish hand, diminishing as it went; lies were told, treachery subsidized, theft condoned that an old man, halting at the last but one station of his cross, might have a bowl of cabbage soup. It was only one of the thousand ways in which the great ideal of the world revolution, whence should arise the apotheosis of labor, was being bought and sold daily. The trumpeters who menaced the walls of the capitalist Jericho scrambled for the pennies thrown to them from the battlements.

The early evening filled the windows and the night came upon its heels. Around the large room groups of prisoners lit candles. The little flames of them, scattered about the place, had the look of a nursery illumination, a suggestion of a Christmas festivity. An evening meal of bread and tea was issued, and over it the voices weaved back and forth pleasantly. There was even a little laughter. Why not? In the Jewish legend even the flames of hell subside on the Sabbath: so surely Death may sheathe his sting and the grave forgo its victory at mealtimes.

Hope crossed the room to where the princess lay. She was asleep. One hand was under her cheek; and upon her worn face, surrendered to rest, there dwelt as it were a fugitive recollection of girlishness and prettiness. He stooped, looking at it, and was aware of the girl Elena seated close by and making signs to him. He nodded and went to sit beside her.

"She'll be all right now," said the girl.

"Yes," said Hope. "Better off than she's been for a long time. I didn't contrive things very well for them, I'm afraid, and there was nobody else to look after them."

Her face jerked round to look full at him.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't talk like that! She's been telling us about you. 'Our dear boy,' she calls you. She says that she and the prince implored you, ordered you—all but knelt to you to abandon them when you could have saved yourself. You wouldn't! Why wouldn't you?"

Hope moved uneasily.

"Oh," he said awkwardly, "couldn't do that, you know!"

"No!" Her face came nearer to his, heavy brows contracted, the big eyes afire. "Of course you couldn't! It wouldn't have been you that you saved—not you, the loyal, the brave, the strong—but some deserter, some coward, some traitor wearing your name."

"I say!" protested Hope, startled. "I can't let you think that I ——"

Her short hair slashed to and fro over the nape of her neck to the vehement shake of her head.

"Oh, I know!" she interrupted. "But can't you see? You are—well, a nobody; just a very ordinary young man of your class. This thing that you have done comes naturally to you; you couldn't have done otherwise. That is so? Well, tell me, how can these Bolsheviks conquer—ever? Torture, starvation, death—they have no other weapons; and against them is all the honor, the sacrifice, the—the love of the world! Savages with tomahawks against guns and aëroplanes! Don't you—don't you pity them?"

Hope stared at her. He was not a hero, and he knew it; but he was a gentleman, and he knew that too. Curious that the distinction was not so plain to her as it was to him.

"Pity them—pity these blood drinkers?" he exclaimed. "No, I don't!"

"I do," she said. "From my heart I pity them, for 'they know not what they do!' All that we hoped for our great people and for the world—and they have put back the clock of democracy by a hundred years!"

The candles on the floor spilled their light abroad over the bare boards; the sparks of cigarettes showed as though floating above that pool of mild radiance, and faces were dim and grotesquely pitted with shadows. The night was dense without by now, and the room had ceased to suggest to Hope an effect of a lighted nursery; rather it reminded him of one of those sweat-and-rags-scented chapels of the city where all night long the worshipers and the tramps and the thieves throng amid the lighted icons. The girl had fallen silent beside him, savoring who knows what tormenting ferment of wild altruism and remorseless intellect. The prince came across, knelt and very gently kissed the brow of his sleeping wife, gave a bow to Hope's companion and went back to his place. People were settling down for sleep here and there; the voices of the others fell low and infrequent; the room darkened as one candle after another was put out. Before Hope's eyes, brooding upon the gloom, ghosts began to walk. The woman of that morning, who, when her name was called, had stood up transfigured and beautified, passed before him again, moving with that high carriage with which she had advanced upon her doom; he saw her raised face, tranquil and abrim with peace. Others came with her—General Volkov, still smiling; and yet others, men and women, whom he did not know. One, tall but plump in the face,

(Continued on Page 53)

Office of the President of Barnes-Ames Company, New York

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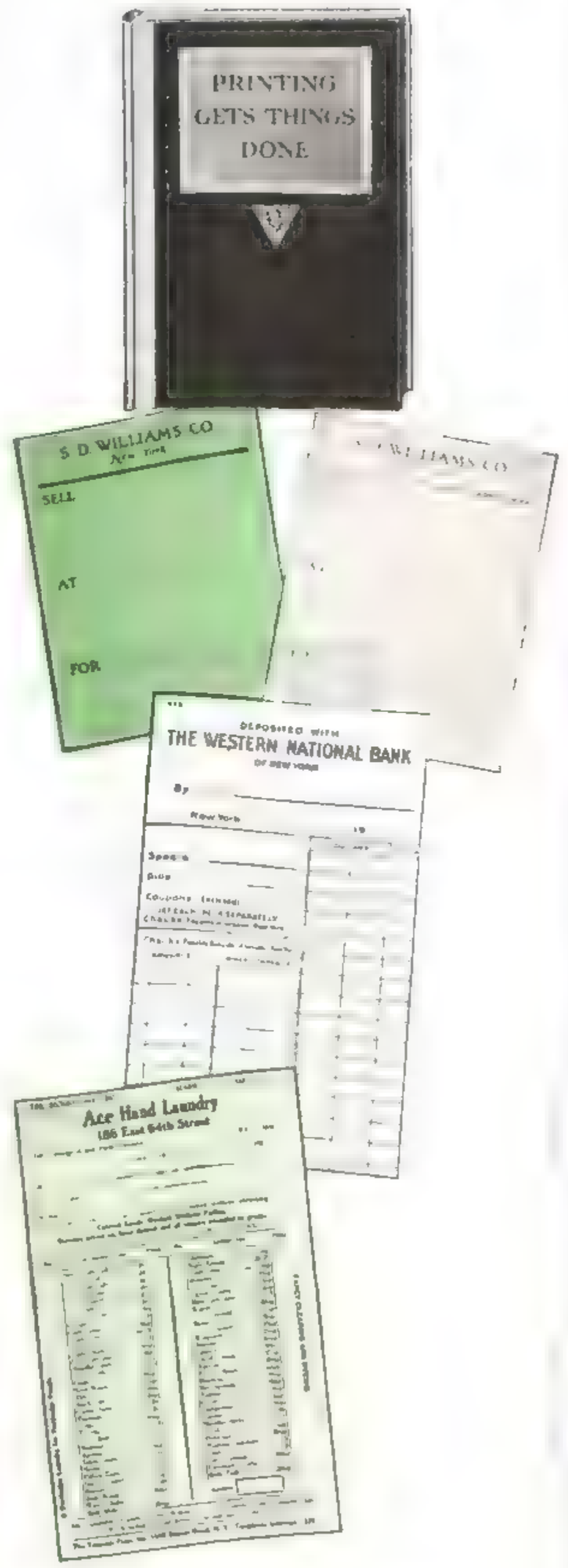

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(Continued from Page 80)

with merry wrinkles and quick roguish eyes, was assuredly the oft-quoted Trubin. They moved before him, a company of that great host which he was to join, pioneers who had explored the way for him and found it easy.

"'Gentlemen unafraid!'" he quoted to himself, and was unaware that he had spoken audibly. But the girl had heard. He felt her shoulder press against his as she leaned to him.

"You see them too?" she whispered, in a single gasp. "You see them too?"

"Eh?" He was startled. He had seen, he knew, creations of his fancy; in other words, he had seen nothing. "See what?"

Her thin shoulder pressed closer.

"Them!" she answered, still whispering. "They were going through the room, scores of them; Volkov was among them. You saw them? Oh, tell me if you saw them!"

The need to answer broke up his mood of vision. He felt the embarrassment of a boy caught writing verses. Men of his kind talk neither of their dreams nor their prayers. He would have liked to withdraw the shoulder against which she leaned.

"Tell me!" she persisted.

"There was nothing to see," he said protestingly. "I was just thinking."

She murmured something inarticulate and continued to rest against him. She was silent for a space of seconds then:

"I saw them too!" she breathed.

"I tell you," said Hope, "there was nothing to see. You're letting your imagination run away with you. And excuse me—my shoulder ——"

He moved to disengage himself. But an arm flung round behind him, caught and held him.

"Wait!" The low voice compelled him. "I want to tell you something—since you have seen them too!" He stirred at this, but the clinging arm restrained him. "Tomorrow morning they will call my name. I know it!"

"How do you know?"

Her head was close to him; her hair brushed his cheek.

"I don't know how I know it, but I know it. I know it certainly and surely; I think—they told me. Listen to me! I am sure of it; and tomorrow night, when they pass through, I will be with them. You shall see me!"

"But ——"

The arm tightened again.

"Are you afraid of me?" came the whisper. "Surely, in all the world there is nobody you need be less afraid of than me—now! My arm? I can't drag you with me. You would lend your shoulder—wouldn't you?—to any woman who was going down a steep place! It is all I want, and you make me beg for it."

"Oh, I say!" Hope was shocked. "It—it isn't that, really. It's simply that I can't believe this—this presentiment of yours. You're—er—overwrought; that's what it is. And I only wanted ——"

He paused, saving himself only just in time from blunt bathos.

"Yes? You only wanted—what?"

"Well"—Hope hesitated—"it's the prince. He's old, you know, and rather stiff in the joints; and lately, you see—well, I was going to take his boots off for him, as a matter of fact, and just bed him down for the night. Then I should have come back."

"Ah!" The arm that clung released him. "Go and take his boots off, then. But you will come back?"

"I promise," said Hope.

He moved over to the other side of the room to render to the old man the little services that had become habitual since their flight to Moscow. The girl's whispered talk and that hungry clinging arm had disturbed him in an unaccustomed fashion. He felt that she had compromised him in his own eyes, trapped him into sharing an attitude that revolted him, spied upon his secret and untellable thoughts; and yet that harsh whispering, the crush of the thin shoulder against his, the dimness and the stillness had pricked through his crust and touched the depths of him.

"You have found a friend?" asked the old prince as Hope knelt at his feet.

"I don't even know her surname," answered Hope. "Queer girl; got a lot of mixed-up ideas." He drew off a boot. "Is that comfortable, sir?"

"It is a relief," said the old gentleman. "You, too, have a lot of mixed-up ideas, Godfrey. You call yourself a gentleman, and here you are serving me as a valet."

"Rotten valet, I'm afraid, excellency," said Hope, busy with the straps of the other *sapog*.

The prince's white beard swayed to and fro in the gloom as he gently shook his head.

"The best in the world," he said. "For there is no servant so good as a son."

"Here she comes!" said Hope hurriedly as he eased the boot from the weary foot. "Now let's see about making it comfortable for you to lie down. Don't move, sir; I can manage."

He busied himself with what coverings he could find.

"He'll kiss me if I give him a chance," he thought.

He felt bitter. Why couldn't these people stew in the juice of their own feelings without splashing it over him?

He put the prince to bed briskly, giving him no further openings for embarrassing talk.

"If you want anything in the night," he said finally, "just call out. I'll be somewhere near."

The girl was sitting where he had left her, her arms clasped around her knees, her head bowed above them. She did not look up at his return. He hesitated, lest she had fallen asleep, then sat down beside her.

"Well?" he said. He spoke low, for the sake of those who slumbered about him, but with an effort at a cheery and stimulant tone. "Well? Feeling better now?"

For some seconds yet she remained as she was; then she raised her head slowly.

"Ah!" she said. "You don't understand at all. You don't even believe that I know. You think I have a presentiment and that I am frightened. Don't you think that I am frightened?"

"Er ——" Hope temporized. "Not frightened, of course. Just—er ——"

"You do!" she interrupted him, fierceness thrilling through her whisper. "You do think I'm frightened, and all you do is to sneer at me!"

"Look here!" Hope sat upright with a jerk. "I swear I don't sneer at you. I never sneered at anybody in my life. And if you really believe in that—that presentiment of yours I don't see why you shouldn't be frightened. I'm certain I should be. But it's only a presentiment, of course."

"Oh!" she shrugged. "Presentiment! I can't make you believe. And if I could—if I could—it would be no use. You wouldn't help me."

"I assure you, I'd do anything on earth," protested Hope.

"Would you—would you be gentle and comforting to a girl who never had and never needed gentleness and comfort? Would you let her know how it feels to be to be folded close from fear and harm? To pass her burden to another and be passive and safe? Would you do that?"

"If I could," faltered Hope. "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm not much good at that sort of thing. Still, if I can help you at all ——"

Her shoulder was against his again, and with it the full weight of her.

"Hold me, then!" she whispered. "Hold me in your arms!"

She lay there, with her head on his breast, his arms about her, as he leaned back against the wall. Both were silent for a long space. When next she spoke he realized with a start of his consciousness that he had been dozing.

"Yes," she murmured, "this is what I wanted—just once! If I had really been frightened this would have helped me."

"Eh? You weren't ——"

"Don't move!" she said. "Stay as you are. . . . No; I've never been frightened of anything. I've never felt any of the proper things. Too late to feel them now—except this. Don't move!"

Her murmuring voice wandered on. The low-breathed singsong of it was a lullaby.

"Incomplete!" it said. "Half a mind and no soul; not even completely a woman. Can't hurt and can't help—time to finish with it—can't even hate or love completely—a neutral—an alien ——"

It continued, down there on his bosom. His arms framed a confessional; his breast was a Gethsemane. And Hope, like others who could not watch the while of a passion, drooped his head in utter weariness and sank to sleep.

He did not wake even when he rolled over and she perforce raised her head from where it rested. He slept on while she put his folded coat under his head for a pillow and spread a mantle of her own over him. He never knew how she sat through the night, smoking cigarette after cigarette, turning at intervals to bend over him and look intently into his face, candid and self-revealing in the abandon of slumber.

When he awoke to the tarnished prison daylight she was not beside him. He sat up, swallowing a groan at the pains of his stiffened muscles, and saw that without the windows at each end of the room snow was falling in great leisurely flakes, looking black against the sky. To his left, the princess still slept, and across the room the prince had not roused yet. Many of the other prisoners were also asleep, but a few had procured tea and were gathered in groups to drink it. In a corner, the young brown-haired man who had served the prince on the previous evening had propped a big icon against the wall and was kneeling before it. The air was foul with the night's use and the smoke and smell of many cigarettes; but at least it was warm, and in Moscow warmth was all but wealth.

While he sat, gathering energy to get up, the girl appeared from the corridor and came towards him. She had a glass of tea in each hand, paper wrapped for the protection of her fingers, and clamped between her elbow and her side was a slab of bread. She walked slowly, that she might not spill the tea. He had time to remark her boyish slimness and a certain careless grace in her gait.

"I was going to wake you," she said. "Catch hold of this glass, will you? I knew you'd want to be up when the prince wakes."

"You shouldn't have troubled to fetch this," said Hope.

"No trouble." She sat down. "When you want to get anything here you go and knock on the door. The sentry'll open the peephole and call that old thief of a doorkeeper. Order what you want, and when he says he hasn't got any—he always says that—you swear at him."

"Thanks," said Hope, sipping at his tea. He knew she was looking at him and he was unwilling to return her gaze. "I'll remember that—especially the swearing."

"Do!" she said. "It's important! And talking of remembering"—she paused, hesitated as though in thought—"do you remember last night?"

He felt that he was reddening furiously.

"No," he answered; "I don't remember anything you don't want me to."

She smiled.

"You were wonderfully good to me," she said. "You understand now, don't you?"

His reply made it very clear that he had understood nothing at all.

"Quite!" he answered. "Jolly glad I was able to help, you know. Beastly things, those presentiments! My mother has them; and though nothing ever happens, they often worry her a lot. And my old nurse claimed to have second-sight. Awful lies she used to tell."

"But ——" She stared in frank amaze. "Presentiments! Again! My poor boy, that wasn't a presentiment! That was—that is—just cast-iron truth. And all the time you were thinking —— Oh, what a shame! You did all that for me and never knew what you were doing. I'm ever so sorry."

"I suppose I'm a fool," said Hope resignedly. With broad daylight for his ally he wasn't going to be trapped into glamorous and crepuscular moods. "The day before yesterday I met a village idiot and she found her affinity in me at once. And it's perfectly true that I only understand one word in three of all you say."

"All right," she said. "I won't say anything more about it till—you know!"

Her nod pointed her words.

"I don't know!" retorted Hope. "It's all so—so blooming silly!"

"Isn't it?" she agreed. "But we're a silly people and this is a silly country, and there's your silly prince waking up. You attend to him and I'll take charge of the old lady."

The prince had slept well and was mildly cheerful, with a touch of that humor of old age which knows that life has nearly exhausted its ammunition both of good and evil.

"Really," he observed, "one might be worse off than here. After all one has heard of prisons in sewers and stokeholds, one might be much worse off. The end, of course, is the same in any case; that one allows for; but even a sailor cast away upon a cannibal island must find the fattening process agreeable. Apropos of fattening—there is to be breakfast? Yes?"

(Continued on Page 85)

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 83)

"I'll get it for you," answered Hope. "I'll bring it over to the princess, shall I? You'd like to have it with her."

The old prince beamed at him.

"And you will join us? Our little domesticity remains? Now, that is charming."

Elena's instructions how to obtain food proved sound. Others had been before him on the same business and the door to the landing stood ajar. The sentry lounged against the balustrade, smoking; and the fat old man from the doorway below, wearing a Cossack caftan with a rope round his equator, and looking like a monk run to seed, raised a lamentable outcry at Hope's demands.

"Tea, you say? Plenty of tea! And bread! And anything else there is! Oh, Redeemer, he thinks I keep a restaurant! And not a penny of money does he offer me—me, with nothing but my rations! A poor old man, starving and freezing, and he expects ——"

He raised both arms, with the great work-deformed hands and the curved talons of fingers at the end of them, and lifted his foul old face in a wonderful gesture of appeal to heaven. Behind his back the sentry grinned amusedly.

"Hurry, now!" commanded Hope.

"What?" The prayerful arms dropped. The Judas eye stabbed at him searchingly and found nothing dangerous. "What? You are giving me orders, you half corpse? You, with the worms clamoring because you keep them waiting! You won't be so high and mighty with them!"

Hope's pupil had been an anæmic child of eleven who had passed too much time about the tables and the servants' quarters, and the tutor's first duty had been to reduce the red corpuscles of his vocabulary. Elena had told him to swear; he swore.

"You old ——" The first epithet was a word of power. In the full spate of his denunciation the bloated old jail flunky jarred to staggered silence. Coming from Hope, with his mild and comely face, whereon seemliness was stamped as though with a die, it was as though a wax doll had spoken. "You God-forgotten ——"

There is a sensuousness, a luxury of release from trammels in a certain sort of cursing. Hope, having dipped his toes in the mud of it, decided to take a mud bath, and prattled like a drunken *izvostchik*. The sentry stood upright to listen, and chuckled aloud; the subject of the discourse sagged and shriveled.

"But—but I am going as quickly as I can! Doesn't your honor see that I am eager to obey? All that I can get—*siu minutu! Bozhe moi!* What a tongue—what a tongue!"

He flapped off upon his errand distractedly. From behind Hope's shoulder sounded a choked giggle, and he turned to find the dark thin face of Elena.

"You are an artist," she said. "It was wonderful! Fancy you, of all people!"

"I had no idea you were within hearing," said Hope. "I'm awfully sorry."

She made a small grimace.

"You'd say that if I happened to catch you undressed. Only God and your wife may know you when you're unbuttoned. You've got buttons on your soul."

"Oh, have I?"

"Yes," she jeered. "Pretty little pearly buttons all up and down in rows, and pink ribbons tied in bows, and lace round the edges. Well"—and she nodded her sharp, significant nod to him—"take care; I'll tear all those buttons open for you this morning."

"Now you're beginning all over again," complained Hope uncomfortably.

She laughed quietly.

"After I promised I wouldn't too," she rejoined. "All right, I'll be good now. I suppose you won't wait and swear at him for me?"

"Hardly necessary, is it?" suggested he. "You can madden him enough without swearing."

"Poor boy!" was her answer.

The princess, too, was the better for her repose, for the time being at any rate. She sat against the wall amid the coats and coverlets, and contrived to have the effect of a gentle hostess, abolishing with her presence and the infection of her delicacy and amiability all that was frantic and fantastic in that bivouac on the steps of the scaffold.

"It snows, I see," remarked the prince. "I wonder if they will clear the streets. Dirty stuff, snow! Just mud in the making."

"They will clear some streets for their own sakes," said Elena. "And one they will keep passable for ours."

"Eh? For ours?" The prince seemed not to understand; then suddenly it came to him. "Ah, yes, I see! Quite so!"

"I oughtn't to have spoken of it," said the girl; "but I didn't know whether Mr. Hope had told you how things are arranged. We have a sort of etiquette, and it is as well you should be warned of it in time."

"Assuredly, assuredly!" agreed the prince. "One wishes to be in the fashion. Is it not so, my dear?"

The princess smiled softly.

"One would certainly not choose that one's last step should be a *faux pas*," she agreed.

The girl went on to explain briefly, much as Volkov had explained to Hope, the convention of a stiff upper lip that obtained when the daily list was called. The old couple nodded.

"Oh, that is understood," said the prince. "It is very much the private affair of each person concerned. I should not dream of intruding myself upon a man at such a moment. I hope, though, that they do not—er—separate husband and wife."

"If they do they soon reunite them," said the princess, still with her soft smile.

The girl looked from one to the other as they spoke, seeming to study them and to turn over their words for buried meanings. Her unrest of mind could not understand their suave and uncritical acceptance of facts and conditions. She seemed about to speak, when her eye rested on Hope, who was watching her, and she checked herself.

"My dear, you will take a cigarette?" inquired the prince.

"I really think I might," decided the princess. "So long since I have smoked, isn't it?"

He gave her one and held the paper match while she lit it. She leaned back, drew upon it, then closed her eyes while she inhaled the smoke, the cigarette meanwhile poised between fingers not too clean, but still long and dainty of contour. Then she released the smoke in a slow out-breath that sent it forth in a thin cloud that floated before her face.

"It is very bad for me," she said, smiling through the mist of it. "My doctor used to warn me. 'It is poison for you,' he used to tell me. And later he himself died through falling into a well when he was drunk."

She was talking yet when there sounded the heart-catching alarm that was the apex of the prison day—the clatter of the door being opened. They had not noticed among themselves how talk in the room had died down as one after the other fell silent in an expectancy of nervous strain. The loud booted feet of the officer and his mamelukes rang on the boards of the corridor; faces, ashen, with mouths that twitched uncontrollably, or quelled to a stony calm, lifted to the doorway.

"The list, I suppose?" asked the prince.

The girl nodded. She was seated at the feet of the princess, who had Hope on the other side. She bent forward now to catch his eye; her own was alight with a queer humorous malice. She had the look of one who prepares a taunt for a friend's discomfiture, the what-did-I-tell-you look. And suddenly Hope, who could find no overmastering thrill in the possibility that he might hear his own name called out—the days that were past had dulled and familiarized his capacity for fear as pain will dull an overworked nerve—felt a sickness take possession of him. It settled within him like a physical ill; the face with which he returned her look was blanched and stricken. He could not see clearly enough to mark how she softened at that token of his distress; he had to pass his hand over his eyes to look plainly at the solid bulk of the tight-belted officer who stamped in to his accustomed position.

He struggled with his weakness. His normal consciousness railed at him. She had done this to him with her twilight murmurings, her ghosts and her presentiments. She had found an unexpected breach in his matter-of-fact armor and stabbed him through it. Just let her wait till this ghastly business was over!

The stout officer produced from the bosom of his uniform overcoat the folded paper of names. He made a business of getting his fur-lined gauntlet off and tucking it within his belt, frowning the while in profound official reserve, his plump face rosy from the air, his short beard glistening here and there where snowflakes had melted upon it. Sixteen men and five women watched him the while, with hearts that limped and faces stiffened to masks.

He finished with his glove, settled his sword with a wagtail twitch of his haunch, cleared his throat as though for a speech and unfolded the paper. Still frowning, he scanned it, while hell-fire eternities spun their length and renewed themselves. Then he spoke a name.

"Maximova!"

A great gust of breaths released sounded in the room, and eyes traveled about it to mark the owner of the name. There was a fraction of an instant during which none responded.

Then, unhurried, with no outward perturbation, Elena rose to her feet.

She seemed taller than ever to Hope sitting on the floor and looking up at her. He had never heard her familia, her surname, before, and when it was called he had known a warmth of relief. Now he could only stare, with hanging jaw and a voiceless agony numbing his faculties, as she stood. It all passed in a second or two; there was no indecorous delay; yet for him each movement of hers was a separate event, occupying its own isolated compartment of time, cut off from that which went before and that which followed. He saw her bend her gaze, full of meaning, of many meanings, that later he labored to decipher, upon him where he crouched; he marked the slowly widening curve of her lips. They were like unrelated happenings set far apart in a grotesque history. Then she bent towards him, swaying down as though to kneel upon one knee, and her hand was on his shoulder. Her face came close, vivid as a thing seen by lightning. She spoke; her low words crept in upon his sense.

"Remember!" said the whisper. "I shall be there! Tonight! Remember!"

Her face came closer still. It touched his. Soft cool lips pressed themselves upon his nerveless mouth for a long instant, and then she was upright again. She turned and walked towards the door.

"No—no!"

He thought he was shouting it furiously; he tore at himself to rise and go after her. Only the princess heard that cry and saw the vain surge of inhibited muscles. She put out a gentle hand and laid it on his arm, and at her touch he collapsed and leaned sideways against her knee. At the door, a tall ragamuffin of a soldier put out an arm and drew the girl into the corridor.

"Tropinin!" barked the officer.

Someone rose and went out. Another name—another exit; four in all to join that company whereof Elena was one. Then the clumsy departure of the officer, and it was over; and the occupants of the room sank back, slack with strain, to the contemplation of another twenty-four hours of life in jail. And some, perhaps, to follow in fascinated imagination those elected four through the new snow to the bleak yard where they should look their last through slow-floating flakes upon the black sky that bends over Russia.

When it was time for the midday meal Hope rose, fetched the rations and went through the motions of service to his companions. They did not speak to him save for trivial talk when their very silence tended to become burdensome with significance; Elena's name was not spoken. They knew, all three of them, that ere they broke bread she had been freed of her shackles forever and the tempestuous mind lulled to an unending calm.

Did she come as she had promised, when the candles were being put out and the voices sank, when night filled the windows and the sills were swelling cushions of snow? He sat by himself, unmoving through the hours, eyes looking unwinkingly before him. No dreams now; no hospitality of the drowsy mind for shapes fashioned out of shadows and memories! Her presence was all about him; the shape of her lips was molded upon his. She had, indeed, ripped the buttons off his tight-laced soul.

In the night the princess woke and murmured his name. He went quickly to her. She was thirsty, and he brought her a pannikin of water.

"You do not sleep?" she asked him when she had drunk. "Oh, my dear, you should sleep, for in sleep we are very near to those we love. Do you know, Godfrey, I feel that there is happiness in store for you yet?"

"There is no happiness for blundering fools," he answered.

"Hush!" she said. "I saw what you blundered into, dear boy. You had—and

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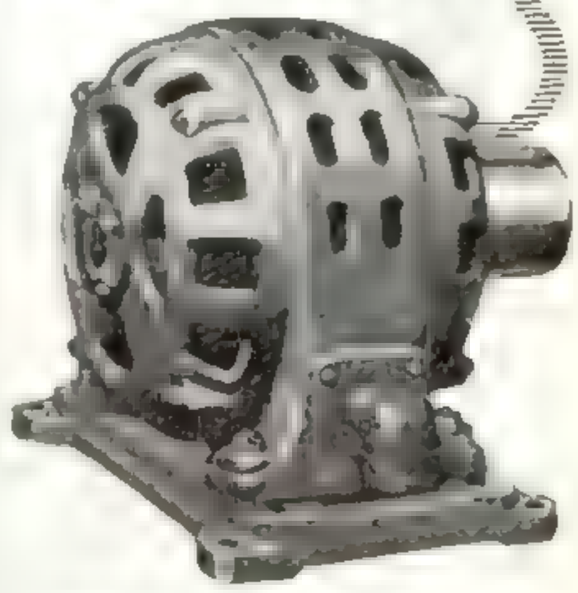

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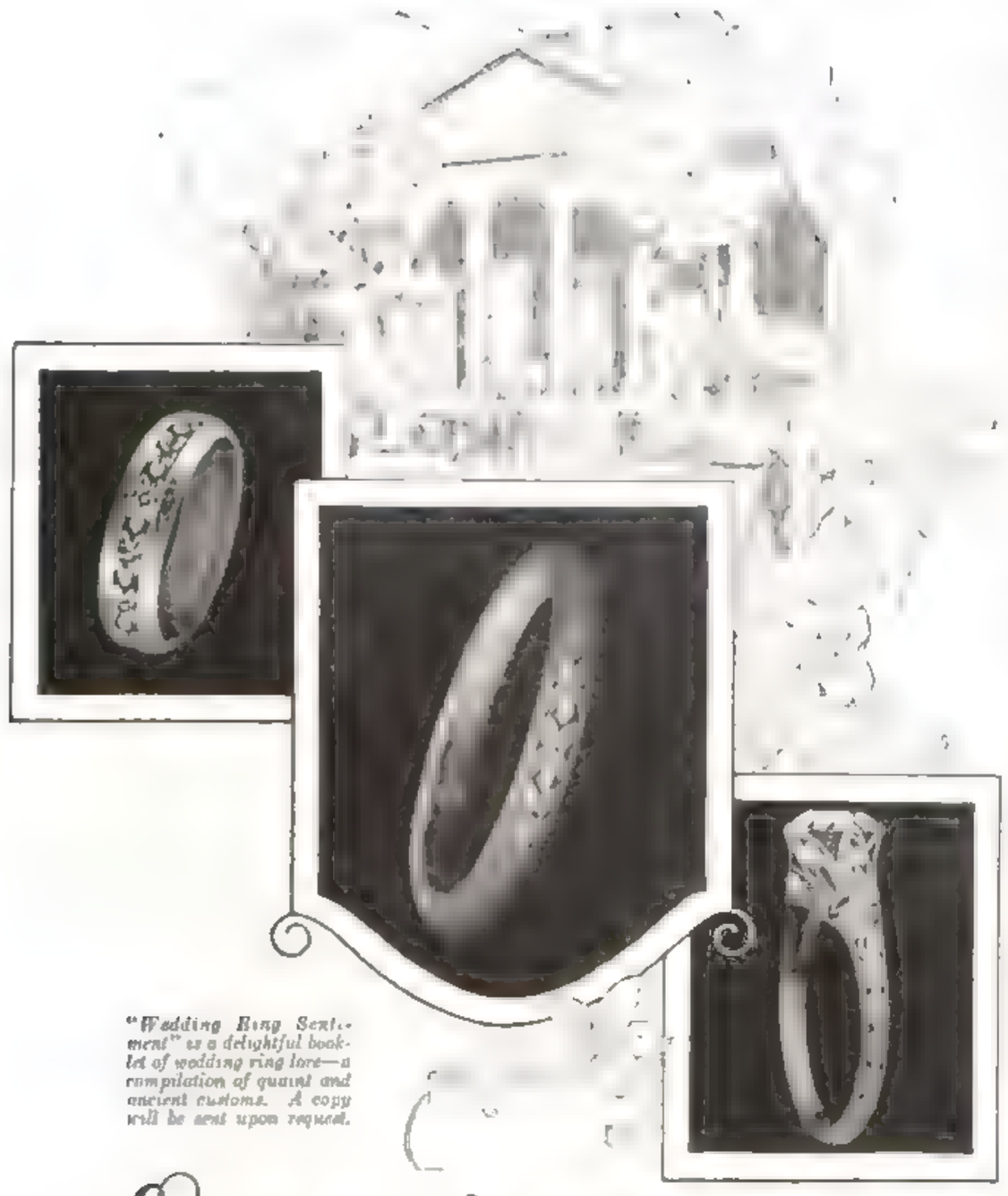

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you gave—one great moment. For an instant you soared like a great strong-winged angel. You can never come down to the old level again. At least you have lived."

"I don't want to live," he said. "I'm not fit to live. I'm not a man at all. I'm just a blind prime parasite that is left at home when real men go out to fight. An old maid—yes, that's what I am—sterile and profitless and absurd!"

Her hand closed on his wrist.

"Ah!" she said. "Good men should be thankful that they have not to judge themselves. But when you are judged I shall be there to testify—I and my dear husband. You know him, Godfrey; all his long life he has lived in stainless honor, in kindness and in courage. And tonight he told me that whenever you knelt to help him with his boots he felt so humble that he had to talk to keep himself from weeping. He said that to me himself."

Hope sighed miserably.

"It's like a conspiracy to comfort me," he said. "But I know myself." He paused. Then, drearily: "I hardly understood a word she said, and then I didn't believe it."

The old princess made little noises of sympathy. He kissed her hand upon his sleeve and went back to his vigil. The gray was in the sky ere sleep stole upon him.

It still snowed that morning; winter had arrived in state. Of two new prisoners who arrived, both starving students, one had a frostbitten foot following a night in Commissar Botkin's cold-storage chamber, and could only sit rocking himself to and fro and moaning with the agony of the returning blood. The other reported that red soldiers had made a house-to-house perquisition for emergency snow shovelers and that men, women and children were laboring in the chief streets under armed overseers. The new ballet at the once Imperial Opera House was said to be a revelation of consummate art. An attempt to assassinate Trotzky had failed.

The bearer of tidings had a glass of tea in his hand and sipped from it between items of information. His bleached, white face was silly with self-importance. He patronized the prisoners gathered round to listen to him like a city man bragging before rustics.

"Oh, yes," he said, "the world is very lively just now. Nuisance being stuck in here just at this moment! Shan't be here long, though; Botkin told me himself—Botkin the commissar, you know—he said to me, 'It's only for a day or two,' he said. 'You'll be quite comfortable there. You'll be sorry when your time comes to leave.' But don't you get any news here at all?"

"Yes!" It was Hope who answered him. His ear had caught the first of the bolts of the outer door being drawn back. "Every morning we get news. You'll find it thrilling. Here it comes now!"

The prisoners scattered to their places. Hope went over and sat down by the prince and princess. All were silent except the new prisoner with his glass in his hand.

"What's it all about?" he was demanding. "What's the idea?"

The tramp of feet, the thud of rifles grounded on the boards of the passage and the entry of the officer silenced him. He remained, gaping apprehensively, while the usual lunatic ritual achieved itself—the gloves, the belt, the folded paper, the portentous frown, the preliminary cough!

"Like a trained pig!" murmured Hope. "If the gloves were missing he wouldn't be able to go on."

The princess smiled at him and exchanged a look with the prince. Godfrey Hope was sitting with craned legs and an unmistakable sneer of mere contempt on his face. There was a manner of impatience about him, too, that boded ill for the convention of calm silence if he were kept waiting much longer.

The paper rustled in the thick fingers. The officer stared at it and seemed for a moment to hesitate. He looked at it more closely, then tentatively read aloud:

"Gope!"

"Huh!" Hope snorted. "Didn't know how to pronounce it, the fool!"

He heaved up, took the princess' hand and kissed it. The prince gripped his other hand.

"One of those others will take care of you," he said, nodded and walked to the door.

VI

THE short passage from the room to the outer door was full of soldiers, and there were more on the landing, a grandiose escort for four or five meek and unresisting prisoners. The stench of them filled the narrow place like a noxious vapor. Hope, as they thrust him onward between them towards the door, had a confused impression of a character that was common to all of them and salient in each. It was something akin to putrefaction, a foul disintegration of the human and civilized semblance of man, so that an inward horror of soul rot was visible as an outward bestiality of countenance. Their broken clothes were supplemented with odds and ends of uniform, and each had his rifle with its permanently fixed bayonet and the red armlet of the soviet. There were two Chinamen among them.

It was to such as these, the hard-working journeymen of the execution squads, that Elena had gone out, to the ruined gleeful faces, the great, black, broken-nailed hands, the cesspool vileness, that were to be the last she should see and feel of her country and her countrymen.

They shoved him out upon the landing. The stairs above and those below had their knots of onlookers, for parts of the house still harbored civilian occupants; and he was aware of their eyes, rising over him in tiers, alight with a fearful and excited pleasure in the spectacle of men brought out to die.

There was a scuffling behind him and another victim shoved forth. It was the brown-bearded young man who prayed each morning before a tiny icon. He had managed the walk to the door composedly enough, but the actual hands upon him had unmanned him. His face was blue and white in blotches and his lips writhed.

"Cheer up!" said Hope. "Think of the women who've gone through this!"

The other gasped and staggered against the banisters, to which he clung with both hands.

The others whose names had been called joined them one by one, till five of them stood there, ringed in by their gruesome guards. There were no women this morning. The officer came forth last.

"Take 'em down, comrades!" he commanded perfunctorily.

The armed men shuffled to their work. A Chinaman took Hope by one arm; a wizened creature with an impishly portentous manner of face such as one sees sometimes in hunchbacks fastened onto the other. To each prisoner there were two chaperons, and in this order they made their descent of the stairs to the hallway below, where the pot-bellied keeper of the door rose from his chair to behold them. Snow fell yet in the street, and the chill of the air flowed in to meet them.

There was a closed van backed to the curb, with two miserable frameworks of horses hitched to it. Its doors were open, showing its empty interior and the mud upon its floors. It had been found politic in Moscow to carry out the executions with less parade than heretofore. The effect upon large sections of the public of seeing just such men and women as themselves being hounded to their graves had not been all that was hoped for it. Hence this carriage exercise for the doomed.

"Well," cried the officer, "what are we waiting for? In with them!"

He himself was busy with that everlasting glove of his, stroking each finger of it separately into place. He stood with feet wide apart as he did so, looking on while the first three of the dead cart's load were shoved aboard. Then something occurred to him.

"Hold on a minute!" he called. "Where's that comrade from the commissar's headquarters?"

A young soldier, completely uniformed from cap to boots, had been standing by the van looking on. He came forward now.

"I was forgetting you," said the officer. "Let me see now—the *Anglichanin!* Gope was his name. Which of you swine is Gope?"

Hope answered, "Me, comrade!"

"Eh?" The officer needed room for his wits to turn in ere he saw the point of the retort. The dwarfish creature who held Hope by the left arm cackled with laughter. "Call me comrade, you damned bourgeois?"

The back-handed blow in the face knocked Hope backwards, so that but for his held arms he would have fallen. The two guards hoisted him up and heaved him forward for the remainder of an inhuman thrashing, when the young soldier intervened.

(Continued on Page 88)

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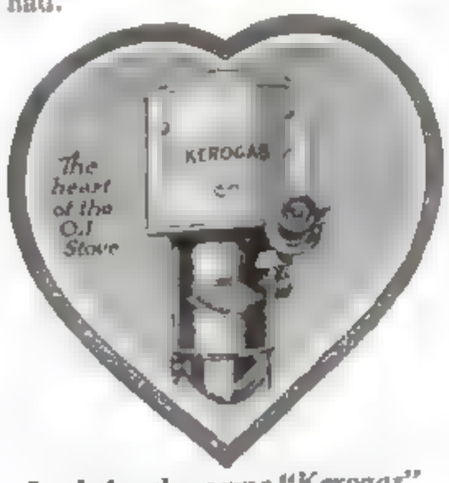

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(Continued from Page 86.

"My orders were," he remarked, "that the commissar particularly wanted him all in one piece."

He spoke in the voice of an educated man. His face was that of a man of breeding. He looked at the officer coolly.

"Damn the commissar!" blustered the other.

"Right; I'll give him your message," said the soldier indifferently. He lifted his rifle, turned and began to walk away.

"Here, curse you!" called the officer uneasily. "Wait a second, can't you?"

He strode after the soldier and the two stood for some minutes in talk under the snow. Meanwhile the dead-cart waited with its shuddering load, and the executioners stamped their feet and swore at the delay. The officer and the soldier came back together.

"Let him go!" commanded the former. "The commissar wants to keep him as a pet, it seems. Lot of blasted silly nonsense! Get ready to start that van, there!"

The final victim was thrust in and the doors shut. The poor wrecks of horses were bludgeoned into activity. The armed men slouched beside the conveyance, and the whole arrangement departed, dragging its way along the snow-muffled street like the nightmare of a funeral. Hope was left alone with the soldier.

"Come on!" said the latter. "Let's be moving!"

Hope remained where he was.

"Where to?" he demanded.

"Headquarters," replied the other. "Surprised, are you? Thought you were bound for the pits, eh?"

Still Hope did not move. He found himself unable to think. He was being swirled here and there like the snowflakes that fell outside upon winds that blew whither they listed. Here was a respite, but respite was not what he had desired. Of emotion, of repercussion to his fate, he knew only an angry and vicious resentment.

"Come on!" said the soldier again.

Hope turned his head and looked at him across his shoulder.

"Suppose I won't!" he challenged.

The soldier pursed his lips.

"Oh, I think you'd better," he answered. "You'll only put me to the trouble of dragging you there."

He was a big youth, about twice the bulk of Hope, lightly bronzed, with well-shaped and regular features.

"It's for you to choose, of course," he added indifferently. "But if you take my advice you'll come on."

"I'll come," said Hope finally.

He was without cap or overcoat, and his boots were wide open to the snow of the sidewalk. It was the custom in the prison to leave one's superfluities for those who remained. But the pain and discomfort of the cold were only further aggravations of his mood of bitterness and rebellion.

They overtook and passed the dead-cart floundering along the unswept street, with its macabre escort about it and the officer striding abreast of it on the footpath. The driver was using a fixed bayonet as a goad to torture his dying horses along. From within the closed box of the vehicle there came no sound.

"Might have let me have a cab for you on a day like this," remarked the soldier. "Still, even walking's better than that!" He made a motion of his head towards the van. "I narrowly missed a ride in that thing myself." Hope showed no interest. "Arrested for being too well dressed," persisted the soldier. "Anybody whose shirt tail isn't sticking out of his pants is a bourgeois for these people. I only managed to volunteer at the last moment. My name was actually down for the next cellar party."

"What?" Hope looked at him. "You volunteered?"

"I did," answered the other cheerfully. "Enlisted under good old Botkin, who used to hold the door open for me at a motor showroom. That's what you're doing, isn't it?"

Into Hope's face there rose all the disgust and venom of enmity that two days before he would have choked down in shame at the power and ugliness.

"You filthy swine!" he said distinctly. "You false hound!"

But words could not jar the composure of the young man who had made the great betrayal without twitching an eyelid. He gave a half smile and looked down at Hope under supercilious brows. The Commissar Botkin had that trick too.

"Oho!" he said. "So that's the kind of talk! I didn't know I had the honor of escorting a martyr. Well, my friend, you can count on dear old Botkin and his lady friends to give you all the martyrdom you want. Personally I'd rather go out to the pits and have it over; but there's no accounting for tastes."

"Shut your accursed mouth!" cried Hope.

"As you please," agreed the other. "Not surprised that you want to think things over in peace. Only thinking won't improve 'em, as you'll see."

But he was silent thenceforward, save that at times he whistled jauntily to himself, moving along at Hope's side in his well-fitting uniform with the lounging stride of a *boulevardier*.

The Venus Anadyomene, naked in marble, beamed with sightless eyes over Hope's head as he ascended the splendid sweep of Rinaldescu's staircase. The great double doors of the room with the colored windows let him in to the intimate glories of Commissar Botkin; and the commissar himself, in a velvet dressing jacket, was there to receive him. This time, though, his chair at the desk was occupied by the girl whom Hope had seen before in that room. Sashenka—he remembered her name with an effort. The commissar sat on a corner of the big desk in talk with her; he hitched round as Hope entered.

"Ah!" he cried. "It is Mr. Hope! How are you, Mr. Hope?"

His sallow face, meanly handsome, like cheap imitation jewelry, put on a mask of light-hearted suavity. The usual cigarette was gummed to his lip. He had been using some strong scent, for that kind of Russian deems it necessary to be odorous; and Hope, advancing from the door, found himself walking into the sickly reek of it with a sense of sinking into an abominable embrace. He halted some paces from the desk; and once more the gilt-framed mirror behind the big chair showed him his own face, gaunt, strained, stained with blood from his nose and discolored on one cheek where the officer had struck him. The girl in the big chair was staring at him.

"What have they been doing to him?" she asked. "You fool, you've had him knocked about till she won't know him!"

"My dear Sasha, you heard my orders." The commissar turned to the soldier, who was still standing at the door, with a curt question.

"None of my doing," answered the soldier. He related briefly the facts of Hope's encounter with the officer.

"You can go," said Botkin briefly. "You see, my dear, it's an accident. She'll know him all right. But we can wash him if you like; a bucket and a scrubbing brush will make him as good as new. Shall we?"

The girl uttered a snap of sound that resembled—and probably was—an oath, and continued to stare at Hope. There was in their regard, in their manner of talking of him in his presence and their appearance of judging him as to his suitability for some unknown purpose, the impersonality with which they might have viewed his dead body.

"Let him alone," said the girl. "You've done quite enough to him."

Botkin smiled easily and rolled his body round so that he leaned upon one elbow before her. With a smoke-stained forefinger he tapped her soft cheek, pink with the briskness of the air.

"I've done what I agreed to do, Sasha," he said. "You wanted him and you've got him. There he is for you!"

The girl did not withdraw from his caress. Her face, pretty and sullen, seemed to brood discontentedly.

"Well," she said at last doubtfully, "I'll fetch her. But if she doesn't know him, Botkin ——"

She had risen while she spoke, and now stood scowling the rest of her half-spoken threat.

"Of course she'll know him!" laughed the commissar. "Bring her in and see for yourself!"

The girl walked to the door without replying and went out from the room. The commissar heaved himself from the desk and straddled, hands deep in his trousers pockets, in a *dégagé* attitude beside it.

"Sit down, Mr. Hope; sit down!" he urged. "No need for a lot of damned formality this time. How did you find your friends, the Orlovskys?"

There were chairs handy, and the cushioned seats in each window recess; but Hope remained standing where he was.

"Whom has that girl gone to fetch?" he demanded.

While he had listened to them speaking, wild thoughts had surged in his brain of Elena, miraculously spared like himself; but upon the heels of them had come the dull assurance of their futility. As she had known that her name would be called, eavesdropping, as it were, upon destiny, so now, out of the infinite, where truth dwells eternally, there descended upon him the sure knowledge that she would never again answer to a call.

"Who is it?" he repeated. "What have you brought me here for?"

"You'll see," answered the commissar. He grinned suddenly. "It would seem that you are a lady-killer, Mr. Hope. Once they have seen you they can't forget you. You are a dangerous man."

"You're up to one of your foul tricks," Hope said. "D'you think I don't know it? Some piece of dirty work behind the backs of your masters!"

The commissar's roguish eye hardened and his posture became less debonair.

"You'll find it profitable to use a little more civility," he said stiffly. "Your tone ——"

"Oh, go to hell!" snapped Hope. "D'you think I care what the devil you do ——"

He broke off at the opening of the door. The commissar shrugged contemptuously and turned towards those who entered. Hope answered the shrug with a snort of defiance and turned to look likewise. It was the girl he knew as Sasha, or Sashenka, standing between the parted leaves of the door like a showman, ushering in another person to the room and the spectacle of its contents.

"See? There he is," she was saying.

The newcomer wore a huge wrap of furs that muffled her from the face to the very feet, a royal-looking garment upon which the tinted lights of the windows shifted as she moved as upon a surface of shining metal. It was hugely too big for the figure it clad, making it a mere perambulating bundle. A cap of the same priceless fur surmounted it, so that what there was visible of the wearer showed merely as eyes looking forth like the eyes of an owl in the hollow of a tree. Only feet that kicked in and out below the fringes of the cloak—large flat feet in coarse boots—definitely indicated that the thing was human.

It bore down upon him, seeming to advance hesitatingly and with circumspection, till it paused half a dozen paces away.

"Well?" demanded Sashenka. "Isn't that he?"

For answer there was a bubbling among the furs that clarified to an unmistakable giggle. The living creature within the great cocoon raised its head and the big collar of the cloak fell open. Strange eyes wherein the light moved like a staggering flame and a face of blank unmeaning beauty came to sight.

"Oh-h, sister! It is my Englishman, the Englishman that smiled at me! Look at him, sister! Isn't he pretty?"

Hope gasped. He felt as drowning men are said to feel, with his whole past life reeling off before him. This was the idiot girl from the house that stood alone. Four whole days had not elapsed since he had seen her ladling cabbage soup into her lovely mouth; yet ages seemed to have elapsed since then, ages crowded and hectic with history, and the world to have changed shape and meaning.

"She knows him, you see," the commissar said to the other girl. "I told you it would be all right."

Sashenka had come to her sister's side and taken her arm. She looked extraordinarily trim and dainty by contrast with that bale of skins. She wore knee boots of claret-colored leather and a skirt as brief as a kilt, of a deeper tone. She had the kind of prettiness that Kirschner found piquant and made commonplace; and in her gaze, too, there was a suggestion of the other's instability; but there was none of the idiot's perfection of sheer beauty. For the moment, as she lingered by her sister, her manner had a touch of the maternal.

"I told you he was quite well and safe," she said. "And there he is, you see." She looked across at Hope. "She's been dreaming about you—or something. They haven't been able to do anything with her. You'd better speak to her."

Hope jerked forth a bitter spit of laughter.

"I see," he said. "In my country there was an old superstition about the healing

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

power of a dead man's touch. Here, though, you don't wait till the man's properly dead. You body-snatch him while he's living."

"Hush! Hush!" Sashenka got quickly in front of her sister. "Damn you, don't let her see you looking like that! Do you want her to have a fit? Tell him, Botkin, you fool! Come over here with me, Tanya, and see the funny pictures on the window!"

She led the idiot farther down the room towards one of the alcoves. Botkin came over to Hope.

"You don't know when you're in luck," said the commissar. "That lunatic's people have got a notion that there's something supernatural about her; that she sees visions and all that. She's had nightmare about you—dreamed of you with a hole in your head and soldiers throwing you into a trench. Went from one fit into another."

"Well?" demanded Hope. "What if she did? What's it got to do with me?"

"To do with you?" The commissar stared, forgetting his man-about-town manner for the moment. "But, of course, you don't know that the Commission of Foreign Affairs has thrown you overboard—remitted you back to me to deal with. Well, it has; and it rests with me whether you leave here on your feet or in the dead-cart. That's how much it has to do with you, *durak!*"

"Oh, Lord!" Hope cried out in bored impatience. "What's it all about? Where does the other idiot come into all this?"

"I'm telling you, you uncivil brute," protested the commissar. "Why don't you listen? They're convinced that if I send you where I ought to—and that's out to the pits—they're convinced that she'll know. She'll see it in dreams. So Sashenka, her sister there, who actually believes all this rot herself, wants me to let you go."

"Where?" put in Hope curtly.

"Where?" repeated the commissar. "Why, back to your own country! There's a party leaving at midnight for the Finnish frontier. What's the matter with the man? Don't you want to go?"

For Hope's white bruised face seemed to have turned to stone. The antic devil, the commissar, had taken him up to a high place and showed him all the kingdoms and the cities of the world of his desire. His mother's house, with its square walled garden, at Hampstead, high above London, where from the window of the bedroom that had been his since childhood he could look out over smoke-softened miles of city, with the spires and the factory chimneys rising from them like masts of ships in harbor; the heath and its sophisticated dales and hillocks; the order, the security and comfort, the propriety and graciousness of it all! There jails were places one read of, and death was a thing to be accomplished privately, like birth. Moscow was a fable, fanciful as Lyonesse; the New Jerusalem was much more real. All his for the taking—his, at the whim of an idiot.

"Well," said the commissar, "why don't you answer?"

Hope returned, blinking, to the present.

"There's one thing," he said. "What about the Orlovskys? You wouldn't have arrested them but for me."

"Never mind them," said the commissar. "You can't take them with you. The Orlovskys have got nothing to do with it."

"Well," said Hope, "you can release them anyhow, and I'll stay and look after them. Or I'll go back to that jail and do it."

"You're likely to go somewhere that you won't like if you keep this up," threatened the commissar. "Don't you understand? I'm telling you that I'll send you home."

"Ye-es!" Hope pondered for some seconds. "Yes, I know you are. Why?"

"Eh?"

"Why? You're not doing a thing like that for nothing. You're getting something out of it. I heard you talking when I came here; you've made a bargain about me with that girl. I want to know what it is."

The commissar lowered a furious face to his.

"You mind your own business, curse you! I'll have you shoved on board that train in irons."

"Not you!" jeered Hope. "That couldn't be kept quiet—a foreigner refusing to be released from your beastly country! You'd have to answer for embezzling a soviet prisoner for your private ends, and you know you daren't face it!"

"Blast you!" fumed the commissar, and jerked away from him. "Sasha!" he called. "Sasha! Just come here for a moment."

The girl rose and came down the room. The fur-swaddled lunatic followed her more slowly, making little grimaces of coyness at Hope.

"Here's a thing for you!" the commissar broke out. "He won't go!"

"Won't go?"

The girl slued round and stared at Hope incredulously.

"No! Wants to stay here and be dry nurse to those old Orlovskys! He'd be snapped up again in an hour, and ten to one I'd be asked about it. Can't have that, you know!"

She puckered her delicate brows in wonder.

"But why won't you go?" she asked.

"Rather go back to jail," Hope answered shortly. "Those old people need me. It's a question of honor; you wouldn't understand."

The sting missed her. She walked slowly over to him. Her exquisite little face was serious, with a suggestion of puzzled hurt, as though refusals were new to her.

"It's the child," she said; "it's Tanya! She's queer, you know; and when things go wrong with her it brings bad luck. Oh, it's true; we've proved it! I've promised her you shall go home free to your own country; and if you don't she'll know! She'll dream and then she'll have fits. She's terrible when she's like that. You won't disappoint her, will you?"

"Afraid I must."

The voice and the words were those of the old Hope, the diffidently courteous, the sweetly formal; but their effect was a sneering repulse. She flinched from it, but with a vicious tightening of the lips.

"Because of those Orlovskys?" she cried.

"Yes," he replied; "because of those Orlovskys."

She gave him a long look; he could all but see her rat's brain working, groping for an expedient by which to thwart him. Then she turned away and drew the commissar to a conference at the corner of the big desk. The idiot was hovering in the offing, making little mewing noises to attract Hope's attention. He turned his back and sat down in the nearest window seat, watching the whispered debate between Botkin and the girl.

The Russians are one of the gesticulating peoples; they talk with every part of them except their brains. There was a dumb-show drama going on. The girl spoke, nodding, and wagging a stiff finger. Botkin considered, shrugged and protruded a dubious upper lip. She stamped an insistent foot; he shook his head gloomily, brightened, and spread a hand that offered a feasible amendment. She stared, incredulous, then both laughed together and glanced at Hope.

"That'll settle him!" they said to each other as plainly as though they had shouted it together.

But it was not finished. Botkin put both hands on the girl's shoulders and bent a face that was dark and challenging to hers. He asked a question. She half turned her head away and nodded rapidly.

"You mean it?" demanded his eyebrows and the jut of his chin. A slower nod answered him. He released her; the bargain was confirmed. They passed together to the small door by which during Hope's previous visit the little fat secretary had come and gone, and went out.

The idiot had sat herself down on the floor, and mewed and giggled there to herself. Hope sat still; she could do without attention from him, she for whom death was bound or let loose at her imbecile's whim.

The commissar returned to the room alone, closing the door behind him. He went and sat down at his desk. He was biting on a smile; he wore the look of a man who keeps his countenance with difficulty while a practical joke works up to its climax. For a further evil portent, he had recovered his geniality.

"A cigarette, Mr. Hope?"

"No!" said Hope.

The commissar raised his eyebrows in deprecation of this grossness and lit a cigarette for himself. A little desk clock ticked faintly and rapidly, and the idiot fidgeted. Save for these, the great room was still. At first the commissar gazed at his prisoner with an excellent expression of tolerant amusement. The man's face was the fancy dress of his foolish mind; but Hope's unwinking eyes he was gazing far beyond the figure of the commissar—were uncomfortable to stare at, and he set to examining his polished finger nails.

Something touched Hope's knee and he looked down with a start. The idiot had crawled close to him and was reaching up a hand towards his. She had something in it and was trying to give it to him, as once she had given him the packet of cigarettes.

"For my Englishman!" she crooned. "For my pretty Englishman!"

The commissar bent forward.

"Take it, man!" he urged. "Take it quick! Don't let's have any of her fits here!"

She had fumbled it into his hand and now scuttled away along the wall on hands and knees, squeaking with excitement. Hope opened his hand and looked at the gift. He shook his head—fate was so childish—and smiled.

"He's laughing! My Englishman is laughing!" crowed the idiot.

She had given him Prince Orlovsky's great gold watch.

Then silence again, till at length there sounded the patter of brisk light feet on the stairs and the double doors parted their lips to admit Sashenka. Glowing with the fresh air, with snowflakes in her hair and a will-o'-the-wisp flame in her eyes, she went with a step that was half a dance to the commissar at the big desk, flinging Hope a grimace as she passed. Daintily enough to dance for the prize of a saint's head on a charger, a morsel worth its price to any gallant commissar, she came into that factory of wrong and oppression, smiled to the man-eating mountebank who ruled there, like a figure out of a poet's ecstatic dream—a poet diseased and pervert, but a poet!

She had a paper in her glove; she plucked it out and cast it on the desk before the commissar.

"It's done?" he smiled, taking it.

"Of course it's done!" she answered in a voice that trilled.

He was looking at the paper.

"But you must sign this, Sasha!"

"Where? Here? Give me a pen."

The commissar took the paper from her and dried it on his blotting pad with a smack of his fist. He rose, holding it.

"Now, Mr. Hope," he said, "you have given trouble enough. Postnik, my secretary, will tell you about the pass, the ticket, and so forth; and tonight you leave us. Yes, I assure you; tonight you leave us, one way or the other—homeward or heavenward! And before you decide in which direction you will travel, you had better cast your eye over this document."

He came round the desk as he spoke and gave the paper to Hope. Then he returned to his place and put a finger on a bell push. Hope glanced at the document, started violently and began to read it feverishly. It was a printed form with spaces filled in with a pen.

"To So-and-So," it read: "You are directed to proceed at once with the execution, by"—there followed the written word "shooting"—"of"—and then, in the ample space left for the names, clearly set down—"Vladimir Alexandrovitch Orlovsky and Ekaterin Vasilievna Orlovsky, and to certify to me that this order has been carried out." Then the impression of the official rubber stamp and the commissar's signature. And below appeared another line of print: "I certify that the above order has been duly carried out."

The ink was still fresh where the girl had signed her name at the bottom. When he looked up she was laughing at him; the commissar's arm was round her waist.

"You see," said Botkin, "all your objections are removed. Bon voyage, Mr. Hope!"

The secretary was waiting in the door for him to come forth. With hands that groped, like a man blinded, he staggered towards him.

Two o'clock in the morning, and the midnight train for Petrograd was just pulling clear of Moscow. The land stretched in silver to either side of the line, shining under a frigid moon. Packed into his compartment, Hope stared through a broken windowpane upon that vastness of desolation. Holy Russia, thronged with saints, whose harvests fatten on the blood of martyrs! Who shall redeem it—who? For Godfrey Hope there limned itself a vision, born of a heart made wise in torment. It shaped itself till it stood great and clear upon the snow floor of the empty world—a virgin, slim and young, with the face that forever should be vivid to him, weak, brave and of enduring patience, folding in compassionate arms an idiot child.

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THE GAY LADY

(Continued from Page 29

have been sixty-five if he was a day, dancing with a girl young enough to be his granddaughter. Uncle Richard watched with fascination this gay Methuselah. He danced well. He was white-haired and slender. His cheeks were as rosy as the girl's. Still, it was paganism.

Mr. Bell glanced about the room. He saw several suspicious-looking bottles on neighboring tables, and counted six pocket flasks. It pleased him to note these details. He felt his disapproval justified.

Mrs. Jessamine and Charles returned to the table. A waiter appeared with a supper card. Uncle Richard ordered, rather defiantly, a plate of crackers and a glass of milk. Charles ordered a double portion of scrambled eggs. Mrs. Jessamine ordered mushrooms.

The music had started up again. She turned to Uncle Richard.

"Don't you dance, Mr. Bell?"

Charles laughed.

"Don't ask him, Sylvia. He doesn't approve."

"Really?"

Uncle Richard felt a strange perversity seize him.

"Nonsense, Charles! Mrs. Jessamine'll think I'm an old fogy."

His nephew nodded to her.

"He is, you know. But you mustn't hold it up against him."

"I'm sure you dance beautifully!" smiled the gay lady.

"Hardly, hardly. I haven't danced for years. But—if you don't mind trying it with me ——"

Charles gasped and sat back in his chair. Then he grinned delightedly. Uncle Richard was going to dance with Mrs. Jessamine!

They rose and ventured forth. At once Uncle Richard, whose mind, set back an entire decade, instinctively prompted him to essay the two-step, found himself floundering in a sea of strange rhythms. He became flustered and grasped Mrs. Jessamine more tightly. Her voice sounded sweetly in his ear.

"Just walk to it," she counseled. "It's very simple."

He began to walk to the music. His mental processes grew clearer. He observed that Mrs. Jessamine glided a little at each step, and he, too, glided. For one exhilarating moment he felt that he was getting it. He felt the insidious charm of the music, the sweetness of holding a young and pliant woman in his arms. Then someone bumped violently into him; he reeled and staggered; he lost the step.

It was gone. He couldn't find it again. He began to bob up and down wildly. He began to be short of breath. He felt dizzy and a trifle faint. He prayed for the music to stop. But it kept on interminably. Mrs. Jessamine murmured against his breast, "You're doing splendidly." He hated her.

The orchestra concluded with a final derisive blare. He gave a gasp of relief and sank down at the table. His heart was pounding, his breath was coming spasmodically. The close air of the room seemed to stifle him. He drank a glass of water and felt better.

"Haven't danced for some time," he said, smiling feebly at his nephew. Charles was sympathetic.

"Thought you did darn' well, Uncle Richard."

Later, while the other two were circling tirelessly about the floor, Mr. Bell recovered himself sufficiently to analyze his emotions. He was quite ruthless with himself. He realized that there had been, during the moment when all had gone well, a certain joy in dissipation. He felt that he had tasted the elixir of frivolity. And Mrs. Jessamine certainly was charming; charming and beautiful, and not in the least sly. But though he acquitted her of ulterior motives, he felt that the reality was even more demoralizing than if she had been a scheming, bold woman. Her sweet gayety was what made her dangerous. Charles, of course, did not realize this danger. He could not see, as Uncle Richard could see, that it was leading him to damnable laxity, to irresponsibility and procrastination. How could a young man of twenty-five be expected to attend to business with the image of Mrs. Jessamine flitting continually through his brain?

Uncle Richard felt that he was going to be inexorably stern toward Mrs. Jessamine. Mingled with this feeling was one of uneasy suspicion; suspicion that she was secretly laughing at him for his clumsiness as a dancer.

Well, let her! It mattered nothing to him. Still, his clumsiness rankled. He had half a notion to try it again; but fortunately he refrained. His heart was still fluttering. Could it be possible that he had some obscure heart trouble? He spurned the thought. He was still a young man.

He didn't feel young. As Mrs. Jessamine swept toward the table, radiant and virginal in her white evening gown, he felt a thousand years old. He comforted himself with the reflection that age was accompanied by wisdom.

"I hope I'm going to see you again," said Mrs. Jessamine as they parted at her door an hour later. "Charles, you must bring Mr. Bell to tea some afternoon."

Uncle Richard said stiffly, "Thank you. I hardly ever find time to ——"

He stopped short. A plan—a definite and inspired plan had flashed with remarkable clarity through his mind.

As he and Charles drove back uptown in a taxi the latter asked him what he thought of Mrs. Jessamine.

"Charming," said Uncle Richard cautiously.

"I told you she was."

"Not a day over twenty-eight, I should think."

"Not a day!" crowed Charles; and added buoyantly, "You really must go there to tea, Uncle Richard. She'd be awfully glad to have you."

"H'm!" said Uncle Richard noncommittally.

II

THE next morning Charles was only twelve minutes late getting to the office; but it was enough to confirm Uncle Richard in his decision. During the press of business, while he was discussing with his executives the details of floating a five-million-dollar bond issue, his mind kept reverting to the plan he had thought of the night before. It was a bold but simple plan. He would go to see Mrs. Jessamine and have a talk with her.

He directed his confidential secretary to telephone for an appointment. The secretary reported a few minutes later that Mrs. Jessamine would see him at five o'clock that afternoon.

At five precisely he rang the doorbell of her dainty little house in Twelfth Street. A maid, in cap and apron, ushered him into a tiny living room, simply and tastefully decorated. There was a coal fire burning in an open grate. The room was lighted by candles.

Mrs. Jessamine came in. She had on a blue house frock that seemed to be all of a piece. It was drawn in about the waist, giving accent to her slender hips, to the lines of her supple body. She was as lovely as the little statue of Venus that he noticed on a bookstand near the fireplace; and, he thought, about as useless.

"I'm delighted to see you," she said, shaking hands with him. "Do sit down. I'll have tea for you in a moment."

"I never take afternoon tea," said Mr. Bell with a firm bow.

"Really?"

She had an exasperating habit of saying "Really?" It expressed a curiosity that was also tolerance. Uncle Richard resented it. There is always a touch of condescension in tolerance.

"Mrs. Jessamine, I've come for a certain ——"

"Do sit down, Mr. Bell."

He sat down.

"Thank you. I have come to have a talk with you about—Charles."

"Really?"

There it was again! He went on, a trifle more decidedly: "Yes. The fact is, Mrs. Jessamine"—what an absurd name! And how like her! It was disarming, as she was disarming—"the fact is, I'm afraid that Charles is not—or rather I'm afraid he is ——"

"Is what, Mr. Bell?"

"Neglecting his career, his business future, for the less important things of life."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Mrs. Jessamine quickly and quite seriously. "I'm—fond of Charles."

"Yes; so I believe. That's why I've come to you."

She opened wide her large hazel eyes.

"Is he in trouble?" she asked, with alarm so genuine that Mr. Bell hastened to allay it.

"No, no! Nothing of the sort! Charles is a decent fellow. But, you see, he's naturally inclined to be—well, frivolous, irresponsible. And, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Jessamine, I feel that you, in a sense, are encouraging him."

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"You mean that you think that his friendship with me is hurting him?"

"I regret to say that I do think so."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" She was troubled. Her face, almost childishly expressive, grew clouded. "I am sorry! I never thought—I had no idea ——"

Uncle Richard began to feel rather like a brute. It was not altogether an unpleasant feeling.

"Mind, I don't blame you. There's not the slightest thought in my mind that is derogatory to you. But ——"

"But you think I'm frivolous too," she said. "Well, I suppose I am. In fact, I know I am. Somehow, though, it never occurred to me that Charles might be affected ——"

"He's not devoting himself to business, Mrs. Jessamine. That's the long and short of it. Charles is my only heir. Some day I hope to see him president of Bell & Co. But he must first prove himself capable."

"Then you want me to—to stop seeing him?"

Uncle Charles smiled diplomatically.

"Not at all! I want you to do what I have failed to do. The boy's in love with you—yes, he is! And you—well, at least you're fond of him; you've said so."

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Jessamine. "I am, very."

"Then help him; talk to him; tell him that he must make good as a business man before he can expect—anything else."

"I'll do what I can," she said. "I don't want Charles to suffer because of me. I've suffered enough myself."

"You?" exclaimed Mr. Bell incredulously.

She nodded

"When I was twenty-two," she said, "I was an old woman."

"What?"

"You don't believe it?" She rose and took a photograph from the bookstand. "There I am."

He looked with amazement at the face of the girl in the photograph. It was thin, deeply lined, starved of life and beauty.

"It seems incredible, doesn't it?—that I was ever that person. But I was."

"You must have been ill or—very unhappy."

Mrs. Jessamine said slowly: "I was married when I was nineteen. I'd never had any fun. My people were poor. When he—my husband—asked me to marry him I—I did, because ——" She paused; then said frankly, "He was much older than I, but he had money. I married him for his money."

"I can understand that," said Mr. Bell gently.

"Yes, I think it's understandable. But I was worse off than before. He hated youth and all that goes with it. He kept me shut up in his home for three years."

"The monster!" indiscreetly observed Mr. Bell.

"No, he wasn't a monster. He was simply wrapped up in himself, in his business. When that went to smash he—died. He couldn't stand the failure."

"Failure? But he must have left you something—a good deal?"

"He left me enough to last these six years," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders.

"My dear lady, you don't mean to tell me that you haven't an income? That you've been spending your principal?"

"Why not?" she demanded with emotion. "If you'd been shut up as I was, caged in! . . . I was twenty-two when he died. I made up my mind to be gay, to have a good time. I didn't care what happened to me afterward. One is young only once."

"But what will you do when your money's gone?"

She looked at him steadily.

"Marry again. It's all I'm good for."

"Ah!" said Uncle Richard. "In that case ——"

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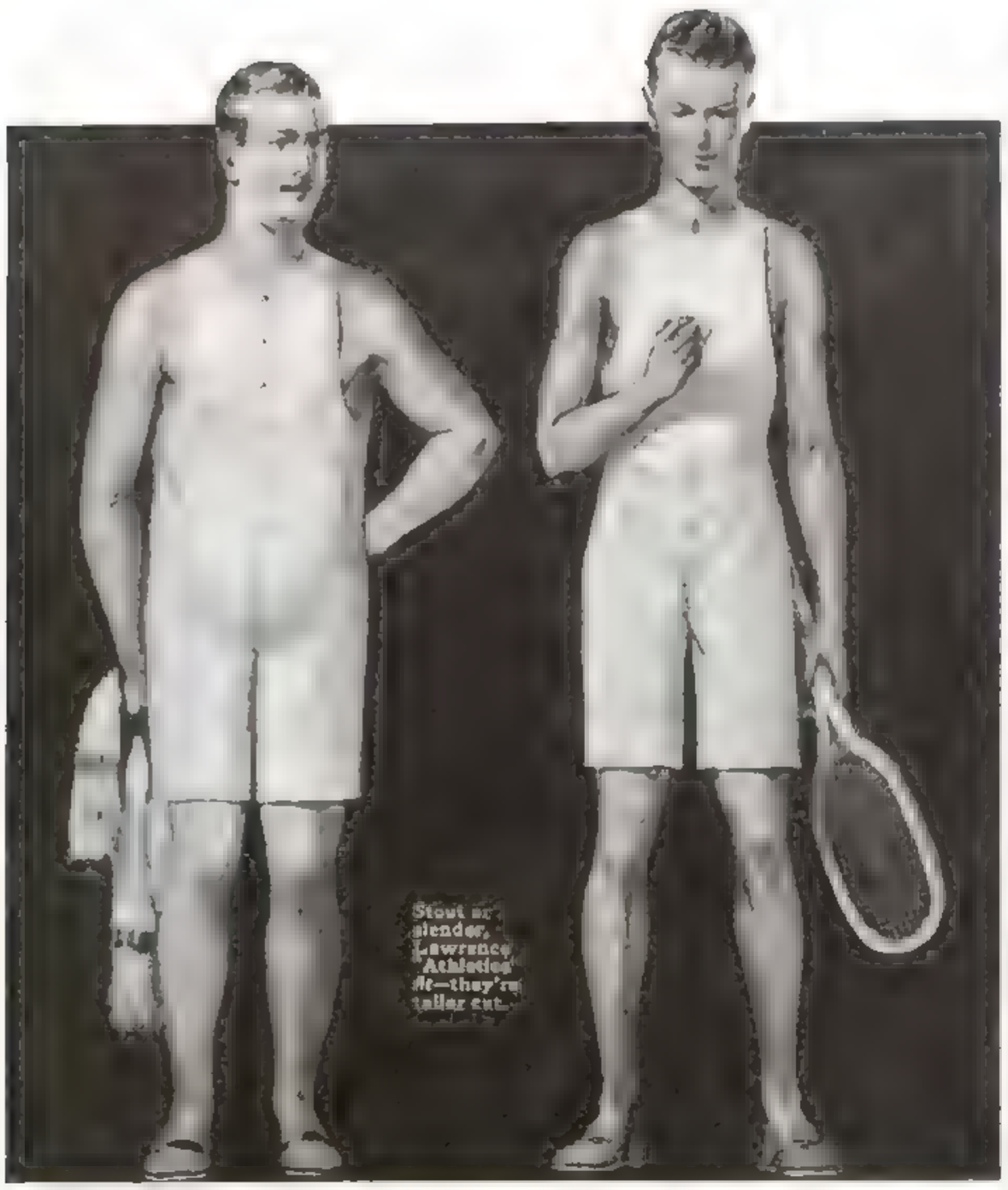

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"Yes, in that case ——" she said, and smiled faintly.

Mr. Bell felt that they understood each other.

There was a silence.

"I knew you disapproved of me last night," said Mrs. Jessamine finally.

"Disapproved? My dear lady ——"

"Yes, you did." The faint smile still hovered about her lips. "You thought me a silly butterfly."

"I ——"

"You're right; I am a butterfly. I want to be one. I don't see why we poor humans can't spend our lives fluttering our wings and basking in the light of art, music, poetry ——"

"Ah, but think how few of us have the leisure!"

"You're right," she sighed. "I'm a selfish creature. No wonder you disapproved of me."

"My dear Mrs. Jessamine, I disapproved of you no more than you disapproved of my dancing last night."

"But I didn't!"

"Oh, come! Confess that you were laughing at me all the time!"

She shook her head.

"I wasn't. Of course, you were a little awkward at first. But you caught on so quickly ——"

"I couldn't seem to get that step."

She rose suddenly. Her vivacity had returned. She was all expression and gesture.

"It goes like this," she said: Then, abruptly crossing the room, she snapped the switch of an electric phonograph that stood, unobtrusively but conveniently, in a corner. Instantly it gave off jazz. She began to dance to the music.

She was so young, so graceful, so obviously in love with the rhythm, that Mr. Bell was stirred. He watched her, admiring her beauty, yet pitying her for its transience. There was a certain melancholy in all this; a certain sweet sorrow. Good Lord! He must be getting old, to feel such things!

She smiled and half extended her arms to him. He rose. It was as if a hand had snatched him up by the collar.

After all, Uncle Richard was a man.

III

A FEW days later he was having lunch with Charles at the Bankers' Club. The young man was unusually serious, thoughtful. His gaze wandered frequently to the window, through which could be seen an impressive pattern of tall buildings, of towers stacked against the clear November sky.

He did not speak for some time. Then, "Uncle Richard," said Charles solemnly, "do you think I'll ever make a bond broker?"

Mr. Bell was careful not to betray himself. "Why, yes, Charles, I think so—if you put your mind to it."

There was a brief pause. Then Charles went on: "You see, I—I've been thinking over what you said to me the other night. I mean about getting to the office on time and—and paying attention to business."

Uncle Richard nodded gravely.

"Yes, Charles."

"I just wanted to say that I—I've been thinking it over and I know you're right. I've never stopped to realize before how much time a fellow wastes—er—going to dances and all that sort of thing. But I see it all now. Funny, isn't it?" And Charles grinned weakly.

"My boy," said Uncle Richard, "you don't know how pleased I am."

"I've been a damn fool!" continued his nephew with calm self-depreciation. "Here you've given me a—a golden opportunity to make good as a business man, and I've thrown it away for nothing. But I realize that a fellow's got to make good as a business man before—before he can expect to er—to settle down—or anything."

"That's it exactly, Charles."

The young man was nervously breaking sugar into his coffee cup.

"What I mean—I may want to get married some day. I mean, some day I may want to get married; and—er—I've got to make good as a business man before she—before anybody would be willing to trust herself to—er—to a fellow."

Mr. Bell said "Certainly. I understand," and extended his hand across the table. Charles seized and pressed it hard. Uncle Richard smiled. "You can count on me, my boy. I want you to succeed. I want you to get ahead as fast as possible. The day I think you're capable of handling the business I'll make you a present of Bell & Co."

"Thank you, Uncle Richard. That's mighty fine of you. I—I realize that it's a—a golden opportunity for me, all right."

There was another brief pause, during which Uncle Richard looked out of the window. Finally he cleared his throat.

"H'm! By the way, Charles, I've been wondering whether I oughtn't to begin reducing a little. I'm quite a bit overweight. I—ah!—I was thinking I ought to take a little exercise; a little daily exercise."

"Great thing for you, Uncle Richard."

"Yes—ah!—h'm! When I think of the men who die in the prime of life, simply because they've stuck to business and haven't—ah!—taken a little daily exercise ——"

"That's right, Uncle Richard. You ought to do it. Prevents hardening of the arteries and all that."

Mr. Bell nodded.

"Of course, to a business man nothing's so interesting as his business. But there ought to be a happy medium between work and pleas—ah!—exercise. Don't you think so, my boy?"

Charles acknowledged that he thought so.

"I was wondering if I hadn't better join that gymnasium of yours," suggested Uncle Richard thoughtfully.

"Just the thing for you. I'll take you up and introduce you to Mike this afternoon."

"Let's go now," said Uncle Richard, glancing down at his eloquently bulging waistcoat.

Charles looked startled.

"We can't go now, Uncle Richard. We've got to be back at the office in fifteen minutes."

"Of course!" laughed the older man. "I only said that to—ah!—to test you. You don't know what it means to me, my boy, to have you really taking an interest in Bell & Co."

"I intend to succeed," announced Richard with decision.

"Good! I'll back you to the limit. And ah!—we'll go to the gymnasium about 4:30 this afternoon, eh?"

IV

MR. MIKE McGUFFEY said to Mr. Richard Bell, president and treasurer of Bell & Co., Investment Securities, "Strip, and we'll look you over."

Uncle Richard stripped. He felt strangely embarrassed and just the least bit frightened. He glanced appealingly at Charles, sitting nonchalantly in a corner of the gymnasium office. His nephew smiled in return.

Mr. McGuffey beckoned to a small anæmic-looking man who had been shuffling index cards at a desk. The anæmic-looking man advanced and laid a stethoscope against Uncle Richard's breast.

"Breathe!"

Uncle Richard breathed. The blood rushed to his head. The room swirled about him. But he kept on breathing.

"Cough!"

He coughed. The anæmic-looking man prodded him in the groin and then nodded to Mr McGuffey.

"O. K. Too much fat over the heart though. Better take it easy at first."

Uncle Richard said, with a sense of enormous relief, "Yes, I think I'd better take it easy at first."

Mr. McGuffey regarded him crushingly.

"Put on three sweaters," he growled. "Then go up and jog a half."

Uncle Richard faded from the office. While he was buying gym clothes and sweaters from an attendant he whispered to Charles, "What did he mean by jog a half?"

"He means," explained Charles absently, "to go up to the running track and trot a half mile. That's ten laps. Now don't overdo it, Uncle Richard."

"Aren't you going to exercise tonight?"

"No; afraid I won't have time. I promised to meet Waldman at six o'clock—regard that Western Consolidated bond issue."

"Oh!" was all that Mr. Bell could say.

When Charles had gone, Uncle Richard donned his three sweaters and climbed upstairs to the track. An incredibly fat man swathed from head to foot in flannel steamed past him as he stood hesitating. The fat man was puffing like a locomotive, and rather resembled one.

Uncle Richard thought, "I'm not so bad as that."

He took heart, and with a certain exhilaration began to jog about the track. New and inspiring thoughts passed through his

(Continued on Page 96)

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(Continued from Page 94)

mind. He would exercise every day, religiously. He would lose his superfluous flesh. He would achieve the primitive beauty of the statue that stood at the head of the stairs; the statue of a Greek discus thrower, whose sinewy body, adorned only with the conventional fig leaf, existed as an example to the great unfit. How dreadful, thought Uncle Richard, that men should have degenerated from the Greek ideal. . . . Well, never mind. He, at least, would attain that ideal. Indeed, it was as if he already had attained it!

At the end of five laps these thoughts grew blurred and indistinct. He had a faint notion that he was going to die. At the eighth lap he was sure of it.

Just then the fat man thundered past him with a mighty "Hfoof—ah! Hfoof-ah! Hfoof-ah!"

Uncle Richard set out after him with fresh determination. If he died he would die in the pursuit of the Greek ideal. He was not a man to abandon a project, once he had undertaken it.

Ten minutes later he was sitting, naked and breathless, in the steam room, while the fat man, grown mountainous, glowered at him from a corner, like a demon in torment.

The next morning Uncle Richard was so stiff he had to call his manservant to help him dress. This delayed him considerably. He was fifteen minutes late getting to the office. It was the first time he had been late in twenty years.

As he crept past his nephew's desk he stopped and murmured, "Little too much for me yesterday. Hardly get out of bed this morning."

Charles looked up at him with a vague smile.

"That's all right, Uncle Richard. Stick to it. Do you a world of good. . . . By the way, when you've cleared up your mail I'd like to talk to you about that Western Consolidated deal."

"Yes, my boy!" groaned Uncle Richard.

II

SOME four months later Mr. Bell and Mrs. Jessamine were having supper together at the Cave de Dance. Mr. Bell had secured from the Russian grand duke a table near the dancing floor. He had ordered a light supper consisting of grapefruit, oysters, small steak with mushrooms, alligator-pear salad and coffee. He was not, he said, particularly hungry.

Mrs. Jessamine was wearing a mauve-colored evening dress; and about her throat hung a string of crystals that were like drops of water against her flesh, like drops of fire against her gown.

She leaned across the table, fingering the crystals.

"I'm so pleased about Charles," she said. "He came to see me last night. He's changed so. He seems so much more serious."

"He is," replied Mr. Bell; "thanks to you."

"Oh, I've had very little to do with it."

"I know how much you've had to do with it, Mrs. Jessamine. And I appreciate your—ah! —— "

"My efforts in his behalf?" she finished, with a gay little laugh.

"Exactly!"

"But—it cost me nothing. In fact ——"

"In fact?" repeated Uncle Richard. He looked at her keenly and comprehensively. "I don't intend that it shall cost you anything," he said; then: "By the way, if you'll excuse my asking, how much money have you left?"

"Enough to last till the first of the year," said Mrs. Jessamine simply. "After that I'll have to sell my house."

"H'm!" mused Uncle Richard. "By the first of the year, if Charles keeps on at his present rate, he ought to be head of the company. And he will be!"

"Really?"

She had the most adorable way of saying "Really?"

Uncle Richard thought, "Charles is a lucky dog." He said: "Yes; I mean to make him a present of the business. And when he marries, if he ever does marry, I shall make his wife a present of my country house in the Berkshires."

"You're generous," murmured Mrs. Jessamine.

"I'm just," said Uncle Richard.

The orchestra struck up an invigorating one-step.

"Shall we dance?"

She rose; he put his arm around her, experiencing a delightful shock as he felt her yield herself to him. Her body was soft, yet lithe and firm. In possessing it, even thus conventionally, he had a sense of possessing the beauty, the flowering fullness of life.

They danced. Uncle Richard was magnificently graceful; bold to lead and yet nonchalant in the execution of the most intricate steps. She smiled up at him.

"You're marvelous!"

"I've been taking lessons. Thought I owed it to you, after robbing you of Ch——"

Someone bumped into him from behind. Uncle Richard did not so much as falter. He executed a clever flank movement, caught the eye of the man who had bumped into him and glared contemptuously.

"It's a wonder people wouldn't practice a little before they come to a place like this," he observed to Mrs. Jessamine. They danced on.

At midnight he took her home.

"Won't you come in?" she asked. "Or—perhaps you're tired?"

"Not in the least," said Uncle Richard. "Never feel tired these days—exercise, you know."

They went into the living room. Mrs. Jessamine lighted the candle while he poked up the fire. Then they sat down in comfortable chairs before the grate.

"Read me some poetry," said Uncle Richard; "something modern."

Mrs. Jessamine read for an hour. Uncle Richard sat with his hands folded across his reduced and diminishing front, a pleasant melancholy permeating his soul. His thoughts were vague and wandering.

"It will be like this when they're married. . . . I'll come, now and then, to sit by their fire, . . . I must see about the deed of that house. . . . Have it all ready. . . . My waistcoat needs taking in again. . . . Bet I could run five miles. . . . Lucky dog, Charles. . . . Wonder what ever became of that fat fellow. . . . Maybe he died. . . . Yes, he probably died—and went to heaven—and got stuck in the gate. . . . Terrible thing to let yourself go like that. . . . Why doesn't somebody write a poem about the Greek ideal? . . . Great thing, poetry. . . . Her hair's almost red in this light. . . . She said I was a marvelous dancer. . . . If they have any children I'll be a great-uncle. . . . Terrible thing to get—old. . . . Lucky dog, Charles."

It was after one when he left the house. As he said good night to her he took her hand and patted it gently.

"Don't worry," he said, "about anything."

"I never worry," answered Mrs. Jessamine; and then, for some inexplicable reason, she sighed.

III

IT WAS New Year's Eve. Mr. Richard Bell, president and treasurer of Bell & Co., Investment Securities, paced nervously up and down the living room of his bachelor apartment. Now and then he glanced into the dining room, where Thompson, the servant, was hovering about a table set for three.

"They're late," said Mr. Bell.

"Very good, sir."

It was not like his nephew to be late. Charles had a passion for punctuality; but tonight there was cause. He was bringing Mrs. Jessamine to dinner; and Mrs. Jessamine, charming person though she was, still clung to her feminine prerogatives.

Occasionally Mr. Bell touched lightly the pocket of his dinner coat, where reposed two important documents. One was a letter from the executive board of Bell & Co., addressed to Mr. Charles Bell. The other was a deed of gift conveying to Mrs. Jessamine his country house in the Berkshires.

The doorbell rang. Thompson ushered in Mrs. Jessamine and Charles. The latter briskly apologized for being late.

"Oh, that's all right, my boy," laughed Uncle Richard, who, unexpectedly, found himself laboring under a strain.

"It was my fault," said Mrs. Jessamine; "something happened to my hair."

"Something very fortunate," commented Uncle Richard gallantly.

They went in to dinner. It was rather a silent affair. Charles was stolid; Mrs. Jessamine, more beautiful than ever, seemed preoccupied. But that, Uncle Richard told himself, was only natural. He himself did most of the talking.

"Haven't seen you at the gym lately, Charles."

"You know, I've been busy over that Baltimore Electric proposition," said his nephew rather severely.

"Yes, so you have. Still, it doesn't do to let the exercise go. You're beginning to put on weight, my boy."

"It's becoming to him," observed Mrs. Jessamine.

"Thanks," said Charles, smiling at her across the table.

"Still ——"

Uncle Richard floundered to a stop. He felt suddenly old, and painfully out of the picture. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out the two important documents. The first he handed to Charles.

"Your appointment as president of Bell & Co.," he said.

Charles flushed crimson; then turned pale.

"Uncle Richard ——"

"Congratulations, my boy. You've earned it."

"May I congratulate you, too?" said Mrs. Jessamine, holding out her hand to him.

Charles took it and murmured, "Thanks, Sylvia."

He was so pleased and yet so embarrassed that Uncle Richard was moved, without preliminary speech—he had prepared a very delicate one—to present the other document to Mrs. Jessamine.

He did so. Immediately her face lost its animation. She looked startled; even frightened.

"What's this?" she asked in a small voice.

"A present to you," said Uncle Richard, beaming. "A—a sort of an engagement present."

"An engage— "

Mrs. Jessamine stared at him; then at Charles. The latter rose.

There was a moment of painful silence.

"I'm afraid, Uncle Richard," said the newly chosen president of Bell & Co., "that you've made a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"But it isn't a serious one."

Charles had begun to smile. It was the sort of superior, maddening smile that conceals a secret. It had a strange effect on Mrs. Jessamine. She sprang up, panic-stricken.

"No!"

Uncle Richard also rose. He was facing his nephew with a bewildered, threatening scowl.

"Do you mean to tell me, you young scamp, that you're not going to marry Mrs. Jessamine?"

"No," said Charles; "I'm not going to marry anyone just yet. I'm too much interested in business. Sylvia understands. We've talked it over. As a matter of fact, Uncle Richard ——"

"Charles!" gasped Mrs. Jessamine, then, with a wild look, "I can't stand any more!" she cried breathlessly, and turning, fled into the living room.

Charles laughed.

"What are you laughing at, you young brute?" roared his relative.

The young man took Uncle Richard by the arm and led him, strangely unresisting, to the living-room door.

"I'm not engaged to Mrs. Jessamine," said Charles, "but you are. Go in and find out about it."

VII

HALF an hour later, when Charles ventured into the living room, he found them sitting on the couch, hand in hand, saying nothing.

He went up to them, shook hands with Uncle Richard and kissed Mrs. Jessamine on the cheek.

"Good luck, Aunt Sylvia," said the president of Bell & Co., and took his unregretted departure.

Uncle Richard turned to Mrs. Jessamine. She was adorably flushed. She dabbed at her eyes with a small, pinched handkerchief. She looked like a schoolgirl; a very slim, shamed, happy schoolgirl.

"Dearest," said Uncle Richard; "shall we go out somewhere and celebrate?"

She shook her head.

"I'd rather stay here awhile, if you don't mind."

He put his arm around her, rather fearfully, as if he was afraid she would vanish at his touch. But she nestled against him with a sigh.

"Richard?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Tell me about that house of yours—in the Berkshires. The one you were going to give me."

"It's just a plain old farmhouse, done over," said Uncle Richard. "But it's comfortable. It's on a hill; beautiful location."

"Could you—could anyone live there—the year round?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so. But—but, darling, you wouldn't want to live there! It's real country, you know. Except for six weeks in the summer, it isn't gay at all."

"But I—I'm so tired of being gay!" faltered Mrs. Jessamine, and sobbed uncontrollably against his shoulder.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Uncle Richard.

Then, realizing the inadequacy of those absurd, crude, utterly inexpressive vocal sounds which go to make up human speech, he kissed her.

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WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

SIERRAS BY CAMP FIRE AND PACK

(Continued from Page 19)

with two inches of white dust, and within the first three miles we crossed the tracks of nine different bears that had elected to follow it for a short distance; first the broad prints of an old fellow who had shuffled along it for 200 yards, then the tracks of a mother and twin cubs. This family had climbed to the trail, followed it for a distance and branched off up the mountain; next the trail of an old bear and a yearling headed down country, and so on. These lower areas were covered with dense stands of brush that afforded the best of cover; and we were unable to sight a bear, though we narrowly missed meeting one old boy face to face in a twisting stretch of trail that was walled in by brush that rose high above our heads. There was a sudden commotion some fifteen feet round a sharp bend, a puff of white dust churned aloft by his feet as the bear, which had been padding up the trail, turned to flee. He galloped down the corkscrew trail for perhaps fifty yards before turning off down the mountain, and the dust stirred up by his flight had not yet settled as we passed along.

We traversed occasional open stands of magnificent yellow and sugar pines, and eventually dropped into Buck Cañon at the foot of Seven-Mile Hill, waiting for the arrival of the outfit on the banks of the stream that drained it. From that point we crossed out of the park, forded the Middle Fork of the Kaweah and ascended steadily till near sundown, when we halted in the cirque at the head of Cliff Creek. The bare walls of the cirque rose in a semicircle about us, a waterfall tumbling away below. The night air was chill and penetrating in this lofty camp, and at daylight I observed that a thin sheet of ice had formed on a cup of water left standing on a rock near my bed roll.

As we mounted the first rise at the foot of Black Rock Pass the one chief difference between these mountains of the south and those of the northern ranges was for the first time apparent. The timber-line expanses of the more northerly mountains are softened by a springy velvet carpet of grass and all manner of alpine vegetation. Some of the best grazing country is found above timber line. Here, in the Sierras of California, these upper areas are largely devoid of all plant life.

Mountain Deserts

Looking down into the verdureless head of the cirque, we could see a chain of lakes on the descending series of benches; but there were no green meadows such as one would expect to find framing their shores. Instead, their waves lapped the gray rock, bare and polished smooth by the elements, the overflow water escaping through channels glazed by its action and devoid of screening fringe of shrubbery that graces the banks of most high mountain streams.

These lofty deserts, just under and often above the clouds, their altitude ranging from 10,000 to 14,000 feet, at first repel, then beckon and at last exert their spell; for there is a certain wild beauty about them, an individuality that constitutes the outstanding feature of the Sierra Nevadas. Later we traversed similar areas of far greater extent, lived in them and knew their charm. They grow upon one, these upland wastes. They might well be described as deserts in reverse, as the scant vegetation of most waste lands is attributable to scarcity of water, while the absence of verdure in these elevated deserts is occasioned by lack of soil. There is water everywhere; thousands of lakes and streams; millions of trickling seeps fed by the melting snow banks.

The trail up Black Rock Pass was steep and filled with loose rock that afforded only a treadmill sort of footing for our animals. I would have pronounced it a bit difficult, but when compared with other alleged trails that we later traversed it seemed, in retrospect, a bit of particularly good going. Those Sierra trails are the ultimate limit. All through those mountains we found dead and crippled pack stock that had made one misstep and paid the price; and when the going is such that a mule comes to grief it is a hazardous trail, indeed, for it is not the habit of a mule to disregard his own welfare.

We crossed out over the pass, the main divide between the Kaweah and the Kern, and dropped down the slide rock on the far side, meeting two boys, each with a pack on his back. The rock benches were studded with lakes, and at one point our only feasible route lay through a shallow body of water that filled a rock gorge from wall to wall for perhaps 100 yards.

This little pass opened out into a stand of lodgepole pines that in no way resembled the typical lodgepole forests of the northern hills, where the close-growing trunks are slender and graceful, growing straight and true. Here they sprouted in scattered formation, many of the trees five feet through, but attaining no great height, their tops gnarled and twisted.

It was here in Big Arroyo, among the lodgepoles, that I found the only porcupine workings that we encountered in the Sierras. A lodgepole trunk had been completely girdled at a height of some twenty feet; a collar of bark perhaps two feet in width had been removed. A half mile farther on I observed a tree that had been similarly girdled six feet above the ground; and after we had made camp I located two others, each of them so circled at various heights. This girdling process differed from the work of the porcupines I had known farther north, where the animals feed in rather more patchy fashion, spiraling a trunk or gnawing the bark here and there throughout its length. Later, I mentioned this matter to Mr. Fry, a naturalist of Giant Forest, and he informed me that these few scattering porcupines of the Sierras either cannot climb or do not care to exert themselves, and so are prone to select a tree and gnaw clear round it to whatever width they can reach. The varying heights of these girdles above the ground afford an accurate index of the depth of the snowdrifts at that particular point at the time the animal dined there.

A Camp With Open Plumbing

The camp in Big Arroyo was unique, typical of the Sierras, for it was all of rock. There was a natural rock fireplace, and standing near it were flat-topped stones that made ideal repositories for Red's pots, pans and culinary supplies. Some former camper had pried a flat slab of rock into position, one end resting on a ledge, the other on a square-topped bowlder, thus fashioning a table six feet long by three in width, with stone seats ranged along either side. The stream furnished all the features of an amusement resort. It flowed through the center of a single rock slab thirty feet in width. One could bathe there and step out upon a marble floor, polished and swept free of dust, so scoured and spotless that clothing scattered upon it would not show a trace of stain when retrieved. Fifteen feet from the water line a dozen two-foot cubes of stone stood in a straight line, precisely spaced, as if arranged there by some orderly soul to serve as chairs for bathers and spectators. The whole vicinity was so immaculate that even though we were three days' pack from the nearest wagon road, I felt rather shiftless and untidy after spattering flecks of soap near the water's edge.

Just above camp there was a twenty-degree pitch in the slab and the water flowed smoothly down across it, a perfect slide where a score of bathers might coast abreast down the fifty-foot incline. A few steps below the natural fireplace a stream half an inch in diameter had forced its way through some unseen crevice in the rock and emerged through an orifice in the face of the ledge, falling two feet to a shelf where it had hollowed out an oval basin that continually overflowed. It was exactly the proper height, and the shelf afforded ample space for our toilet articles. After the water in the basin had been lathered to white foam it required less than sixty seconds for the inflow to replace and purify it.

When this country is taken in as a pack trail park, Big Arroyo will become one of the logical camp sites, and these natural rock features should be retained rather than replaced by formal camp appliances. It offers possibilities for a unique and interesting mountain camp.

The head of Big Arroyo is known as Nine Lake Basin, from the series of nine rock-bound lakes that mark its floor. The walls of the cirque, rising above us, were bare and polished. The rugged peaks of the Black Kaweahs, towering above Big Arroyo, are reputed to be the home of a few last stragglers of the rare bighorn sheep of the Sierras. Without making a personal investigation and in the face of this persistent supposition, I am still inclined to doubt it on grounds of general conditions. This stretch of country is covered with a heavy layer of snow for at least six months of the year, its great depth attested to by the girdling work of porcupines that we noted in Big Arroyo. In more northerly mountains, where the high plateaus and flat tops of the peaks are heavily carpeted with feed, the bighorn can, and often does, winter on the most lofty and exposed points, where the winds keep patches of feed scoured free of snow

Here, in the Black Kaweahs, such high areas as might be swept clear of snow would consist of bare rock without a spear of feed. It quite naturally follows that in these mountains a sheep must necessarily go down, not up, to winter through. The Kaweahs, therefore, can only serve as a summer range, and if the sheep are there they must make an annual migration to some lower area for winter feed. This, of course, is a supposition, and I should be glad if it proved incorrect and that the report of sheep in the Black Kaweahs may be verified instead.

The last California grizzly was tracked down and killed perhaps fifteen years ago, and the bighorn of the Sierras seems destined soon to follow him into the realm of once there was.

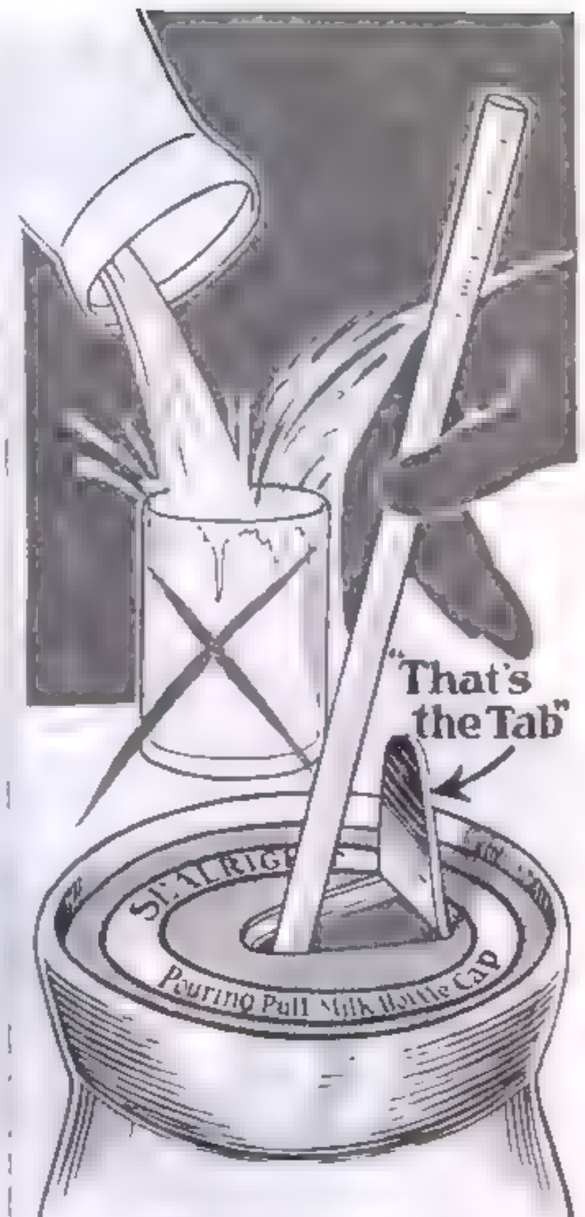
The stream that drains Big Arroyo swarms with trout, and Ollie caught a mess for supper within a few hundred yards downstream from camp.

As we packed out of Big Arroyo the trail grew ever worse. Mrs. Evarts rode at the head of the outfit, as those farther down the line were occasionally exposed to the flight of loose bowlders dislodged by the lead animals. Her mare, Brownie, one of the most sure-footed animals I have ever seen in the hills, halted suddenly on a piece of trail so steep as to be almost unscalable. A rock had blocked the trail where there was no room to turn, and the pitch was so abrupt that the little mare's hind legs were quivering with the strain of maintaining her balance, and there was imminent danger that they would buckle under her. Just below was a patch of brush, crushed flat and with the roots torn from the rocky soil; fragments of box panniers, splintered into matchwood, were strung out down the slope for 200 yards, where the lead pack mule of an outfit, caught in this same jam, had been unable to stand the strain on its hind legs and had toppled over backwards, sweeping the next animal behind it to destruction. We could not see the carcasses that we knew were lodged somewhere far below in the brush. Britten, riding just behind Mrs. Evarts, dismounted and sidled past his horse to help her as she slipped backwards out of her saddle. Brownie scrambled back down the incline, clawing at the trail with her forefeet to maintain her balance, and we worked our way up at another point.

A Misplaced Hot Spring

After attaining the top we rode out into Sky Meadows. There was one expanse of grass that somewhat resembled areas of similar elevations in the northern hills, but the most of the Chagoopa Plateau, across which we rode for several miles, was bare gravel, devoid of all vegetation except an occasional weed. This must be the result of overgrazing for two generations, as I have seen the same condition brought about in other localities. Much of Chagoopa is covered with an open scattering stand of lodgepoles of great girth but small height, the tops curled and twisted, rendering them unfit for lumbering purposes. Late in the afternoon we dropped down a precipitous gulch to the cañon of the Kern and up that stream to a point where grass for the pack animals was available.

A hundred yards downstream from camp a little spring bubbled forth on the bank of the Kern, filling a rock basin five feet across by two in depth. Its waters were hot; not boiling, but of sufficiently high temperature to be painful when I dipped a foot in it preparatory to bathing therein. A curious phenomenon, this lonely little hot spring. In a land of perpetual snow banks, crystal lakes and streams and a million icy springs,



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Restaurants, cafeterias and lunch rooms are serving customers Milk in bottles capped with this Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap—because it's a quicker, and more *healthful* way. Lift up "tab" and insert straw through opening. You then drink out of the original *sterilized* container—far cleaner than a hand-washed glass. Not only pleases customers but saves expense of washing glasses, broken glasses and spilled milk.

School Children, too, like milk served *this* way. "Drinking it through a straw" prevents gulping and aids digestion. No glasses to break and no "spilt milk."

Mothers and housewives appreciate the Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap. It is "3 times more useful." 1—cap is removed cleanly by pulling tab. 2—tab can be lifted without removing cap and milk poured without spilling. 3—tab can be lifted and straw inserted for drinking milk at home.

Ask your dealer to deliver milk to you in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps.

Send for samples to show your dealer.

SEALRIGHT COMPANY, Inc.
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Operating the largest plant in the world making milk bottle caps. Pouring-Pull Caps Ordinary flat or "Common Sense" Caps. Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers.

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

this tiny flow threads its way through mysterious channels from the realm of subterranean heat. Having discovered that the pool could be reduced to bathing temperature by the introduction of twenty or thirty gallons of water from the river, we pitched the tent over the hot spring and stopped over a day to conduct a general laundering and cleaning-up program.

This stop afforded Red an opportunity to spread himself as a camp cook, and he overfed us with a varied assortment of delicacies.

The crystal waters of the Kern are literally alive with trout, and even an inexperienced fisherman would find no difficulty in catching the legal limit in a couple of hours.

Late in the afternoon of the second day two long pack trains filed past an hour apart and moved on up the Kern to make camp for the night.

Parties penetrating the high Sierras many years ago reported a stream that swarmed with a golden trout that was found nowhere else in the world. This was quite generally considered a myth by the great majority of fishermen. However, the golden-hued trout was there, and experts testified that the breed had been developed by a peculiar sort of isolation. A few years ago this variety was transplanted to other Sierra streams, and the fish have thrived in the higher regions similar to their original haunts; but a number of attempts to introduce them into lower waters have failed. The golden fish not only loses his brilliant coloring but eventually dies in the waters of the lower country.

The Home of the Golden Trout

The East Fork of the Kern was reputed to be the home of the golden trout, so we climbed out over the rims of Kern Cañon by way of a trail known as the Dean Cut-off. At one point we looked down upon the body of a horse that had made a misstep, and a mile or so farther on another animal, crippled, had been left in a little flat. The packsaddle and equipment had been deserted and cached in a tree out of harm's way.

After topping out on the rims we rode some miles across a rocky, grassless plateau and made camp on the East Fork of the Kern.

The golden trout were there. They were there in such numbers that the boys caught fifty-two in something over an hour; and they were golden, no mistake about that, as if the sun of the Sierras, shining down upon the yellow rocks and golden gravel bars of the streams, had fixed its reflection in their gleaming coats throughout the course of the centuries they had lived in these high, shadeless waters. Their underparts deepened to rich orange. Later we crossed other streams that had been stocked with these golden fellows, but nowhere else did we find them in such abundance as in the East Fork of the Kern, in this lofty basin above the falls.

Why Is a Mule?

While the boys were packing the outfit in the morning, Britten again warned me against passing near a particular mule named Kate, stating that she was a one-man mule and would put forth her best effort to kill any other mortal that drew within range; a warning that was somewhat superfluous, since I had not ventured within ten feet of Kate during the trip. Britten had one eye bandaged shut as a consequence of a clip on the head administered by Kate's forefoot. On the first day out she had made a sincere attempt to murder Red, and might have succeeded except that Britten had a rope on her forefoot and jerked her down as she rose to strike at Red with both feet; and she struggled to reach him with her teeth even after Britten had snubbed her. My previous acquaintance with mules had proved uniformly disastrous. The mule has no excuse for being except to serve as a beast of burden; and it has occurred to me that every one of the tribe, evidently feeling this, has set out to become a burdensome beast. Our pack animals were a particularly hard-boiled lot of mules.

Britten had named most of them after movie stars or political personages. There was Little Mary, a petite and pretty blue mule; Eugene V, somewhat of a radical; and Ned, once a rodeo mule used in bucking contests, where he finally had developed such a varied assortment of bad habits, including such unsportsmanlike traits as stopping suddenly and turning to bite off the kneecap of his rider, that he had outgrown his usefulness as a Wild West performer.

The Sierra packers always include a few horses and mares in every outfit, since it is the way of mules to become fond of a horse; and once this love develops, the mule will

(Continued on Page 105)

"At 4 o'clock I have a date"

AT FOUR O'CLOCK, when you begin to slow down—that is the time for Dromedary Dates. Push open the end of the personal package and eat.

Dates are sweet, and meat and medicine combined. And they taste good.

From now on let every day have its Dromedary Date. Keep the personal package in your desk; tuck it away in your grip; drop it into the children's lunch boxes; eat plenty of dates.

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TO THE LADIES: Send for the Dromedary Book, "*One Hundred Delights*," giving one hundred simple, delicious recipes, using Dromedary Dates, Cocoanut and Sliced Peel. Address Department 95.

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In the personal package; at fruit stores, newsstands, and lunch counters.

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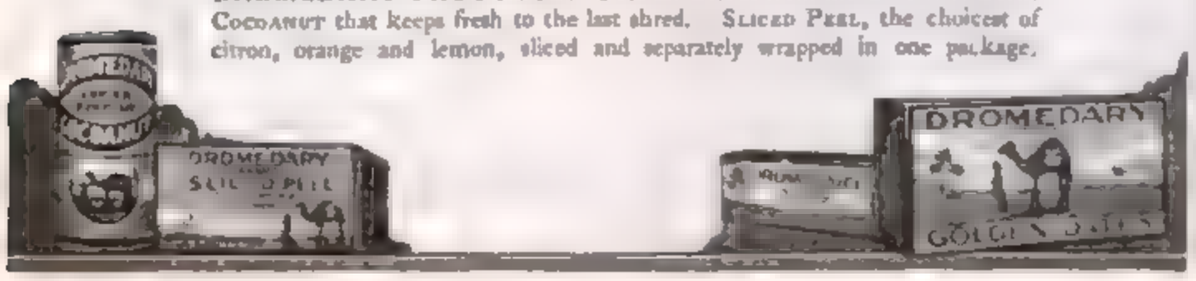
DROMEDARY PRODUCTS: GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden. COCOANUT that keeps fresh to the last shred. SLICED PEEL, the choicest of citron, orange and lemon, sliced and separately wrapped in one package.



Grottoes of the Shenandoah, in Virginia. This Chamber of Strange Rock Formations, 360 Feet Long, is Known as the Cathedral

This Kitchen Designed by E. D. Townsley, Ithaca, N. Y.

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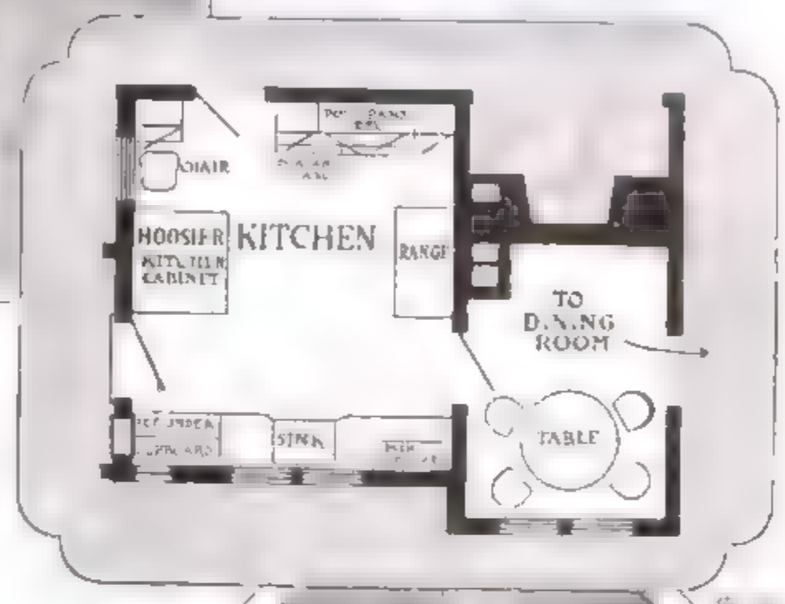
It contains detailed plans of model kitchens, selected from those submitted in competition by 343 leading architects and architectural draughtsmen. Just mail the coupon at the foot of the page.



A Kitchen Planned to Save Time Work and Worry

How often do you walk all the way across your kitchen to get a little thing like a spoon or a colander? How long do you stand at a work-table that is too high or too low for your comfort?

No doubt your kitchen, on the whole, is well planned. In its big details it is perfect.

But it's the little aggravations that wear one out—and two million users say that HOOSIER is the only kitchen convenience which gets *all* the little details right. Consequently, HOOSIER gets rid of those nagging aggravations which pile up on each other until they spoil your day and make you all worn out by night.

HOOSIER —Planned By Women For Women

Every suggestion ever made for the improvement of a kitchen cabinet has been tried out on the HOOSIER—the best accepted, the rest rejected.

Today there is no kitchen convenience that will do so much to save time, work and worry.

By all means, go to your HOOSIER dealer and learn how easy kitchen-work can be made.

He will show you how to get out of your kitchen early—and in as good spirits as you are when you enter it.

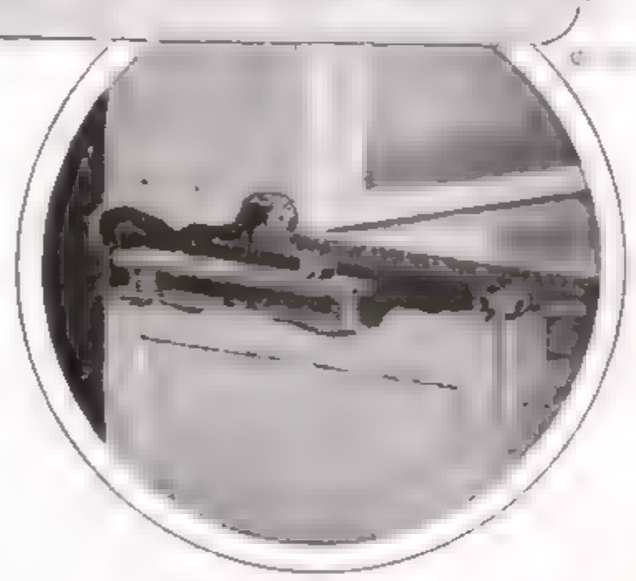
There Is No Substitute For The HOOSIER

HOOSIER's most important labor-saving conveniences are protected by patents. Therefore you can not buy or build anything that will contain all of HOOSIER's conveniences. And because the cabinet is built by the largest firm specializing in labor-saving conveniences for the kitchen, the HOOSIER gives you these unequaled conveniences at moderate cost.

Get Your HOOSIER On Our *Easy Terms*

Your HOOSIER dealer will sell you a HOOSIER on our exceptionally advantageous deferred payment plan. No need to go on doing your work the hard old-fashioned way when such easy terms are available.

If you do not know your HOOSIER dealer write for his name and our payment proposition. Free descriptive literature, presenting many new kitchen short-cuts and elaborately printed in colors, sent anywhere on request.



Another Exclusive HOOSIER Improvement

This picture shows another way in which the HOOSIER gets rid of the trying inconveniences of kitchen work.

Note how HOOSIER's work-table slides forward on roller bearings operated on a spring-tension track

This detail of construction (patent applied for) is a new triumph of kitchen engineering.

It makes the work-table unusually easy to slide forward and backward, yet holds the table rigid.

In addition, HOOSIER gives you the largest, unobstructed table top available in any cabinet—and adjusts that table-top to the exact height which corresponds to your stature, eliminating the muscle strains from working at a table unsuited to your requirements.

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—and the car wasn't damaged a bit!

Two cars! A narrow bridge! A quick decision between a head-on smash or bumping the end of the bridge. Instinctively the latter, of course.

And the car wasn't damaged a bit!

The Lyon Spring Bumper absorbed the impact. It yielded to the blow like a spring, warding off injury to the car and its driver.

LYON PROTECTION *and* BEAUTY WORTHY *of* ANY CAR

LYON Spring Bumpers are safeguarding over a million cars. Throughout the country, motorists and dealers know the remarkable protective qualities of the *Lyon Straight Bar and Lyon Convex Bumpers.*

Now, a *new* Lyon is ready for your car - the Vanguard, at $16.50. It is a beauty—designed and built for folks who want a moderate-priced bumper that combines good looks with real Lyon protection.

The Vanguard's graceful, distinctive lines will add materially to any car's appearance. Yet, beauty is secondary to the assurance of safety offered by this sturdy, broad faced bumper.

The Vanguard has the famous Lyon-patented, two-piece construction and open looped ends. Like all Lyon Spring Bumpers, it is made of the finest spring steel, oil tempered and heat treated. So even after a severe shock it retains its shape and springing quality.

Is your car protected against collision? Can you drive with a sense of real security?

Lyon Spring Bumpers—front and rear—are the best assurance of safety you can buy. Insurance companies recognize this fact by granting reduced collision rates on Lyon-protected cars. These reductions easily pay for a pair of bumpers for your car.

$16.50

OTHER LYON BUMPERS
Straight Bar, $12.50-$16.50. Convex, $17.00-$22.00. Dreadnaught and Guardian, $22.00-$25.00. Ford Bumpers, $10.00-$15.00

Lyon Spring Bumpers are simple in design, exceedingly strong and perfectly balanced. They are quickly and easily attached to any car without drilling or altering the frame. No brackets are required.

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METAL STAMPING COMPANY, LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

Canadian Licensee, B. J. COGHLIN CO., Ltd., Montreal

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

(Continued from Page 102)

never quit the object of his affections. When the stock is thrown on the range at night the mules will always be found with the horses in the morning, no matter what their propensity for straying when left alone.

Mary, the little blue mule, had formed a most violent fancy for Brownie, Mrs. Evarts' mount. Kate, the murderous, showed symptoms of honeying round Babe, the mare I rode through the trip, which was no part of my plan; but Babe discouraged this budding crush and Kate's affections finally settled on another horse.

Woody was an opinionated creature that played a lone hand and declined to attach himself to any horse in the outfit, so was quite naturally a bunch quitter, his absences causing us frequent delays. Woody was never convinced. Most animals, when hiding in a tangle of brush, will come forth when a rider approaches within reasonable limits. It seems to be part of the game. Most animals will also turn when headed by a horseman. Not so with Woody. He played no rules. When he hid in the brush, which was often, he had to be actually located and prodded from his retreat, after which he declined to believe that he should turn from his chosen direction merely for the reason that someone rode ahead of him. He would dodge past.

On several occasions Woody had performed after this fashion in bottoms that were covered with such a dense tangle of manzanita, quinine berry, live oak and other brush, that a rider could not force his way through or make use of his rope; and Ollie had adopted the expedient of rigging his noose across the trail in such fashion that Woody, careening into the snare at full tilt, was sadly jarred and upset. The mule, being smart, desisted from this practice, but still continued to hide upon all possible occasions. Then there was Black Bart, afflicted with a habit that is common to all mules, but which, in his case, had become the crowning ambition of his life—to roll on his pack and crush the contents thereof. The rest of the animals contented themselves with perhaps one or two such attempts a day; but the idea was ever uppermost in Bart's mind, and he tried it not less than twenty times a day. During the trip I saw at least a ton of rocks hurled at Bart with deadly precision by irate packers, but the mule seemed never discouraged. Yet they were good pack animals, those mules, and their ability to cross dangerous rock slides and all manner of bad going exceeded any exhibition of sure-footedness I have ever seen in the hills.

A Ticklish Rock Slide

We made a short pack from the East Fork to Tyndall Creek, electing to camp there and make an early start, as we must cross two high passes in the Great Western Divide before reaching the next available camp site. The most of the route to Tyndall Creek lay across Sandy Plateau, a typically desert landscape, expanses of bare rock and gravel without so much as a blade of grass or a weed, but marked by occasional green oases of grasslands and scattered groups of stunted lodgepole pines. However, there was good feed near the head of the stream, and we camped on the edge of the last cluster of trees. Two other outfits pulled into the basin to camp, and their fires gleamed brightly at intervals down the valley. The intense cold roused me near morning and sleep would not come to me again. The ragged fangs of the Great Western Divide loomed distinctly on one side, the pinnacles of the Black Kaweahs on the other, and they seemed to have drawn nearer, to tower almost above us.

Another outfit pulled in just behind us as we hit the trail in the morning. A ride of half an hour brought us out above all vegetation, and we mounted to the crest of Sheppard's Pass that notches the Great Western Divide. The barren country of Tyndall Creek opened out behind us, dotted with numerous lakes such as are found in all these high basins of the Sierras. One little lake, perhaps 100 yards back from the dip of the pass, was still partially frozen over; and great snowdrifts, undermined and honeycombed with caverns, were banked round half its shore line. A full half inch of ice had formed on our water bucket during the night in our camp on Tyndall Creek at an elevation of perhaps 3000 feet less than the altitude of the pass, and in view of these facts it seemed almost incredible that a half day's jaunt down the east side of the range would bring us out into the Inyo country with a temperature of 112°. The Great Western Divide, far higher than most ranges of the Continental Divide itself, sheers off to the eastward in a tremendous drop to the flat stretches of the Owen Valley.

Two outfits were toiling up the far side of the pass and we waited an hour until they had attained the crest. There were fourteen in one party, most of them girls in their twenties.

It was a most dizzy prospect, looking down into the funnel on the Inyo side of Sheppard, the trail spiraling down to a ten-foot notch through which we must pass, then opening out in a precipitous V-shaped slide without one solidly placed rock or pebble in its entire expanse. I went down ahead in an effort to secure a picture as the two outfits emerged from the notch and worked down the slide, a most spectacular performance; but there was no point from which a true perspective could be obtained. Loose rocks, dislodged by the animals above, hurtled down past me, smashing against bowlders with vicious impacts that struck showers of hard rock splinters. In anticipation of such a contingency I had stationed myself behind a rock of generous proportions quite out of harm's way. Mrs. Evarts rode in the rear of the outfit, intending to dismount before reaching the worst place; but Brownie coasted out onto the slide, where the pitch was so precipitous that she elected to stay in the saddle instead, and rode the length of the slide.

Not Even a Weed in Sight

The jagged rocks were spattered with the blood of animals whose legs had been lacerated during the crossing of previous pack trains, and several head of dead stock reposed in the débris at the bottom. The entire floor of the gorge was filled in with loose rock to an unknown depth, but the outfit crossed half a mile of this tedious going without a mishap to a single animal.

We dropped down the Inyo side, only to round the point of a mighty spur and turn up a second cañon, to cross back over the Great Western Divide once more by way of Junction Pass. The cañon was walled on either hand, and boxed in by sheer cliffs at the head, and as we rode the trail that sloped up along the slide at the base of the right-hand wall I entertained myself by trying to determine a feasible route to the rims, but failed, as it seemed that there was no possibility of climbing out of that tremendous box. However, the trail writhed about and made the top by various unsuspected leads that presented no difficulty to pack-trail travel, although there was one ten-foot stretch of trail that was particularly hazardous.

Range upon range of splintered pinnacles towered on all sides of Junction Pass, a magnificent array, yet quite different from any mountain scene it had been my lot to behold; for of vegetation there was none. We looked out across that sea of needle peaks for as far as the eye could reach, and all was bare, naked rock and gravel, without so much as a spear of grass or a swaying weed within range of our vision. We knew, of course, that the cañons between were forested, the side hills clothed with the usual jungles of brush that characterize the Sierras; that there were both grass and flowers in the bottoms; but it so chanced that from our first point of vantage on Junction Pass all these were invisible, hidden in the depths of the gorges; and our view was confined to the higher areas, 100 square miles of landscape apparently without one spear of living vegetation.

When we rode out to the edge and looked down into the head of Bubbs Creek, our route of descent, there was green in plenty; meadows far below us, and beyond them the trees. The upper basins drained by the creek afforded a spectacle not easy to forget; for they lay above the grass line, and the sun struck down upon the yellow rocks with a pitiless glare that the eye could scarce withstand. The basins were marked by the usual clusters of lakes, and their waters showed vivid colorings in contrast to the dazzling white and yellow rocks that formed the shores, each one taking on a different hue according to its depth, the varying refractions of the sun's rays or the matter held in solution; one, a heavy blue tinged with purple, as if a pool of writing fluid lurked there ready for the pen; another a deep lavender; the third a heavy, brilliant green.

Before starting upon the descent we rode out on a high point above and beyond the pass and looked down through a rift in the hills. The flat expanse of Owen Valley opened out thousands of feet below, and we could see far across it to the Inyo Mountains and the mouth of Death Valley.

Several other outfits were camped at various points on the head of Bubbs Creek. This stream, too, swarmed with trout; and a party that was camped in the first timber just across the creek from us contributed a mess for our dinner.

Woody once again secreted himself in the morning; and as the hours passed without either Britten or Ollie returning from their search for the missing mule, we elected to walk on ahead of the outfit.

Some distance down the stream we met Mr. McCloud, superintendent of the state fish hatchery at Independence. He had caught seventy golden trout the preceding day, keeping only the thirteen largest specimens. His pack outfit was equipped with big cans that could be lashed on either side of a mule, and he hoped to reach the outside with living specimens of the golden trout for exhibition at the state fair. He informed us that he had succeeded in artificially crossing the golden fish with the rainbow at the hatchery, and had been hoping to catch a hybrid of this sort on Bubbs Creek, proving his theory that the two varieties would cross in a natural state wherever they inhabited the same waters.

There were not less than ten camps on the head of Bubbs Creek, for pack-train travel has increased enormously in the Sierras during the last three years. They came in from so many different points that an accurate census could not be obtained; but it is certain that not less than 500 people followed the Sierra trails during the three summer months of last year.

The wonders of the country had been passed on to friends by those who had penetrated these fastnesses, their enthusiasm firing others to make the trip. It was in this quiet sort of way, rather than by a country-wide presentation through the press of the possibilities of the country, that this increase of travel had come about. That it was quite unexpected was further attested by the remark of a packer with whom I stood while several other parties filed past on the trail.

"Everyone's gone campin' crazy these last couple of years," he remarked. "And every man with a few head of mules has turned packer. What's the reason?"

Colonel White's Investigation

The reason is not hard to find. The news leaked out that here was one bit of virgin wilderness where one might ride the trails for a month without once viewing so much as a wagon road or any other work of man—a wilderness of marvelous scenic beauty and a veritable paradise for devotees of the rod and fly, a combination to appeal to every lover of the great outdoors. Hearing of this spot, they came; and more will come each year.

A few miles down the trail we saw a man reclining against a log and stopped to inquire about a side trail that led out of the cañon. After receiving the directions we did not act upon them, but tarried there instead, and when, some three hours later, our pack train came down the trail, the boys having located Woody at last, we had decided to stop over a day with Col. John White.

He had come in by way of King's River, the principal valleys of which have been located by the city of Los Angeles for future power sites, and he was most earnest in his assertion that this should not be allowed; that somehow, by some means, this bit of country must be saved intact. He was making an extensive personal investigation of the possibilities of this section of the Sierras, estimating its commercial advantages if exploited to the limit of its resources, and weighing that side against its value if retained in its natural state, intending to bring the true facts of the case before various organizations of Californians interested in all such matters within the borders of their state.

Colonel White was accompanied by Mr. Fry, a ranger and naturalist; and during the evening the ranger caught a hybrid trout which he pronounced a cross between the rainbow and the golden, thus verifying Mr. McCloud's theory that the two varieties would cross in a natural state.

The trail that we followed the next day was without doubt the worst of any I had seen. After climbing out of the bottoms of Bubbs Creek the way led upward through a series of box cañons that at first glance appeared to be impassable for climbers, much less for a pack outfit; but always there proved to be a way out, and at last we halted on the shores of a lake at the foot of the last divide.

I studied this cliff with the glasses, and the prospect of scaling it seemed bleak, indeed. But we did scale it. There was one stretch of perhaps 200 yards where the trail consisted of ten-foot switchbacks from one point of footing to the next; and from below the pack outfit presented a queer spectacle, as if standing on the rungs of an uneven ladder, one mule to a switchback, alternate animals facing in opposite directions. The final ascent led up a solid rock chute at a dangerously sharp angle, landing on a little platform on the crest of the divide.

This ridge was topped by a core of hard rock, almost black, and the rest of the mass had weathered away through the centuries, leaving only this knife-blade core. It pinched down to six feet, then four, and for a distance of perhaps fifteen yards we rode in single file along the crumbling top of this four-foot wall, with a nasty drop on either hand. If this had been a connecting wall between two tall buildings, I could not have crossed it even on foot without an attack of dizziness.

On a Submerged Trail

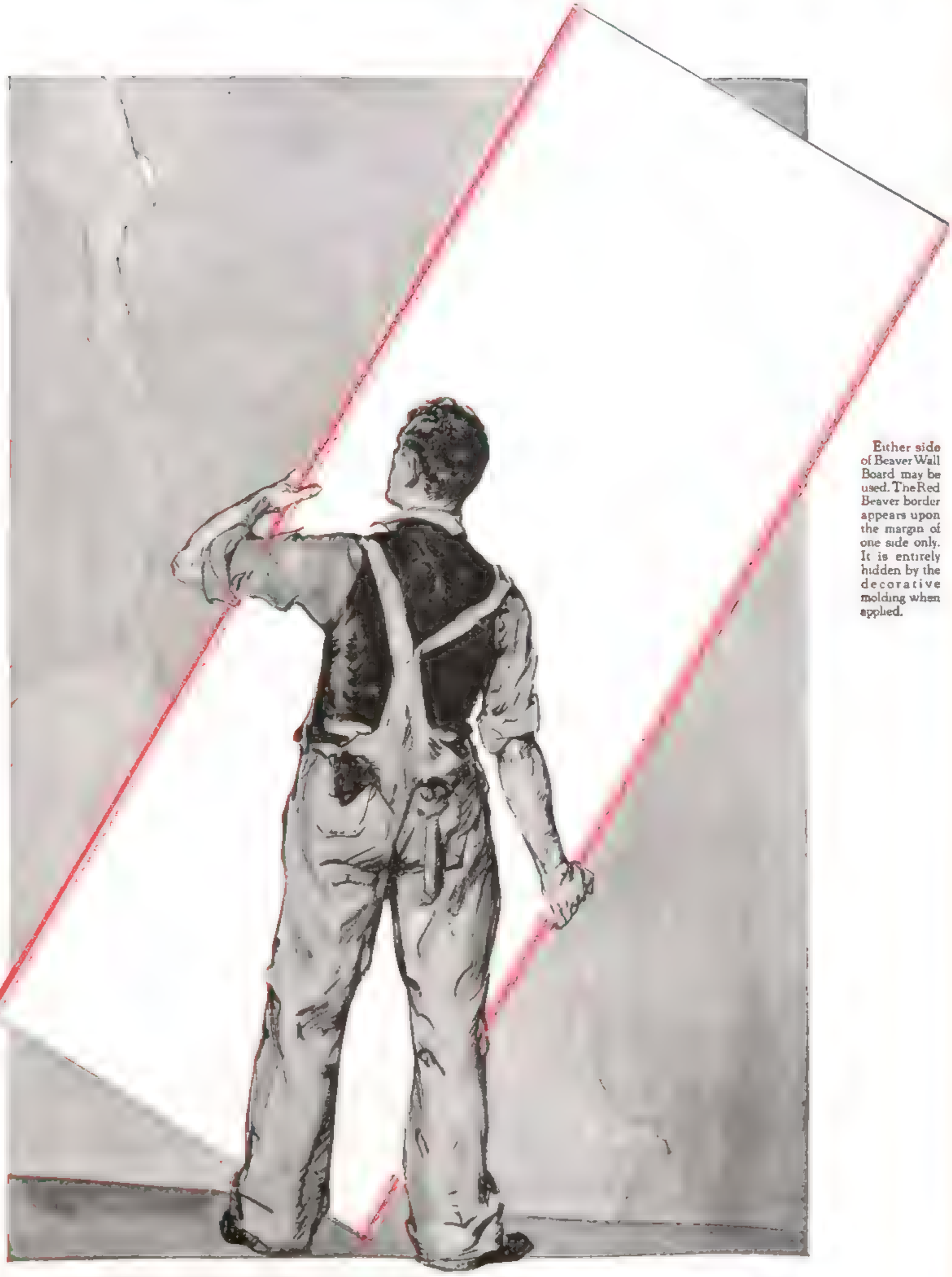
A crumbling stair-step ledge broke away from the core, affording a narrow passage down to the top of the slide rock on the far side. The prospect below, though of magnificent beauty, was by no means attractive when viewed from the standpoint of traversing it with a pack outfit. There was a vast rock slide to be crossed, and its pitch was unpleasantly precipitous. For the next half hour we traveled down across loose rocks without so much as a spoonful of earth anywhere visible, only the slabs and fragments that had been wrenched from the cliffs above by the elements during countless centuries. The footing was treacherous and the yawning crevices between the rocks afforded every opportunity for mishap. There was an odd grinding sound that vibrated throughout the slide as the animals picked their cautious way, creating in my mind an uneasy suspicion that the whole unstable mass was about to slip and go churning on down to the bench that seemed a mile below. Long tongues of débris, piled far out into the bottoms at various points along the base of the slide, testified that such slips had occurred.

A flat-country animal would have been quite helpless in such going, and would undoubtedly have floundered about and broken all four legs within the first 100 yards. In fact, with all my faith in the footwork of an experienced mountain horse or mule, I would have pronounced it impossible to put a pack outfit down that slide without maiming some of the stock; but cross it we did, and without an accident. Then followed a long steep descent to the grass line, the tree line and eventually to an arm of Rae Lake, a most magnificent body of water with terrific peaks thrusting up from its very shores.

There was but one route open to us, a ledge some four feet wide that followed round the shore line, and that shelf was under two and a half feet of water. The first animals churned up the sediment and so clouded the water that one could not determine where the outside edge of the shelf broke sharply off into the depths. Kate missed her footing and fell in, swimming across the arm with her heavy pack, meanwhile showing her teeth after the fashion of an angry dog.

We camped on a promontory, almost an island, that rose boldly out of the lake. In its center there was a deep depression studded with rocks as large as cabins. The surface of Rae Lake is ever restless, ruffled by conflicting air currents that prowl uneasily to and fro among the cañons; but just at sunset every suspicion of a breeze died out, leaving the lake as placid and unrippled as a pane of glass, and the wild peaks gazed down upon their images reflected in this mirrored surface. A camp fire gleamed cheerily from far down the lake, the red streak of its reflection seeming to reach out toward us as if it extended a friendly arm of invitation.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr Evarts. The next will appear in an early issue



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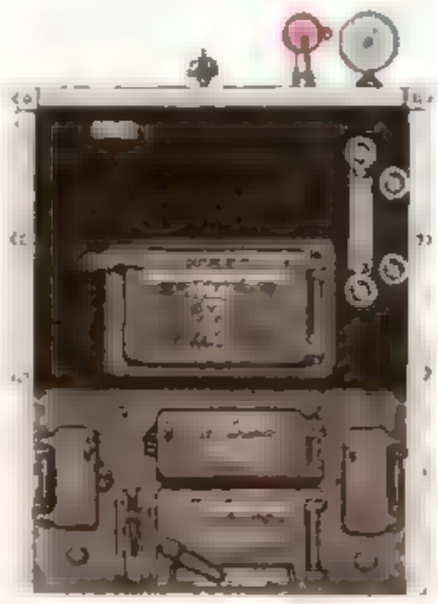

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CARA WONDERS

(Continued from Page 13)

next, half mad for a little gayety and peace and—and tenderness. And what do I get? You're as cold as ice, and as analytical as a chemist, and as restless as a witch, and as unsympathetic as ——"

"That's not fair!" Flames of indignation danced beneath her whiteness. "Not fair and not true. What cause have you ever given me to dream that you were in need of sympathy? You—why, you've turned everything that we've ever touched into laughter, sooner or later. Everything! That's what I wanted to talk to you about. That's what I wanted to find out about—wondered about. Terry, isn't anything in the world worth while but laughter?"

He released her wrists swiftly at that, his face suddenly dark and tired.

"When you can say things like that, what's the use of talking? We might as well be using different languages. If at the end of four months and what I was trying to tell you a minute ago, you can still ask me that question, I've got nothing more to say."

Cara closed her lips hard over the retort that sprang to them. After a minute she said very gently: "But, Terry, couldn't we learn each other's language? I'm—I'm pretty good at languages, you know."

"Oh, it's worse than unknown languages, my dear; I see that now. It's something more fundamental and incurable than that. We're two strangers trying to communicate across a gulf, and one of us is deaf and the other one is dumb. And so that's that. Cara, if we cut across the field we can catch the early train back to town, and yesterday was pay day, so I can take you to the Ritz for tea and you might wear the new hat that I haven't seen; the Japanese Garden's open now, and you can watch the goldfish go under the bridge, and put whipped cream in your iced coffee ——"

"I don't want to catch the early train to town," said Cara, her lips suddenly white. "I want to stay here. You shan't treat me like a bad little girl being put in a corner; it doesn't make a particle of difference whether you happen to choose the Ritz for the corner. Terry—Terry, what's the matter with us? What have we done? Can't we ever get beyond goldfish and whipped cream and new hats?"

"I thought that we had," said Terry. "That was my stupidity apparently. You see, I hadn't realized how trivial it had all seemed to you! You've thought it all frivolous and absurd, have you, Cara? The Sunday at the Zoo when you fed the baby foxes and your hat blew off; and the night when you wore your new silver dress to the Follies and I sent you two red camellias and dared you to wear them in your hair—and you wore them—and the Biltmore afterwards, when I gave 'em the last five dollars I had in the world to stop the fox trot and play the Blue Danube three times running; and the times after that when we couldn't have any silver-and-camellia parties, and found that perfectly rotten, corking place where we could get soup and chicken and salad and vinegar and ice cream with pink and green stripes and coffee with chicory and candles with red shades and a waiter with a heart, all for sixty-five cents; and then ride up Riverside Drive in the starlight, high, high up on a bus, and you'd take your hat off and put your head down on my shoulder like any good little shopgirl with her lucky, lucky lover. Does it make you laugh to think of that, Cara?"

"No, no," she whispered. "It makes me cry to think of that."

"Then perhaps it's those times that we used to go to the Metropolitan, and furnish a whole house for a Fairy Prince and Fairy Princess? Do you remember the sun room with the Persian tiles and the blue-paved swimming pool under the Sorolla picture of the golden bathing girl, drenched in air and water and sunlight? And the kitchen with the Dutch oven and the copper pots and the red-painted chairs and fat trivets, with the geraniums along the window sill and the Teniers and Van Ostade flanking the big walnut cupboard? How about the room off of the great hall—remember that, Cara? Small, with that huge graystone fireplace and the blue-and-green silk rug on the floor and the green-and-blue tapestries on the wall, and those two enormous shabby chairs on either side of the hearth with the low tables beside them. Remember the powder-blue jars that we made into lamps?"

"Don't!" whispered Cara. "Please—please ——"

"And the green jades that we made into ash trays?" pursued the relentless Terrence. "And how we hung the best Holbein just where it would catch the firelight, and filled the Cellini cup of crystal and enamel with fresh wild flowers, and stood the four little Chinese trees with their coral and pearl and jade and lapis fruits in their four gray niches, and pulled the silk curtains—and lit the fire, and lit the lamps, and drew the two chairs close together, closer—closer —— Oh, well, it was probably that! You're quite right and there are no two ways about it. We ought to die of laughter at the mere memory of how ridiculous we were—two great grown-up children wasting precious hours playing at such nonsense."

"Don't," said Cara. "Don't. Terry, doesn't it seem strange that as long as we live we'll never see a room as lovely and as real as that one?"

"Oh, howlingly funny! And when you think how laughable all those evenings were that we've spent together on the sofa in front of the fire in your sitting room, reading; and the afternoons that we've spent in some green place with Madame Earth for a sofa and the sun for a fire, not reading; it's simply excruciatingly funny, Cara mia, isn't it? Well, rather!"

"Terry, I know that if I had any proper pride I ought to be as bad-tempered as you are and crawl down to your own level of devastating irony, and be nasty and withering and unbearable too; but I'm not going to. There's too much irritability in both of us, and I'm tired of playing that game! I'm tired of playing all our games; I want to try a new one. I'm going to be as real as I know how to be; of course I'm all out of practice, so I'll probably be frightfully awkward at it at first. No, keep still; you're not going to be able to wriggle out of this. How much do you really care for me, Terry?"

"More'n tongue can tell," replied Terry, with all the prompt docility of a well-trained and obliging infant of four.

Cara contemplated the guileless countenance raised blandly to hers despairingly. Oh, oh; how could he? How could he be so callous, so cruel, so unspeakably, unbelievably childish? Very well, then, she was through—forever. The Ritz or the Plaza or the Antipodes or the North Pole—it was all one to her!

She gathered her filmy skirts together with one deft hand, adjusted the bravely flowered hat with the other, curled her lips into an expertly ironic smile—and sat perfectly still, frozen to the spot with horror. Her eyes—her abominable and treacherous eyes—were filling slowly and relentlessly with tears, flooding to their absurd lashes, brimming over. Her eyes were crying. There was no justice in a heaven that could play her so scurvy a trick—no justice and no mercy. She ground her teeth at the sight of the sudden storm of remorse sweeping across Terry's face. Oh, if he dared—if he dared to pity her!

He dared more than that; in a moment, in a second, his arms were fast about her, his cheek against hers. True to tradition, at the first flutter of the white flag of tears, man the enemy had fled in disarray, and man the protector had swept up with the countersign.

"Darling child, I'm a brute and a beast and an unmitigated ass! I ought to be shot dead for teasing you, but I swear that I didn't know that you really minded. What is it, Cara? What is it that you want to tell me? Look, I'm listening now. I'll sit here as still as a mouse and as good as gold until you've thrashed it all out, even if the world comes to an end and the cows come home and the last train leaves before you've finished. Tell Terry what it is that you've been wondering about all this golden afternoon."

"It's not this afternoon," explained Cara meekly, in a dreamy little voice that exactly matched her eyes and profoundly outraged every other fiber of her being. "It's all the afternoons and evenings and mornings that I can remember since I was about as big as a kitten. Oh, of course I know that most of the time our hands and feet and minds and voices are so busy that we don't have time to do anything but use them, but sometimes when they've been busiest I've felt something shut off somewhere deep in me with a little click—in my heart, in my head, in my soul—oh, I don't know where. I only know that suddenly I'm all alone in a strange room, empty of everything but wonder."

"But what's the wonder, my lonely little Cara?"

"Terry, ever since I've been the most absurd little girl you ever knew I've been wondering who the stranger was that would some day find the way to that door, who would find the key that would open it wide, who would cross its threshold and sweep it clean of loneliness with one breath, and with another fill it from wall to wall with beauty and peace and magic. Nothing else ever seemed very important to that absurd little girl!"

"But, Cara, when the little girl grew up she learned how tremendously important other things were, didn't she?"

"What other things?"

"Oh, everything! Work and courage and fear and beauty and hunger and honesty and war—not to mention the circus, and Whistler's etchings, and *cœur à la crème*, and the Chauve-Souris, and stars through the trees. Almost anything, in fact!"

"No, she never learned. She learned to love all those things and a great many more, but she never learned how to believe that they were very important. Absurd little girls don't really ever grow up, you see. They grow up just enough to put up their hair, and smuggle their dreams out of sight with their dolls, and dress themselves up in pride and irony and long skirts and frivolity and sophistication; but they're just pretending. It amuses them awfully most of the time, of course; they always did like to dress up and play at being grown up, but after a while they get tired and restless and bored; after a while they begin to wonder what this absurd nonsense that people call living is all about; after a while they slip away, back to the empty little room, and stand waiting behind the closed door, listening for the sound of footsteps coming down the long corridor, for the sound of the key in the door, for the sound of the voice in their ears that will tell them what it is all about, and make everything clear and simple and beautiful forever and ever."

After a long time he asked very gently: "And have you heard those footsteps, Cara mia?"

"But that's just it! That's what I've been trying to tell you. I don't know. The only way that I can be sure is when the key turns in the lock and the stranger steps across the threshold, isn't it? Of course, of course, I've heard footsteps half a hundred times, while I've stood there listening; it's been a good many years, you know, and I'm not an unimaginative prig. Some of them turned off before they even got as far as the door, and some went by quickly, and some—well, some lingered, and once or twice I've even heard a fumbling at the lock, and it's no use pretending, that was rather exciting, though all the time I knew that pretty soon they'd be on their way; it was all too clear that they hadn't the right key! But lately, Terry ——"

He waited for a moment, and then he prompted, steadily and evenly, to reassure that small, brave, uncertain voice: "But lately, Cara?"

"But lately," she told him in a soft breathless rush—"but lately when I've stood there listening—and you see I've stood there listening pretty often lately—it's seemed to me that someone was standing on the other side, listening too; and once or twice I've thought I've heard—a knocking. Only I couldn't be quite sure; it might have been just imagination, mightn't it? It might have been just someone laughing."

Terry's arms were suddenly closer about her.

"No, no—not laughing! Cara, don't you think that the fairest and kindest and bravest thing to do would be to open your door and come out to that poor beggar?"

"Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't; you don't understand! He must have the key, he must come in to me; even then I'd be frightened. He might—he might find the room too little; he might want to get out. That's the hideous risk we'd have to take always. Terry, I've never told you about my mother, have I?"

"No."

"No. I haven't ever told anybody. Well, she died when I was eight years old—of

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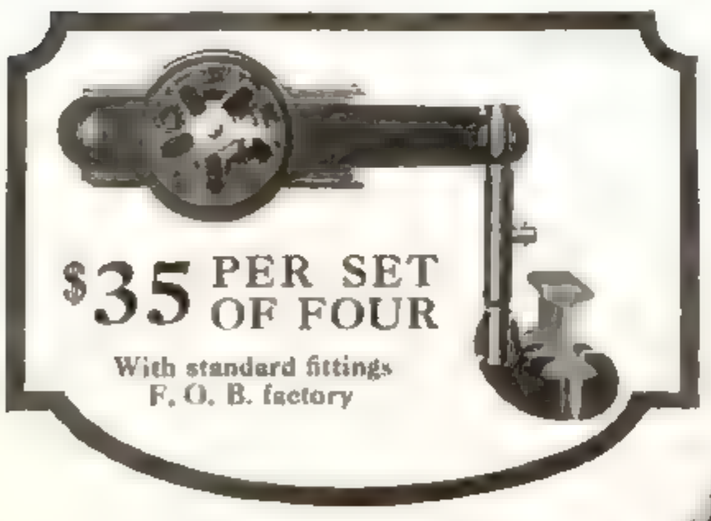

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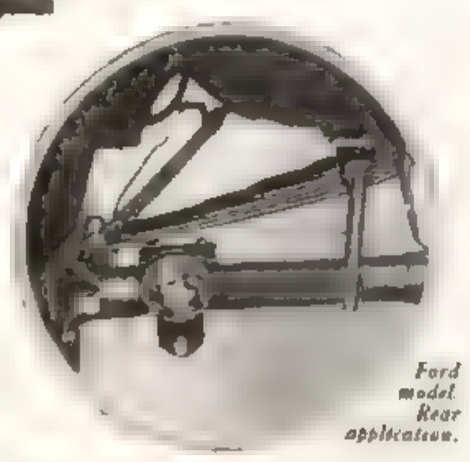
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loneliness. That's ridiculous, isn't it? To die of loneliness! She was Prudence Caraday, of Boston, you know, or probably you don't know. It wouldn't mean anything to you, but it meant a good deal to Boston and a great deal to Prudence Caraday. She was the proudest person that I've ever known—the most exquisite, the quietest. She met my father when she was eighteen at her first ball, and ran away with him a week after, because he thought big weddings were a nuisance and a bore. So they had a very small wedding of two, and Monsieur mon père gave her an emerald ring and a sable cloak and an apartment in Paris, and they started to live happily ever after. And six months from the day that he met her he calmly departed for the Riviera with two bachelor friends, and three days after that he was absolutely and utterly bankrupt, and six months later I was born."

"You mean that he deserted her?"

"Deserted her?" Cara stared at him blankly. "Oh, no; he came back to her, if that's what you mean, and lived on the proceeds of the sable wrap and the emerald ring and the francs that she'd managed to acquire by giving English lessons, for as long as they lasted; and when the wolf had both paws in the front door he picked up his paintbrushes again and proceeded to earn enough in six weeks to feed his privileged family on nightingales' tongues and bread and butter for at least a year; so he gave her a string of pearls a yard long and sailed off for the Caribbean with a red-headed lady from Chicago and her millionaire husband, who owned the yacht. It didn't take him long to lose all the nightingales' tongues—and all the bread and butter too—at poker to the millionaire husband, who hadn't either desired or requested his company, so back he came to his fortunate family—and the pearls! When they were gone and the amusement of badgering importunate tradesmen and dodging frenzied collectors had begun to pall he unearthed the paintbrush and started the circle spinning again: Glory, wealth, desertion, loss, poverty, shame; glory, wealth, desertion —— Prudence Caraday Fane watched it spin for eight incredible years and then she turned her face to the wall in the little gray Paris room and closed her eyes and died, as quietly as she'd lived. The doctor told her talented husband, who came racing distractedly back from the south of Spain, that she'd died of a peculiar form of pernicious anaemia, but I doubted it then and I doubt it now. I think that she died because not even woman can live by bread alone; and in this case the bread itself was lacking. She was starved—she was starved to death, Terry!"

"Cara, you mustn't say such frightful things; you mustn't think them. How could you know all this? You couldn't; you were nothing but a baby!"

"I wasn't a baby at all; I was a hungry and observant mite of eight. I knew just as much of what was happening then as I know it now. No one has ever taken any particular trouble to shield me from anything, you know!"

"You mean that your mother talked to you about things like that at the age of eight?"

"My mother?" The flower-colored lips curved again to irony. "It's pitifully clear that you didn't know my mother! She never talked about anything; silence was her inseparable handmaid. She used to sit for hours at a time in her shabby black dress with the sunlight or the lamplight falling on her smooth little head, mending and mending, writing and writing, reading and reading, and after a while just staring and staring at her idle hands, while I watched her from my stool in the corner. I never once in all that time remember her speaking to me unless it was to answer a question. I never remember hearing her laugh, except once when a rare visitor told her that she must be very proud of her wonderful husband! I think that she was literally stunned; dazed and stupefied by the incredible misery that had fallen on the cherished and sheltered Prudence Caraday, the constant humiliation, the agonies of suspense, the intolerable degradations that hemmed her in on every side. No, no—she didn't do much talking."

"Then how do you know?"

"But, Terry, have you forgotten my father? Of course I was handed over immediately to the nearest convent, but for the next ten years Monsieur mon père would appropriate me whenever the fancy seized him and drag me off to bull fights in Spain or *cafés chantants* in Paris or cattle ranches in Montana or drawing-rooms in London. I don't believe that any child that ever lived was ever brought up more outrageously, truly. And of course I adored it. Patrick is still the most enchanting comrade alive—when he wants to be; and when he didn't want to be he could always find a convenient convent to shelter the young thing that he pathetically referred to as his motherless angel; that's me, Terry. Well, like most sinners, he's consumed with a thirst for confession; and about once a year I'm elected to hear all about his past monstrosities and present deviltries. He's my sole authority for his conduct towards my mother—he and memory."

"Cara, I hate it when you sound so bitter."

"Do you? Do you, Terry? Well, you needn't. I adore Patrick, and he adores me—when he gets around to it. He's given me an extravagantly generous allowance ever since I was eighteen, and now that I have four blessed years of sanity in college behind me and stenography at the tips of my beautiful white fingers I don't have to agonize over the day that he may forget to be generous. Of course I revel in being lazy, but it's heaven itself to know that I can work if I have to. I'll be enchanted when Patrick turns up from Persia, and if he still wants me to go to Buenos Aires with him he can have me. No, I'm not bitter about that, truly. It's something else. I'm—frightened."

"Frightened of what, my Cara?"

"Frightened that I may make a mistake too. When little Prudence Caraday threw open the door and flung herself into her lover's arms she was surer that she was right than I will ever be in my life—but she was wrong. She was terribly, terribly wrong: in six months he had tired of the little room that she had thought that he would live in forever."

Terry, with his lips against her hair, said very softly: "Perhaps it was too small?"

Cara stiffened.

"How could it be too small? Nothing could be too small to hold two people close and safe, could it?"

"But too small to hold anything else?"

"But Terry—but Terry, if it holds them it holds everything! Can't you see?"

After a long time the lips against her hair said, hardly stirring, so gently did they speak: "Why, yes. Yes, I think that I see."

And suddenly and incredibly, at those quiet words panic seized her. It wasn't like Terry to speak like that. It wasn't like him! What was she doing, what had she done, to bring that strange, remote pity to the gay voice that she loved? It was as though he had gone far away and this strange compassionate voice was saying farewell for him. No, no! She couldn't let him go. She knew that at last. What perversity of hers had wrought this mischief?

"Well, then—that's that. Terry, I'm so tired of talking, and it must be time for the train! Tell you what let's do."

After a brief pause in which she could hear her heart beat in her ears an obedient voice asked: "What?"

"I'll go back to the apartment and take a bath and put on my gray chiffon dress and my brand-new hat, and then you can come and get me and take me to dinner at the Plaza, and we'll have duck and escarole and iced coffee and take one of those shiny black barouches outside and drive three times around the park; and then—and then if you're not too sleepy we can go back to the apartment and look over the new book of poems by that English boy; or if you'd rather we can just sit on the couch by the window and—and not talk. I'm pretty tired of talking."

"Are you, now? You take my breath away!"

Cara drew a long breath. Thank heaven, he was laughing!

"Well, I am—sick and tired. Terry, you'll be insane about that hat. It's the prettiest ever you saw—frosty gray, big and shadowy, with the most enchanting wreath of blue roses. I could dance every time I think of it!"

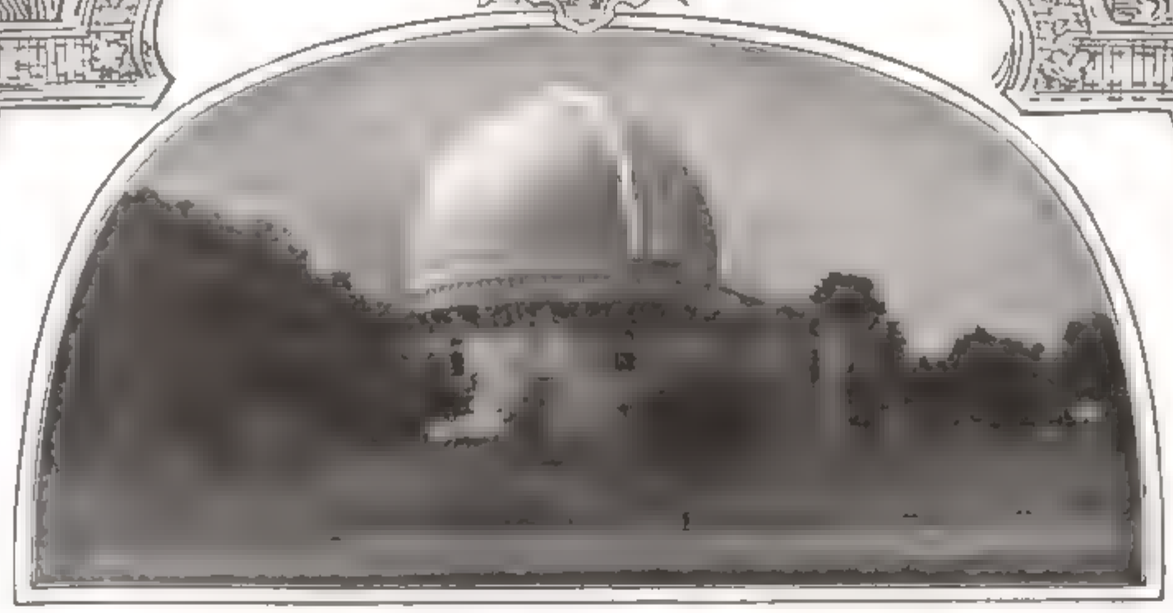
"Blue roses!" He repeated the words slowly. "Now will you tell me why in the name of heaven blue roses?"

"And will you tell me why in the name of heaven not?"

"Because—oh, but what rot! Because there aren't any such things; you know it as well as I do. Why didn't you want pink roses?"

Cara laughed, joyous and disdainful. As long as he would quarrel it was a good world—a good, safe world.

(Continued on Page 112)



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1885 Antwerp Grand Prize

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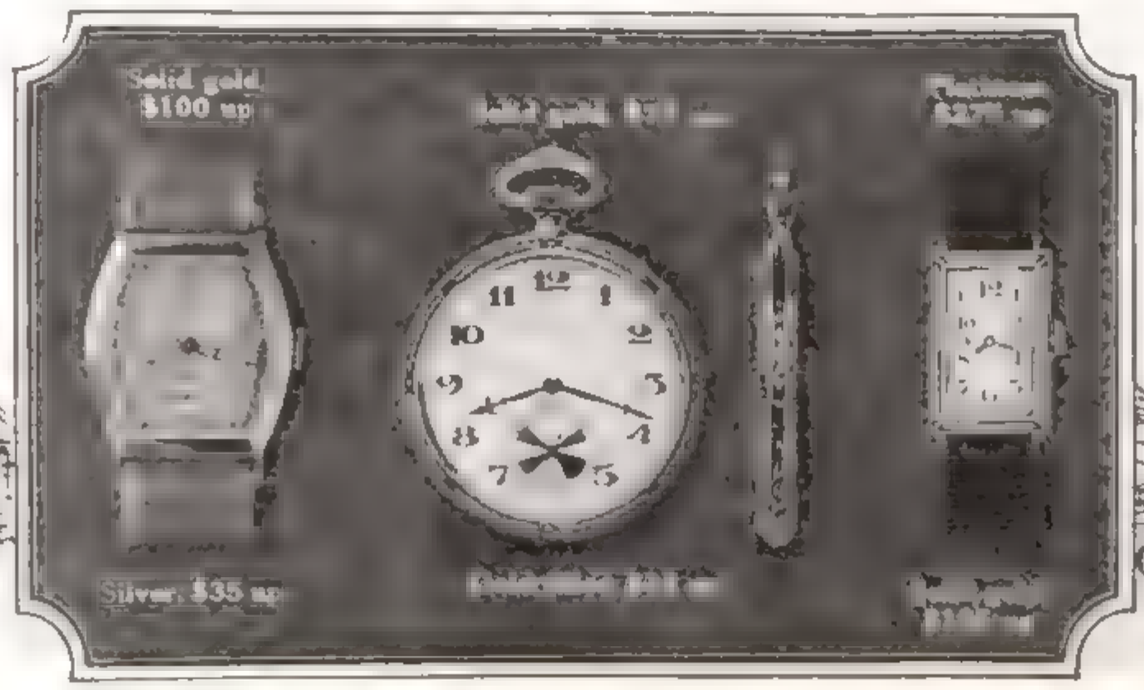
The Longines Watch



(Continued from Page 110)

"Fink! Isn't that like a man? Anyone in the world could have pink, my dear goose! But wait till you see my roses, so lovely and so strange and so—yes, so unreal. That's part of their enchantment—they'd lose half their magic if they were real."

He released her lightly and gently, swinging easily to his feet.

"And isn't that like a woman, my Cara? Who but a woman would choose something because it was unreal? Or do you all go maying for blue roses, after all? Don't you think that any lady would take pink?"

"Oh," cried Cara gayly, "I suppose any number of poor lasses take what they can get; but it's blue roses or none for this one. Listen, Terry; bet you strawberries and Devonshire cream for dinner against iced peaches that I can beat you to the edge of the meadow!"

"Done!" that gentleman replied with alacrity, and was off so swiftly and so surely that he beat her by two good yards, and was unbearably pleased with himself and unbearably condescending to her all the way back to New York in the stuffy little train.

They both laughed a great deal and chattered enormously, and were very, very careful not to meet each other's eyes. Cara was slightly apprehensive of what she might find in Terry's, and frankly panic-stricken as to what he might find in hers; so she kept them carefully lowered even while he bent his curly head over the two cool little hands just outside the apartment door, leaving a kiss in each curved palm. She did not raise them until she had whisked safely into her own domain, and when she confronted them in the mirror she decided that it was just as well—oh, just as well. All the glamour, all the magic, all the enchantment in the world shone behind the lifted veil; never, never had they gleamed so reprehensibly.

"So that's it, is it?" she inquired of them severely. "Well, let me tell you something, my young friends." The mocking voice faltered, broke to exultation. "No, no, you tell me something! Tell me quickly, quickly. Tell me that you see at last. Tell me—no, keep quiet. Let him tell me himself."

She whirled from the mirror, pressing the lucky hands to her lips.

"Darling, darling! Oh, you'll be here in an hour. I must hurry."

In the minute sitting room she pushed the sofa nearer the window, where the breeze could reach it as it blew across the bowl of lilacs, scattered the green silk cushions with a lavish hand, lit the amber lamps and hastily inspected the lacquer box to make sure that it was amply equipped with cigarettes and matches and that there was some of that frightful tobacco for the stubby brier pipe in case it should be required. In the fading light the room was a place of enchantment, gay and serene and romantic with its shadowy lights and flowers. She blew it a grateful kiss, caught a startled glimpse of the clock and flew to other tasks. Half a bottle of the French perfume that she had been measuring out by drops for her handkerchief into the tub of cool water, the cobweb stockings that she had been keeping ever since Christmas for a worthy festival pounced on exultantly, the gray slippers with the silver buckles that almost danced by themselves while she slipped them on. The voice of the little miniature painter across the hall drifted laughing through the closed door.

"Anyone left you a fortune, lady? What are you singin' about?"

"Oh, singin' songs!" Cara's exultant voice sang even while she spoke. "Midge, darling, want to be a ministering angel? Please? Then come across in ten minutes and help me with my dress, will you? It's just the sash; I never can ——"

"Ten minutes it is, nightingale. You may get a chance to be useful too. I'm going out to dinner my own self."

Ten minutes! Without a doubt it was the prettiest dress that she had ever had; it was probably the prettiest dress that anyone had ever had. No wonder Terry adored it! And the hat! Who had ever seen so miraculous a hat? She brushed the airy wreath with her lips. Who said that there were no blue roses? Beloved scoffer, could it have been you—you, who had clasped a wreath of them fast about her heart forever? There was a knock at the door and she lifted the shameless radiance of her face to it eagerly.

"Midget? Come in—all ready!"

But it was not Midget; according to the squeaky and urgent voice it was a mess'ger boy with flow'rs for Miss Carrie Fane. Flowers! She stretched out eager hands; the door was closed again, the cord broken and the paper parted before the clumping of the mess'ger boy's stubby shoes had died away. Roses—pink roses! The absurd eyes danced at them through tears. Never, never had she seen anything so fresh, so gay, so unutterably dear! There was a note too. Who in all the world but Terry would take the trouble to write a note when in ten minutes he would be with her? Who but Terry? It was quite a short note.

"Cara, dear."

Yes, oh, yes. Cara dear!

Cara Dear: I'm sending you these pink roses to say good-by for me. They're the best I have to give you, but they're not good enough; you've shown me that this afternoon. They will say good-by more gently than I could ever say it, though not more gently than I think it. Never that. I'm off for Paris now; so you might send me a white feather after all. Cara, I'm wishing you all the blue roses in the world—and out of it.

TERRY.

She sat quite still, looking at the little black words dancing on the little white page; looking at the pink roses. Gone! Gone because she had frightened him so badly that he dared not even take her in his arms to say good-by. And that was that. He could bury it under pretty stories about pink roses and blue roses, but that was that. That was what he'd been trying to explain to her all afternoon while she had been sitting securely in the center of her pride and vanity and madness, wondering whether he was worthy of the blessed privilege of making her happy ever after. He deserved a good deal of pity; it was no light task to make it clear to a lady that a pleasant flirtation is not a proposal of matrimony, especially when the lady is deaf and dumb and blind. Probably he was making a highly laudable endeavor to ward off a breach-of-promise suit. She smiled delicately, a fine, cruel little smile. No; it was a pleasant idea, but unlikely. He had a good memory; he must have been fully aware that he had not dealt in promises. Far off down the street a hand organ was playing, and the flippant wistfulness of the most abused of war songs drifted in through the open window, on the breeze that smelled of lilacs. Strange that in a world that had forgotten all the lost and valiant youth for which that tawdry tune stood a barrel organ should remember. Strange and terrible.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go ——

A long way; that was where she wanted to go—a long, long way out of the room that smelled of lilacs and roses. She would write Patrick to come and take her quickly to those bright-colored fantastic countries that he loved; soon they would be sitting together over coffee and little thick glasses of flower-scented fire in tiled courtyards full of moonlight and flaring lamps, watching the dark women moving lightly to alien tunes in their heavy shawls, with flowers like flames dancing in their lacquered hair. The air would smell of spice and kerosene and the jungle; there would be a great poison-green parrot chained like a watch-dog to the studded door. Patrick would sit smiling at the world he loved with half-closed eyes, and she would smile, too—smile most particularly at the memory of anything so trite and sentimental as pink roses.

Terry had been perfectly right, after all; they were not for the daughter of Patrick Fane to wear over her heart. Life had better things to offer than such trim garden prettiness. She must have been mad! To have dreamed even for a moment that she could trade the whole world with its roads and seas and flying trails down which beckoned romance and excitement and adventure for one little bare room and one highly commonplace young man. No wonder that the prospect had appalled him; no wonder that he had not even waited to bid her good-by. Good-by! Had he gone yet? No, no, no—he couldn't have gone yet. Why, they hadn't even cut the pages of that new book of poems; Wednesday they were going to see Barrymore from the balcony; Sunday they were to tramp all the way out to that new French restaurant on Long Island. No, it was all some hideous mistake. Terry, Terry!

"Heavens, aren't you ready yet?" demanded a voice in the doorway. "I knocked twice. What's the big idea? I thought you were going out!"

"I thought so too," replied Cara pleasantly. She rose leisurely to her feet, putting the roses aside.

"Well, then ——"

"Well, then, I'm not. Turn around, dear. Just the two top hooks? There!"

"Cara, what distracting flowers! Tribute from some devoted swain?"

"No, not exactly a tribute," said Cara reflectively. "More in the nature of conscience money, I should say! Take them, Midget; they don't go with anything I have, and they're perfect with that frock. No, truly, I don't want them. Now run; you're late."

After Midget and her flowers had vanished through the door Cara stood with twisted hands staring hopelessly at the gay little room. Now that the pink roses were gone it was empty. It was as empty as though there were nothing in it at all.

She lifted the hat from the chair where she had dropped it when the messenger boy had knocked. There they bloomed, as exquisitely, as unconquerably blue as though no blight had fallen; she touched them with light fingers. In the morning the pink ones would be dead. These were best—oh, best a thousand times. Roses—roses that never lived could never die. She turned slowly to the subdued rustle in the doorway.

"Cara, I hate to leave you here all by yourself. You aren't—crying, are you?"

"Midget, little girls like you shouldn't read so many novels! Run along to your party. I don't go in for crying and I'm frightfully busy."

"But, Cara, busy doing what?"

Cara settled herself elaborately against the green cushions, her fingers closing over the new book of poems.

"Wondering."

"Wondering? Wondering what?"

She opened the book, a smile curling the edges of her lips, her eyes vigilantly lowered.

"Wondering about blue roses."

Long after the door had closed on the pretty, mystified face she sat with treacherous eyes fast on the poems. It did not matter greatly that the pages were not cut; the treacherous eyes were too dim to see the words, though her smile still hovered, small and grim and gallant. She wanted to cry dreadfully; she wanted to cry more than she had ever wanted anything in her life, but girls with any pride didn't cry because men didn't want to marry them. Girls with any pride didn't want men to marry them. Girls with —— She raised her fingers stealthily to her lashes; perhaps if tears got no farther than your lashes they didn't count. Outside in the quiet street the barrel organ was coming nearer—nearer still—its maddening tinkle growing steadily more insistent.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go!
It's a long ——

So this was life, then—a crazy tune played on a cracked machine—cheap and false and ugly. Well, she would shut it out; never again should it hurt her; she had had her lesson; she knew it now by heart. She leaned forward swiftly to close the window.

There was a boy standing under the arc light in the street; his head was turned away, but as clearly as though the light were falling full on his face she saw that it was Terry, and suddenly by some gay and simple magic the cheap air that the barrel organ was playing rang out fine and clear—a march and a dance and a challenge. Oh, it was life itself coming down the quiet street, and with a gesture of victory and defiance and surrender she flung the window wider, leaning far out to greet it.

"Terry!"

At her call he turned his head and came forward slowly. Her heart faltered but her voice was steady.

"Terry, don't be such a dreadful goose! Come up and say good-by to me properly, please."

He nodded briefly and turned to the apartment-house door, still with that strange slowness—he who was so swift. Cara put her hand over her eyes. Now what had she done? Now what? Well, she must greet him with a neat blend of dignity and mockery—thank him for the pretty flowers and the diverting note; tell him to be sure to write from Paris and wish him all good luck; show him deftly but unmistakably that he had made an idiot of himself and not of her; explain ——

There was a knock at the door and she could feel her heart stop and then with a great leap start running—running away, the little coward.

She burned with contempt for anything that ran, but her feet would not take her to the door. There was another knock; she dropped her lashes over her eyes and caught up the flowered hat, holding it like a shield against her flying heart, and in a voice as clear and cool as a fountain bade him come in.

He came, still slowly, closing the door behind him as though it were heavy. In the warm lights of her room he looked white and tired and desperately young.

"Well, you see, you didn't want them," said Terry. "I saw that girl go out wearing them. I was right, wasn't I?"

And because he thought that he was right, because he believed all the things that she had wanted him to believe, all the things that she was going so cleverly to make him believe, she couldn't bear it. She couldn't bear it a little, even. She was weeping desperately and recklessly, not only with the treacherous eyes but with all her frightened heart and shaken body, the hoarded tears streaming unheeded and unhindered down her small, woeful face. He came to her swiftly then and knelt and put his arms about her, burying his face in the silver folds of the prettiest dress.

"I've hurt you!" he said fiercely. "I'll hurt you all my life. I think that being in love is simply frightful."

All his life? All his life, he had said.

"Would you—would you say that we were in love?"

At the sound of wonder in that small drowned voice he gave a shaken laugh.

"God help me, I'd say it!"

"But—all your life? All your life, Terry? Terry, aren't you going to France?"

"God help us both, no. I'm going to stay here and marry you, if you'll have me."

To that she made no reply; but she closed her eyes.

"Cara, I do think, honestly, that marriage will be more frightful than being in love, and now I'm going to drag you into it. I ought to be taken out and shot before I do it. No man ought to marry any girl; he can't possibly show her what he feels, and she can't possibly show him anything else, and it's a miracle that the whole lot of them don't go raving mad."

Cara opened her eyes.

"I shouldn't dream of marrying you," she said. "Not dream of it."

"Oh, if it were a question of dreams, my dear!" He laughed again, and then cried, "If you don't marry me I'll go out and jump in the river."

"Of course I'll marry you," she said.

"Cara, listen: It will mean that we'll be lashed to one spot for years and years; that we'll be poor and harassed and responsibility ridden; that freedom will be a dream and beauty a vision; that all the days of our lives we'll have to think of someone else's desires and whims and wishes before our own. Cara, darling, darling, don't cry so."

"I'm not," said the daughter of Prudence Caraday and Patrick Fane. "I'm laughing. Oh, Terry, it sounds better than going to heaven."

"But, Cara, Cara, remember—you want so much. You want peace and beauty and romance and new roads and adventures, and you're getting marriage! You want someone who is Don Juan and Sir Galahad and Peter Pan and the Fairy Prince and the Wandering Jew all in one to give them to you, and you're getting me. Me, Cara!"

"Oh," she breathed, in a voice lighter than a whisper. "You! You, Terry."

She was silent for so long after that that he lifted his head.

"What now, my Cara?"

"I was just wondering."

"Still?" He made a little sound that hardly reached her; it was a groan smothered out by a laugh. "Wondering what, my incorrigible Cara?"

"Wondering how pink roses will look on this hat," said his incorrigible Cara.

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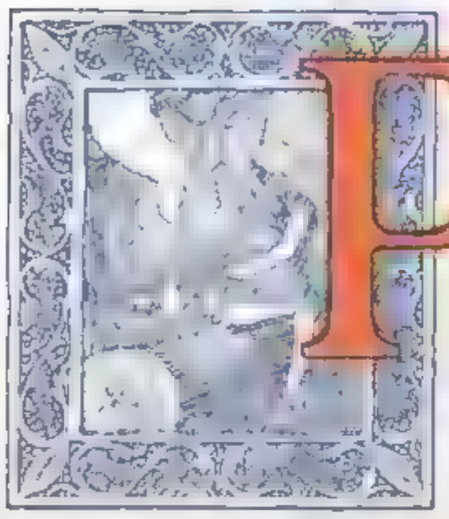

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The IRWIN Auger Bit

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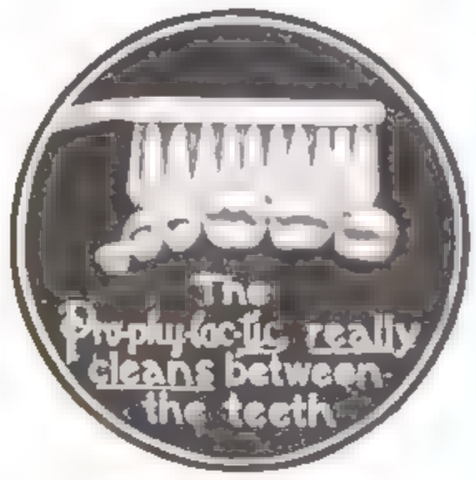

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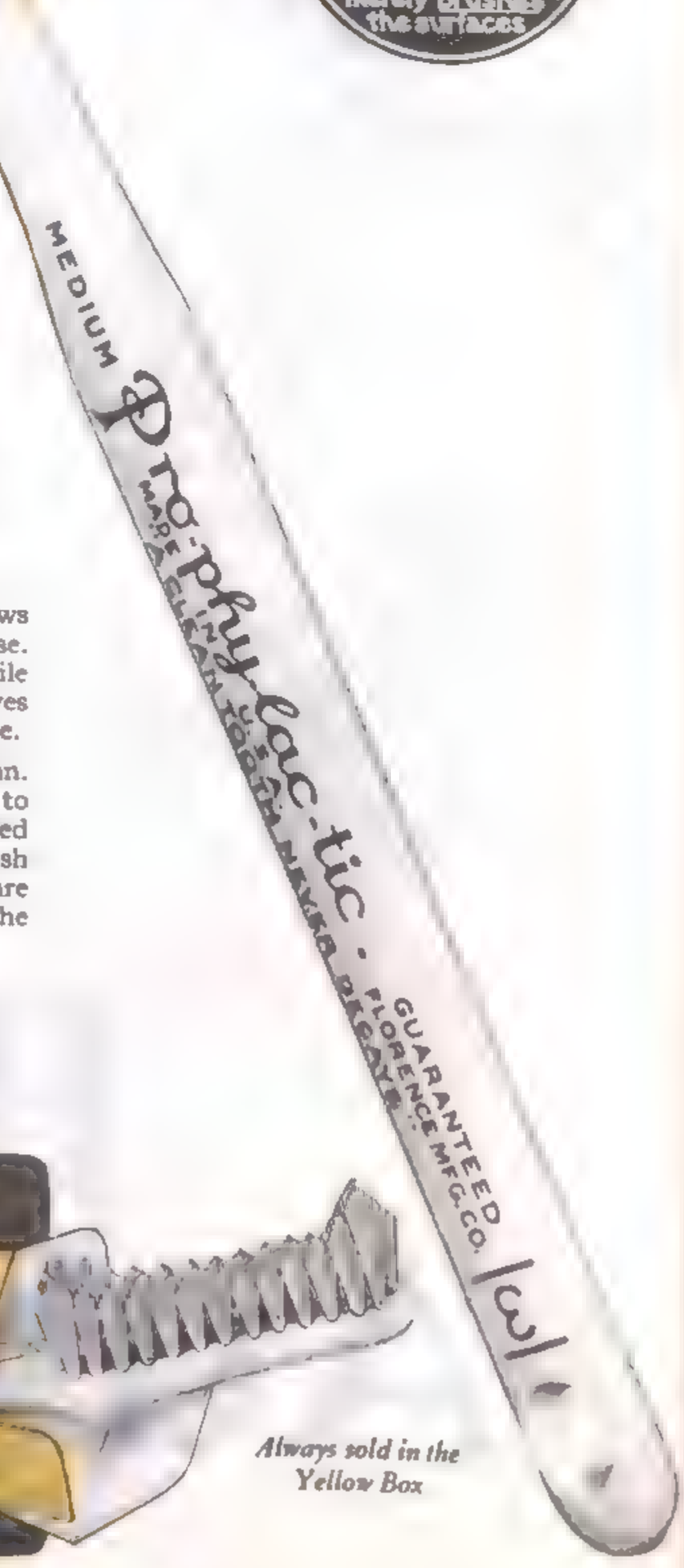
For sale by all dealers in the United States and Canada



Always sold in the Yellow Box

YOURS FOR BETTER REAL ESTATE

(Continued from Page 15)

coat and his collar and tie; his sleeves were rolled carelessly to his elbows, exposing the forearms of a woolen undershirt. That woolen garment must have been irksome on such a close day; but Mr. Brower always wore woolen underwear. He could not afford to trust the weather, having no private sources of information on it. He wore pink silk suspenders, extra length and of the best make, and a belt with a patent clasp.

"Thanks for the check, Mr. Brower," said Lloyd, sitting down.

Brower nodded unsmilingly, wasting no effort at idle cordiality. His money had spoken for him. His big face with the bulging gray eyes was devoid of expression, as ordinarily; only a certain blandness showed in it.

"Got something?" he grunted.

Lloyd handed him the particulars of the private house that Dick's client had inspected that morning. The swivel chair groaned as Brower turned to a city atlas standing on an easel beside him. This atlas was up to the day, showing the physical status of every lot on Manhattan Island. He took a service that kept it so.

"Terms?"

"No terms," said Lloyd, meaning that twenty-three thousand dollars cash was being demanded.

"What can you do with it?"

"I have it sold already," said Lloyd proudly. "I have it sold for twenty-six—through another broker in our office."

"Sure?"

Lloyd detailed Dick's negotiations with Mr. Creighton. Brower nodded.

"Five hundred on the contract and sixty days to close," he said, handing the slip back.

"Maybe I can shade twenty-three," offered Lloyd, eager to be of service.

"Don't try," said Brower out of his great experience. "The price is right. It's a cheap house. I can sell it if you can't. It's too cheap to dicker on. If you try to shade the price the owner will hold off and ask somebody's opinion.

"Thanks for bringing it in, Cantlon. It's good business to put the prices of cheap stuff up where they belong. It helps to keep up the reputation of New York real estate for being the best in the world. Tell Tetlow outside to draw you the contract and get you a check for five hundred dollars. Have the owner sign up and bring my copy back here before five o'clock. Good day, Cantlon."

He turned to his desk, picked up his pencil again and went to checking the expenses of a loft building whose particulars were on the sheet before him.

Buying this private house was small potatoes to Jake Brower. He would probably not have bothered with it had an arrangement not been made in advance for the resale. He—and others—operated on a scale that was unknown in New York in the humdrum days before the war. In the calendar year 1920 he had bought and sold two hundred million dollars' worth of New York real estate, and was commonly credited to have gained—for himself and for the big merchants who were silent partners in his syndicates—in the neighborhood of eight million dollars profit. He was a gambler on a vast scale, a man of cold and powerful brain who thoroughly enjoyed his work, a man without nerves and without a sensitive conscience.

It would not have occurred to Jake Brower to justify morally his way of life, but he could have done so plausibly had he been so minded. The speculator creates and preserves a ready and constant market, enabling owners of goods or real estate to liquidate quickly. The quarrel of any thoughtful person must be with the business system that enables the speculator to cabbage for himself so much of the values.

As Lloyd looked at Jake Brower's bright silk suspenders and at his loud-colored shirt and at the fat crease in the nape of his neck he was touched again by wonder at the man's success. He felt that he could do the thing himself, had he but the chance. He felt the sudden pressure of that impulse which keeps jogging the elbows of onlookers at gaming tables. The thing was so easy when one knew how—and he knew how! He knew how Jake Brower did it. Here, for instance, was a neat little profit of about twenty-five hundred dollars that he was handing to Jake Brower and that he might as well have taken himself. Was he a fool?

"Excuse me, Mr. Brower," he said, stepping quickly behind the operator and looking over Brower's shoulder at the paper, in hope of catching a glimpse of precious information.

Brower looked up with a warning flare of his gray eyes. He detected the direction of Lloyd's glance instantly, and turned the paper over on its face.

"If any question comes up, Mr. Brower, say that this deal was started last week."

"Certainly, my boy; certainly. You brought the house in last week."

"And, Mr. Brower, can't you put me onto something live so I can make a dollar or two?"

"I certainly will, Cantlon. I'll send you something good shortly, you may depend on it. I'll tell you what you can keep busy on: I've got a lot of junk that I've had to take in trades—cats and dogs—and I'd like to pass some of them. Go out there to the table and pick out half a dozen properties, and get me a trade for one piece that's worth while. Pick out the cats and dogs, now—no good stuff. I'll send you something later."

Lloyd returned to Hopper's with the contract signed by Jake Brower. He sat at his desk, glanced at Dick Bettinger and called up the owner of the private house and made an appointment for a meeting within the hour.

"Who's your buyer?" asked Dick.

"Jake Brower."

"Jake Brower!" exclaimed Dick, clapping down his pencil in a gesture of angry suspicion. "I've been thinking this thing over, Lloyd, and I've got a notion that you cut in on me. I don't like this, Lloyd."

"Don't get peevish, Bettinger," said Lloyd in a superior tone. "You're not hurt any. You can make your deal just the same. Friend Jake has the house at twenty-three, and he'll sell at twenty-six. Call up your party and arrange for a contract. You'll get your commission, and it will be a few dollars bigger, because the price will be bigger. You don't know how to manage these things, Bettinger."

"I'll call him up," growled Dick, "and I'll tell him just what went on here. I won't be a party to any monkey business. . . . Hello, Riverside 0071. Mr. Creighton? This is Bettinger, Mr. Creighton. About that house I offered you this morning, you can have it at your price, twenty-six; but let me explain the situation there. The house has just been sold to a speculator for twenty-three thousand dollars. . . . Yes, this morning. And if you want it you'll have to pay him three thousand profit. I'm telling you this because I want you to understand that I had no part in running up the price You trusted me as a broker in this matter, and I'm advising you of the facts. . . . What's that? You won't pay more than twenty-three? Very well, Mr. Creighton, I'll find you another house."

He put down the receiver and smiled in grim satisfaction at Lloyd.

"Why, you fool!" cried Lloyd hotly. "You've crabbed both deals now! You've made me a liar with Jake Brower, and ——"

"What did you tell him?" interposed Dick shrewdly.

"Never mind what I told him," snarled Lloyd, starting up. "Wait a minute, you Jersey farmer! You're going to hear a lecture on the real-estate business that'll do you a lot of good; but not in this office, because you're through here, or I am!"

He strode down the aisle and into the office of Old Man Hopper.

Dick's sudden passion went out of him when he saw Lloyd disappearing into the private room of the head of the firm. He felt in a general way that he had done the right thing, but now he doubted the wisdom of his method. He feared that he had not considered adequately his obligation to his employer, who stood to lose through the cavalier tossing away of a double commission.

"Mr. Bettinger!"

Dick rose and went into the private office.

"And he was willing to pay twenty-six!" he heard Lloyd cry to the Old Man. "I sold it to Brower at twenty-three. That means a commission of five hundred and seventy-five dollars from the owner, and another of six hundred and fifty from Jake Brower, and everybody was satisfied."

The Old Man—a gray-bearded little fellow, with that urbanity and air of exceeding reasonableness that hot-tempered men ordinarily constrain themselves to assume in their placid times—lifted his hand.

"When did you offer this house to Jake Brower?"

"About a week ago."

"Miss MacGowan, step outside and ask the filing clerk when that house came in to us. . . . Be calm, gentlemen, be calm Tut, tut! You don't see me getting excited, do you?"

And he promptly flushed, and his blue eyes began to gleam at the bizarre notion that anyone should expect to see him get excited.

"Yesterday," said Miss MacGowan, reseating herself with emotionless face at her typewriting stand.

The Old Man's eyes brightened as his brows bent. He dearly enjoyed an explosion of rage, and would have treated himself to one every day if his iron common sense hadn't told him it wasn't good for him.

"Well, it mightn't have been last week," conceded Lloyd sullenly; "but it was several days ago. It was before Bettinger started this deal with Creighton at any rate. And, anyhow, Mr. Hopper, it made business for the office, didn't it? I guess we're not in business for love, are we? Why, it would be simply ridiculous to throw away that extra commission! He was willing to pay the twenty-six!"

"Have you got Brower's contract? Give it to me."

The Old Man took the contract, glanced at the single signature, tore the contract in two and dashed the pieces into the wastebasket.

"That's all, gentlemen," he rumbled. "Bettinger, go sell that house to your party for twenty-three."

"But look here, Mr. Hopper," protested Lloyd, "you don't know the facts here! You can't treat me like this, Mr. Hopper. That's my commission you're throwing away."

"I can treat you like this while you're an employe of this firm, Cantlon!" shouted the Old Man, letting himself go. "If you prefer Brower's methods go work for him! And don't presume to tell me I don't understand facts that are as plain as print! I know all about it!

"You're right; this office isn't in business for love. We're in business to get the money. We can't spend anything but money. But we're brokers—brokers, and not sharpers—and we're going to get the money through honest brokerage. We're going to get the money through service.

"Not another word, Cantlon, or I'll lose my calm! Don't make me angry! This is a snide piece of business, and I don't want any more of it.

"Bettinger, you were too quick in shooting your face off. If you weren't satisfied with the way things in the office were going you should have taken the matter up with me, or with Mr. Mahony, and not gone to tell your troubles to outsiders. Any time you think this business isn't being run according to your moral ideas you come and tell me so, and if I don't agree with you—quit!

"Yes, yes," he grumbled, swinging around to his desk and beginning to pick papers up and put them down aimlessly, "I know you meant well, my boy. I've no doubt Cantlon meant well too. You're young men, and you'll make mistakes. . . . What is it, Joe?"

This last was addressed to Mr. Ketch, the manager of the renting department, who had appeared in the doorway.

"I wanted to warn you to close your windows," said the manager, a privileged wag and an employe of thirty years' standing. "I heard an awful windstorm getting up just now. Blew all the papers off my desk."

"That will do from you, Joe," said the Old Man, the embers of his rage quenched in an unwilling grin.

IV

LLOYD CANTLON dropped his nickel into the slot at the pay station in the corner drug store.

"Park Row 6700!" he called.

He was calling Jake Brower. He had just completed a week's negotiations, eventuating in securing a price of four hundred and ten thousand dollars on the Dollinger Building, a small office-and-showroom building on Fifty-second Street off Fifth Avenue. Jake Brower had sent him out to

(Continued on Page 119)

A household paint that came from the sea

WHOEVER reasoned first that U. S. N. Deck Paint would give both beauty and long service as a household paint, was well repaid by actual experience, for the hardest wear that paint can get in the home is light indeed when compared to its use on ships.

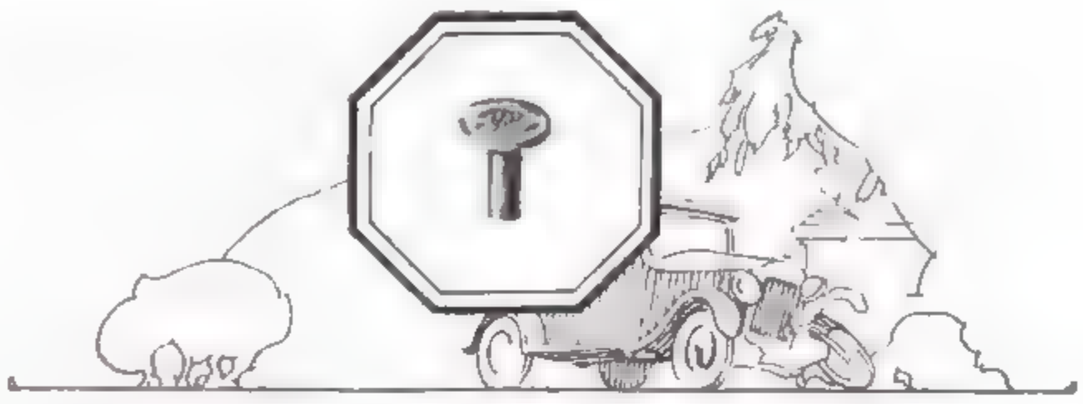
Within the home and out of doors, on porches, floors, walls, woodwork and exteriors—wherever wear and washing soon destroy an ordinary paint, this sea-tried paint lives on undimmed for years.

Beautiful colors provide for every household need. U. S. N. Deck Paint is easy to apply, covers generously and dries hard over night.

Write for the name of the nearest dealer. He is a man worth knowing.

THE BILLINGS CHAPIN COMPANY
Cleveland
New York Boston

For similar lasting beauty in stains, enamels or bronzes, ask for Decolac.



This little Rivet Has Much to do With Your Safety

Dependable automobile brakes should be equipped with good brake lining. Even Raybestos Brake Lining must be properly attached to be efficient. The Raybestos Company, with many years' experience in the manufacture of brakes, has found that there is one way of attaching brake lining to the bands which results in satisfactory service and safety.

There are three distinct types of rivets, i. e., solid, split and tubular. Thousands of owners and many repairmen still believe that any rivet will do. As brake specialists, we recommend attaching Raybestos Brake Lining by means of tubular brass, or copper rivets. (See illustration No. 1.) Before applying the lining, the rivet holes should be drilled and then countersunk on the wearing surface of the lining, to permit sinking the head of the rivet well below the surface of the lining. To secure the lining to the steel brake band, the small end of the rivet is turned over so that the rivet is pulled down securely into the lining where it will not come in contact with the revolving brake drum, but hold the lining securely even when it is worn down to a fraction of its original thickness.

Illustration No. 1

Many injurious results are thus eliminated, including squeaky brakes, scored drums and failure of brakes to hold, due to the heads of the rivets rubbing against the brake drum with metal to metal action. Illustration No. 2 shows a section of brake lining after three months' service. The lining was attached with steel rivets and without first drilling or countersinking the lining. The rivet heads came in contact with the drum, badly cutting the face of the drum, resulting in squeaky brakes. Brakes to which lining has been attached in this manner will not hold a car in an emergency. Not pleasant. Not very safe. And always the danger of accident because the wrong rivets were used. Ask your garageman which method he uses.

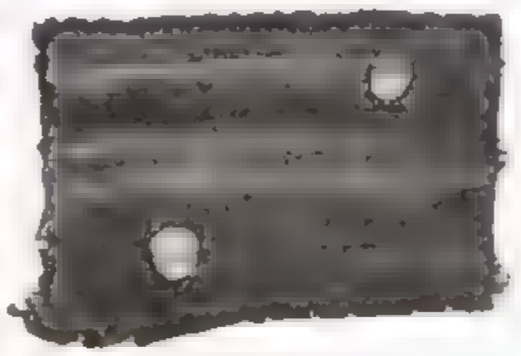


Illustration No. 2

The Silver Edge Raybestos Way is the Safe Way

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY A-14
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

GENTLEMEN: Please send me, postage prepaid, your booklet "BRAKES—Their Care and Upkeep" which illustrates and describes how to obtain reliable brake service and avoid brake troubles.

Name _____

Address _____

I drive a

Raybestos Brake Lining applied by the Raybestos Method with Raybestos Tubular Brass Rivets, enables you to meet *any* emergency with confidence which comes of a good job well done. Send for our interesting booklet,

"Brake Inspection—Your Protection"

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

FACTORIES: Bridgeport, Conn. Peterborough, Ont., Canada
Stratford, Conn. London, England

BRANCHES: Detroit, 2631 Woodward Ave. San Francisco, 835 Post St.
Chicago, 1603 South Michigan Ave.

(Continued from Page 117)

get a price from the executors of the Dollinger estate. Lloyd knew that four hundred and ten thousand dollars was cheap and permitting of a turn. He was elated. The commission on the sale would be four thousand and seven hundred dollars, of which he would receive half. He had made several successful deals for the operator, and had learned the truth of the common statement that Jake Brower never broke faith with a broker, howsoever lightly he might bear his obligations to the investing public

There were voices on the wire. Lloyd rattled the hook and then stopped to listen in. His eyes opened and he crooked his neck, pressing the receiver hard against his ear.

"The Dollinger Building," he heard a voice say.

"I have it under contract"—it was Jake Brower's voice—"and I can make the price right if your man wants it, Mr. Burger"

"He'll take it if the price is right," said the other voice, one that Lloyd recognized as that of a downtown broker. "He's located on Beekman Street now, and he wants to move uptown. I had him through the Dollinger Building last night, as you advised, and he says he'll take it if the price is right."

"What can he pay, Burger?"

"Hardly over four and a quarter."

"That's not enough. I'll tell you what I'll do in order to turn it before I take title: I'll take four-thirty-five."

"I think I can get him up to four-thirty. Has it got to be four-thirty-five?"

"Not a cent less."

"Well, I'll see what I can do with him. But I'm sure of four-thirty; he said I could have that much leeway. I'll call you in an hour."

Lloyd heard the parties hanging up.

"Park Row 67001" called Central.

"Never mind it," answered Lloyd, putting up the receiver. "Give me my money."

He walked slowly to the cigar counter with his head bent as though a heavy burden was on his shoulders. He bought a cigar, lit it slowly and walked out into midtown Broadway.

Jake Brower, pursuing his cautious methods, was trying to sell the Dollinger Building before he took it; the sort of sure-thing gambling beloved of every operator. And apparently he had it sold for a profit of at least twenty thousand dollars.

Lloyd's prospective commission of half of four thousand and seven hundred was no longer resplendent; it was a pitiful sum in comparison with the operator's twenty. And, after all, who had earned that twenty thousand dollars' profit, considering the entire matter honestly and with scrupulous fairness to everyone, including Lloyd? Had Jake Brower earned it, sitting there like a fat slug in his office, a mere parasite who had the undeserved fortune to be at the center of things while better men ran and sweated to make him profits? What share then, in fairness, should be allotted to Lloyd, who had done the long labor of driving down the price, who had argued and cajoled and laid in wait for the favoring moment, who had pleaded so eloquently with the executor to consider the best interests of the estate, and who had so convincingly predicted disaster if the price was not made four-ten?

Four thousand seven hundred—and a half of that? It wasn't justice.

"I could do it myself," murmured Lloyd, "if I had the capital; if I had even the five thousand to put up as a binder on the contract."

With a determined snap of his jaws he tossed the cigar away and hurried into the Subway. He rode down to Rector Street, and so to Exchange Place, and to a dark little office building sandwiched between two modern giants. A dirty elevator man came out of a dark corner and followed the natty broker into the ancient car, which creaked and groaned its way aloft. When they had passed above the second floor Lloyd put his hand on the side of the car with a vague notion of saving himself if the bottom fell out.

He emerged thankfully on the sixth floor, which was the top, and walked down a narrow and gaslighted hall. This dilapidated structure belonged to one of New York's great landholding families. By some mysterious law of New York real estate the fine new buildings on the island belong to comparatively poor men, while a lot of the old rookeries and fire traps belong to people who think an attempt to abolish tax-free bonds is rank socialism.

He stopped before a door whose ground-glass panel was illuminated by a gaslight

He Seized Hold of Mr. Elias Trefusian, Rushed Him to the Door and Projected Him Into Seventy-Second Street

behind it. The interior gaslight left in relief on the door the legend in black paint: Simeon Ellerbach, Real Estate.

"Just a minute," called a voice. "Come in!"

Mr. Simeon Ellerbach, a skinny and bald-headed man with close-set eyes, was at his desk beside a window. Perhaps he kept his desk there through sentiment, or in the hope of aiding his eyesight through the power of suggestion or through an association of ideas. It was midday, but the window was black, for a blank brick wall outside was flush with the window opening. His desk, then, which had been in the brightest spot in days gone by—before the erection of the adjoining building closed the window—was now in the darkest; but then Mr. Ellerbach's was a shade-grown business. Darkness had commercial value to him, as it has to photographers, to glaziers, to men who manufacture dark lanterns and to men who use them.

Mr. Simeon Ellerbach was a real-estate operator of the lowest order; he was a deed buyer. Sitting beside his dark window, he read every day the Law Journal, studying the notices of foreclosure. He would note the properties upon which mortgages were being foreclosed, and would go to the owners, sitting disconsolate in the shadow of disaster, and would buy their deeds. The owners, unacquainted with the last wriggles and dodges by which money could still be extracted from their properties, would take his hundred or two hundred dollars thankfully, and would give him legal title to houses and lands that were often severally worth hundreds of thousands.

Mr. Ellerbach would then publish the notice of sale and would hasten to the mortgagee to inform him that all was well and that a new capitalist had taken hold and that the mortgage would be paid off—if only the mortgagee would give a few days' time. Granted the time, Mr. Ellerbach would rush back to the house that was under foreclosure and would proceed to collect the next month's rent. If he could succeed in bamboozling the mortgagee into lifting the *lis pendens* Mr. Ellerbach would immediately transfer the house, and then it was up to the mortgagee to locate the new buyer in order to serve him in the renewed action.

At the worst—if he met a mortgagee whose eyeteeth had been cut on hard experience—Mr. Ellerbach could put an answer in and threaten to make the foreclosure a litigated action unless he was treated fairly.

Mr. Ellerbach was reputed to be pretty well off. He was always busied with some petty chicane. If he could get a long lease on valuable property without putting up security he would agree to pay any rent that was asked, for he had no notion of paying any at all. Often the crestfallen owner would pay Mr. Ellerbach something handsome to give up the lease, after the owner had learned that he could not summarily cut off a long-term tenant's right of redemption. Mr. Ellerbach speculated in junior mechanics' liens and bought dower rights and instruments clouding titles. He was a disbarred lawyer.

"Come in, Mr. Cantlon," he called; "come in; come in, my dear fellow."

Lloyd came in. People generally opened that door with the intention of coming in, but Mr. Ellerbach was not always glad to see them. He liked to make an occasion of it when he was.

He leaned toward Lloyd, smiling and blinking purblindly and amiably.

"Rather out of my class," he murmured modestly, when Lloyd had put the sheet containing the particulars of the Dollinger Building on the time-blackened desk before the deed buyer. "Fifty thousand dollars in cash is needed to take title. This is not for a poor man, Mr. Cantlon."

"You can find the five thousand needed on signing the contract, can't you?"

"With an effort, my dear fellow; with a great effort. It's a large sum of money, five thousand dollars. Gracious me, how you young men do rap out five thousand dollars! But, of course, it is always possible to finance any worthy undertaking, if one's credit is of the best. Yes, I dare say I could gather together even five thousand dollars. Why do you advise me to do it? If I go into this matter I must lean entirely on your advice, Mr. Cantlon; so don't lead me astray, please."

"You may depend on me, Mr. Ellerbach. I wouldn't put you into anything that wasn't good."

"Thanks, Mr. Cantlon," said the deed buyer, sniffing. "I'm depending on you to take care of me. And now tell me candidly, my dear fellow, what is in your mind."

Lloyd related the conversation he had overheard.

"Oh-h!" moaned Ellerbach, turning to stare at the black window. "Jacob Brower, eh? I don't know about this, my dear fellow. Oh, I know it's perfectly honest; I wouldn't touch it with prongs if it weren't. But Jacob Brower is a very rich man, and he has powerful backing. I should not like to offend him. A poor man must keep the good will of such people."

"We have a perfect right to step in here."

"You say we? How were you thinking of handling this, Mr. Cantlon?"

"Fifty-fifty. My information against your five thousand dollars."

"Ah, I see. But my mind continues to dwell on Mr. Brower. He is such an uncertain and jumpy fellow—that Jacob Brower. I should like to be very careful. He has wide connections. For instance, he borrows great sums of money—hundreds of thousands—from the Cosmopole Finance Company, and they carry several of my open obligations. And then there are more personal matters. Mr. Brower was fair enough to refuse to aid the district attorney in a ridiculous proceeding that was instituted against me some years ago. I have felt under a very real obligation to him, Mr. Cantlon. And he has such an unfortunate way of finding things out! I wish I knew how he does it."

And meanwhile Mr. Ellerbach was peering at the statement of the Dollinger Building, touching the paper, withdrawing from it fearfully, chewing his lips, posturing like a jackal prowling about the lion's kill. And then his cupidity took flame, and he reached forward and grasped the paper as though he was seizing hold of the Dollinger Building.

"We'll do it," he said whisperingly. "We will take the contract in the name of a dummy and I will have a strange broker approach Burger. We must be very clever about this; but we will do it, Cantlon; we will do it, blast him!"

Late that afternoon Lloyd went to Brower's office, ostensibly to report the result of his negotiations with the Dollinger estate. He evinced astonishment and dismay when told that the Dollinger Building had been bought that afternoon by an unknown investor. He condoled with Jake Brower on the loss of the prize. The operator grunted and shrugged his big shoulders and went on with his work.

After Lloyd had departed Brower picked up the telephone and called the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company.

"Mr. Malley? This is Brower—Jake Brower. Say, the Dollinger Building, on Fifty-second Street, near Fifth Avenue, was sold today. You didn't hear about it, eh? It's not in the newspapers yet. I'm calling you up so you can get the business of examining the title before the other companies

(Continued on Page 123)

The Brightest Lighted

Average daylight on a city street measures 1,000 "foot candles". Lighting in the average *well-lighted* show window is 15 foot-candles; in the windows of The Lindner Company, Cleveland—*2,000 foot-candles!*

A Believer in Lighting

If anybody knows from experience the sales value of lighting, it is The Lindner Company, a prominent women's clothing store of Cleveland. In 1915, they moved from a side street to the heart of the Euclid Avenue shopping district. They installed what was then considered a marvelous lighting system in their windows and throughout the store, becoming one of the dominant stores of the district.

As lighting competition grew, the Lindner lighting was stepped up to higher and higher levels, and their faith in lighting as an attracter of trade was justified again and again.

A Bright Spot in the Brightest District

In 1921 the theater district suddenly surrounded them! Blazing theater fronts overwhelmed the Lindner displays.

And a new problem intruded itself. New buildings across the way, all white and dazzling in the sunlight, cast troublesome reflections in the Lindner windows.

With unbounded faith in increased lighting as a cure for their problem, Lindner's then installed special illumination in their windows that made them brighter than daylight—more than *100 times* as bright as the average "well-lighted" window is today.

Fifty Percent More Stopped

Reflections promptly disappeared but the important thing, from the standpoint of most other merchants, was the discovery of a great and unexpected increase in the pulling power of the windows.

Far from merely off-setting the troublesome reflections, the new lighting actually reached out and stopped fifty percent more shoppers! A daylight count, with lights off, showed that in the unit period used for the test 174 shoppers stopped to look; while with the lights on in broad daylight, 259 stopped!

And at night of course, in Cleveland's brightest shopping district, it's Lindner's windows that again dominate all the rest.

If You Don't Need the Brightest Window in the World

Lighting's biggest job isn't breaking records but *selling merchandise.* There is no end of testimony to prove the ability of lighting to pile up profit for any merchant who will give it a job. You may not need lighting equal to Lindner's, but there is no reason why your windows should not dominate your locality and attract the bulk of the trade.

Write for this Booklet

A booklet, "Building Profit with Light," will be sent on request. It contains lighting suggestions, together with letters from many well-known stores, telling how *they* have profited from improved lighting inside the store and in the windows. See the next page, which contains two simple recipes for the proper lighting of the store interior and the show window. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

Window in the World

Read What These Merchants Say About Lighting

We consider correct window lighting invaluable.—*Bonwit Teller & Co., New York, N. Y.*

Higher intensity lighting helps sales and cuts down returned goods.—*George Lytton, The Hub, Chicago, Ill.*

The record crowds which gather in our store substantiate our belief that people buy where lights are brightest.—*M. Raymond, York Kaufman's, Harrisburg, Pa.*

We give particular attention to the lighting of our windows because we place their value so high. In five of our thirteen stores the entire ground floor is used exclusively for window display purposes.—*Charles A. Bond, The Bond Clothing Co., Cleveland, O.*

Proper lighting is essential to the display and sale of merchandise.—*J. W. Lupfer, Franklin Simon & Co., New York, N. Y.*

Plenty of light is a constant advertisement of a progressive store.—*P. L. Carthage, Michaels, Inc., New Haven, Conn.*

Business has increased 50%, due largely to window lighting.—*L. [illegible] Herleman, Gay-Lord Clothes, Dayton, Ohio.*

Three changes of lighting in five years has been money well spent.—*Henry R. Paul, Chicago, Ill.*

Lighting is one of our principal trade getters.—*G. E. Oder, Great Eastern Tea & Coffee Co., Decatur, Ill.*

Well-lighted windows pay us many fold.—*L. S. Gradsky, The Variety, Dayton, Ohio.*

Proper window lighting does a big part of our selling.—*E. Schutzman, Edward Week & Son, New York, N. Y.*

Store lighting is one of our best investments.—*[illegible] Birmingham Silk Hosiery Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.*

A 40% increase in lighting has increased business 25%.—*J. Joffe, The Joffe Jewelry Co., Birmingham, Ala.*

Lighting, next to location, is our greatest selling asset.—*E. S. Hodel, The Nobil Shoe Co., Huntington, Ind.*

Efficient window lighting is 50% of merchandising.—*Laurent E. Clody, Clody's Flower Shop, Chicago, Ill.*

Window lighting is of utmost importance to us.—*J. Ripkin, Baer Bros. Co. Inc., New York, N. Y.*

A well-lighted window is one of our best means of advertising.—*Lew Bridge & Sons, Huntington, Ind.*

Good lighting is an investment that pays dividends.—*L. Dan Wilson, The Goodform Shop, Montgomery, Ala.*

A well-lighted store is the best invitation to the public.—*A. Oettinger, New York Waist Stores, Dayton, Ohio.*

Well-lighted windows mean more customers.—*S. O. Davis, Davis Tuggery Shop, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

Correct window lighting is bound to bring in returns.—*F. W. Martin, Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

Better lighting has greatly increased business.—*A. C. Fenton, Fenton Music Co., Chicago, Ill.*

We know of no better salesman than a well-lighted window.—*S. J. Lightman, Decatur Dry Goods Co., Decatur, Ill.*

I depend on my windows to pay my rent.—*Robert P. Hall, Hall The Tailor, Springfield, Ill.*

Since installing better lighting, our business has jumped 25%.—*Arthur A. Schultz, The Bootery, New York, N. Y.*

Good lighting is one of our best selling aids.—*J. N. Washington, The Marshall Drug Co., Cleveland, Ohio.*

Modern lighting has been one of the main causes of our increased sales.—*Isaac Thalheimer, Thalheimer Bros., Inc., Richmond, Va.*

Good lighting and salesmanship are the most important features in selling.—*Paul Hirsh, The Hirsh Co., Cleveland, Ohio.*

A brightly lighted window is a sales asset of incalculable value.—*Olive & Evans, Inc., Chicago, Ill.*

No merchant who hopes for big success can do without plenty of light.—*H. E. White, MacLean Drug Co., Chicago, Ill.*

We depend on good lighting to show the intricate design of jewelry—the true color of gems—the beauty of silverware.—*Leopold Haubian Lang Jewelry Co., New York, N. Y.*

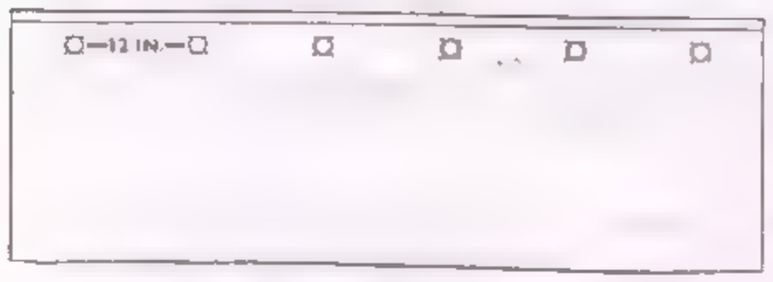
We attribute our sales increase of 35% to good lighting.—*E. J. Wells, Wells Cloak & Suit Co., Evansville, Ind.*

We consider better lighting very important in the ladies' wearing apparel business.—*H. H. Blum, Blum's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.*

Lighting is a very important part of retailing—customers prefer a well lighted store.—*W. J. Hunter, The Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Lighting is most essential in a well governed department store.—*W. H. Hulbert, The Stewart Dry Goods Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.*

All progressive stores depend on good lighting to bring trade their way.—*C. S. Breckenridge, Kiddie Nook, Wilmette, Ill.*



Store Window Lighting Layout

Store Interior Lighting Layout

How to Light the Store Window

For the average store window use 100-watt clear MAZDA lamps or 150-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps in standard mirrored or prismatic glass show-window reflectors, spaced 12 inches apart. For windows with extra high ceilings use the next larger size of lamp, and if more than eight feet deep, use two rows of lamps.

How to Light the Store Interior

For the average store interior, use 200-watt clear MAZDA lamps or 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps in enclosing shades of dense white or prism glass, spaced about ten feet apart.

NELA PARK, Cleveland, is a "university of light", dedicated to improvement in lamps and progress in the art of lighting. It serves 24 factories, 17 Sales Divisions and 15,000 dealers in the production and marketing of 98 million National MAZDA lamps annually for use in homes, offices, factories, stores, streets, railways, flashlights and automobiles.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

What will your next car be?
Velie owners say, *"Another Velie"*

There is no teacher like experience.

When you consider the purchase of a new car ask yourself this question: what is its standing with its owners?

Velie owners are satisfied owners.

Year after year they come back for more Velies.

Sixty per cent of our output goes into the hands of people who know Velie quality—who have previously owned Velie cars.

That's a very good reason why you should see this handsome Velie Sport Model before you buy.

It comes with two color options: Mist o' Marne Blue and Carmine Lake. Its equipment is complete, including two extra cord tires, disc wheels, aluminum steps, a touring trunk containing two full-size suit cases and many other details of comfort and convenience.

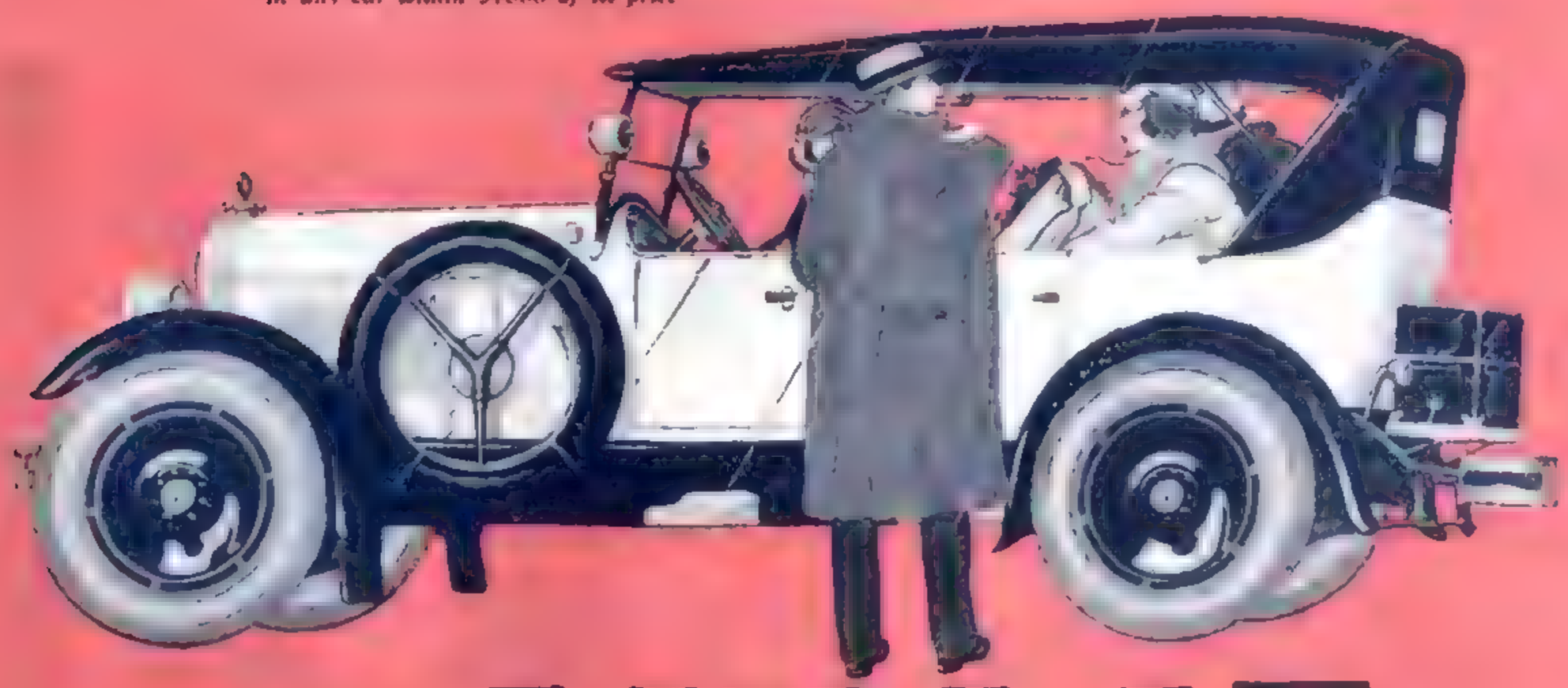
Good looking, swift, dependable—it's the kind of car you've always wanted.

VELIE MOTORS CORP.
Moline, Illinois

VELIE

EVERY TIME
WE SELL A CAR
WE MAKE A FRIEND

Velie's most outstanding superiority is its wonderful valve-in-head Velie-built motor, giving an average of 20-25 miles to the gallon; automatically lubricated, even to the piston-pins, vibrationless at all speeds, its equal cannot be found in any car within $1000 of its price



VELIE

V A L U E

(Continued from Page 119)

hear about it. . . . Not at all, Malley; glad to do you a service. The buyer is represented by Schoen & Flashman as attorneys. Communicate with them.

"And, say, Malley, one hand washes the other, isn't it so? I want to know who are the real parties in interest there. I want to know who bought the Dollinger Building. Tell your examiner and closer to find out, will you? If a dummy corporation takes title, make them file a stockholders' consent to something or other. Oh, you'll know how to get at the place where the money came from! You'll do that for me, won't you? Yes, that's it—I want to offer the buyer a profit."

V

"COME in, Mr. Cantlon," called Simeon Ellerbach gladly on a morning some three months after the purchase of the Dollinger Building. "Come in, my dear fellow."

He rose stoopingly, and Lloyd shook his long, thin hand.

"Hello, Ellerbach," said Lloyd. "What did you want to see me about? I have just a few minutes; I'm awfully busy these days."

"What energy you have, Mr. Cantlon!" marveled Ellerbach, blinking at Lloyd admiringly. "You never rest, do you? Ah, what a brilliant future you have before you, Mr. Cantlon! You are so clever and strong and untiring. Yes, yes; we old fellows must step aside. We have had our day. Indeed we cannot claim to understand the real-estate business any more, what with the perfectly marvelous systems of financing you young men have originated—third mortgages and fourth mortgages and participations and mortgages on the rents, until nothing is left in the house but the profit, positively nothing but the profit, and no risk whatever. I can never have done admiring the astuteness with which you managed the resale of the Dollinger Building to Burger. The credit of that deal is all yours, Mr. Cantlon."

"But the profit wasn't."

"Ah, well, Mr. Cantlon, you did not do badly. Your cut was nine thousand dollars, wasn't it? Not bad at all, considering that you took no risk of loss. The risk was all mine, since I put up the five thousand dollars with which the deal was made. Nothing venture, little gain, Mr. Cantlon. If you had had five thousand dollars you could have taken all the profit. In your vast experience, Mr. Cantlon, you have observed that the man who puts up the money takes the easiest profit. It is not right perhaps; but it is the way of the world, Mr. Cantlon; the way of the world."

He ended on a mournful note. It was evident that Mr. Ellerbach took the easiest profit only because he was helpless to do otherwise; he followed the way of the world beating his breast.

"But what did you want to see me about this morning, Ellerbach? Sorry to seem to rush you, but really ——"

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow," said Ellerbach, sniffing and fumbling at papers before him. "Gracious me, how you do carry one away with your vigor! Here it is, Mr. Cantlon; here it is now. These various properties of Mr. Brower's which you submitted to me sometime since—do you really advise me to go into them?"

"Some of them have great possibilities."

Mr. Ellerbach lifted the sheet before him, and lifted a sheet beneath; his face was contorted as though he was about to sneeze.

"Cats and dogs," he murmured moaningly. "Cats and dogs, my dear fellow. Ah, yes, possibilities; but I am too old to wait for them. And, to be perfectly candid with you, my dear fellow, my funds are all tied up at present in an unfortunate speculation into which I was betrayed by bad advice.

"That has always been my failing. I am too trusting. It will be my ruin yet. Yes, there are possibilities in these properties—in one of them at least; but I have no fund to invest at present. Yes, there are great possibilities in one of them."

He scratched his angular jaw with his skinny fingers and stared at the papers with a fixed grimace.

"Which one are you interested in?"

He turned his bald head and looked wistfully and silently at Lloyd.

"I am sure that I can trust you, Mr. Cantlon, can I not? You would not take advantage of me? Tell me, Mr. Cantlon, are you in a position to find a little ready cash if I were to unfold a proposition that appealed to your ripe judgment?"

"I could put my hands instantly on fifteen thousand dollars," said Lloyd satisfiedly.

Ellerbach turned from him and figured on a hidden pad.

"It would not be quite enough," he said. "Could you not find another five—say, twenty in all? Do not hesitate to be perfectly candid with me."

"I might succeed in raising another two thousand," said Lloyd doubtingly.

"Seventeen thousand," murmured Ellerbach. "Perhaps we could do with seventeen thousand cash. We can try it. But I should have some security if I am to trust you."

"Do you doubt my honor, Ellerbach?" asked Lloyd indignantly.

"Oh, no, my dear fellow—no, indeed!" said the deed buyer with a look of horror. "I did not understand that you had pledged me your word. Now I feel perfectly secure. Listen, then, and I shall prove to you how completely I trust you."

He rose, tiptoed to the door and yanked it open suddenly. The gaslighted hall was vacant. He turned to his desk and opened the bottom drawer and drew out a sheaf of documents. He put these papers on the desk between him and Lloyd.

"I make my meager living, Mr. Cantlon, by keeping closely advised of the various legal proceedings that are under way in the city. In the course of my work I sometimes discover information not intended for the general public, and such information is sometimes extremely valuable. I ran across a lead in connection with one piece of property that you have submitted to me, and in the course of pursuing it I discovered ——"

He slid the rubber bands from a rolled blue print and spread the blue print on the desk.

"What's this?" asked Lloyd.

"This is a tentative damage map prepared by the city. Here is the benefit map. These are confidential documents, Mr. Cantlon. You see that the area covered by these maps lies at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. They were prepared by the surveyors of the Bureau of Street Openings, and were made—ostensibly—in connection with the building of a proposed pier at that point on the Hudson River."

"Well?"

Mr. Ellerbach winked humorously and unrolled an original drawing on glossy linen parchment.

Lloyd took hold of the edges of the translucent linen. He was looking at the sketch of a bridge. There was the Hudson River, and over it the bridge, springing from Broadway and One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street in Manhattan and resting at the foot of the Palisades in New Jersey.

"A state highway is to be cut through the Palisades to join with the bridge," said Ellerbach in a reverential whisper. "Oh, they have been marvelously clever—the political gentlemen who have kept this thing under cover! I bow to them, Mr. Cantlon; I bow to them indeed. And who shall quarrel with their methods? It would be highly unwise to precipitate an orgy of speculation such as would inevitably follow the naming of the site of the first bridge across the Hudson. It would be against public policy. How much more sensible to keep matters dark until all arrangements were completed!"

He proceeded to spread carbon copies of official letters before Lloyd.

"And now," he said, opening a copy of the Last Owner's Book, "let us see what the wise men have been doing. Let us see who has been making hay in the dark, eh?

"Here we have the same neighborhood—about One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. Is it not informing to you to note that every piece of vacant property and most of the improved sites have been transferred within the last fifteen months? You are a wide-awake young man, Mr. Cantlon, and you have noticed the activity in that section. You have ascribed it, no doubt, to the sheep-like habit of the investing public whereby they buy blindly when a boom is started. But who are these buyers? Corporations, all. Dummies! Here is the Lambda Realties, Inc., and here is the Careful Building Company, Inc., and here is the Three Friends Realty, Inc. These are the largest buyers.

"Here now are copies of the certificates of incorporation of these dummy corporations, copies of their certificates on file with the county clerk. The names of the stockholders mean nothing, of course; but do you not notice that these certificates were all filed by the legal firm of Lanfrey & Hutch? And do you not know that that Lanfrey is the brother of the very prominent city politician?"

"Why, you have hold of something here!" exclaimed Lloyd with expanded nostrils.

"Gently," murmured Ellerbach; "not so loud. It was nothing. Most of this material was accessible to any of the public, to anyone who had reason to look for it. The sketch of the bridge is the key, and you will respect my desire to keep silent as to the source from which I obtained it. The information is not so valuable now, since most of the property has been snapped up—all of it indeed in Manhattan. But there is still room to make an honest dollar in Jersey."

"Why, yes," said Lloyd, seeing light. "One of Brower's pieces was in Jersey."

"This one," nodded Ellerbach, tapping a slip. "This little farm in Bergen County. Twenty acres, offered at a price of twenty thousand dollars, and right in the path of the development. It is less than a quarter mile from the bridgehead to that farm. And what, in your mature opinion, will that twenty acres be worth when the bridge is there?"

"Not less than ten thousand an acre!" cried Lloyd instantly.

"Gently, please," frowned Ellerbach. "Ten thousand an acre easily. That would appraise it at not more than eight hundred a lot, improved. I think it will be worth much more, but I bow to your judgment. Twenty acres at ten thousand an acre—and it can be bought now for a thousand an acre."

His eyes gleamed exultantly.

"We have caught our friend napping again," he said. "He is a wonderful man—Mr. Brower—perfectly wonderful! But he has so many irons in the fire. I marvel that he can watch so many of them. Shall we buy this little Jersey farm from him, Mr. Cantlon, and turn for ourselves a profit of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars?"

"If your information is correct."

"Investigate for yourself. But be extremely careful. Convince yourself that this bridge is projected and that the wise men have prepared to take advantage of it."

"I shall do so," said Lloyd. "But meanwhile we can proceed. How did you propose to get hold of this farm?"

"I would suggest that we do not be too direct about it, as Mr. Brower is wonderfully alert. We had better not endeavor to buy the farm alone. We will deal according to his own terms. He is offering the five suburban pieces, of which the farm is one, in exchange for a single property. We will buy the five properties for the sake of the farm. I shall furnish the single property that will make up the bulk of the trade, and you shall put up the cash to sweeten."

Mr. Ellerbach went haltingly to a filing cabinet and returned with a large photograph. He handed it to Lloyd. It was a photograph of a fine seashore residence, a vacation home for a millionaire, evidently in excellent condition, four stories high, half timbered in the beautiful Queen Anne style, an abode of some twenty-eight or thirty rooms. Over an expanse of shrubbery and winding drives and hothouses one saw the sea.

"This is Sea Whispers," said Ellerbach, "the former summer place of Senator Harrington, of New Jersey. It is at Golden Beach, near the Shrewsbury and is the show place of the section. Senator Harrington was in business difficulties and I secured this at a price. How much, in your experienced opinion, is that place worth, Mr. Cantlon?"

"Well over a hundred thousand dollars," said Lloyd, noting that nine acres of shore front went with the house.

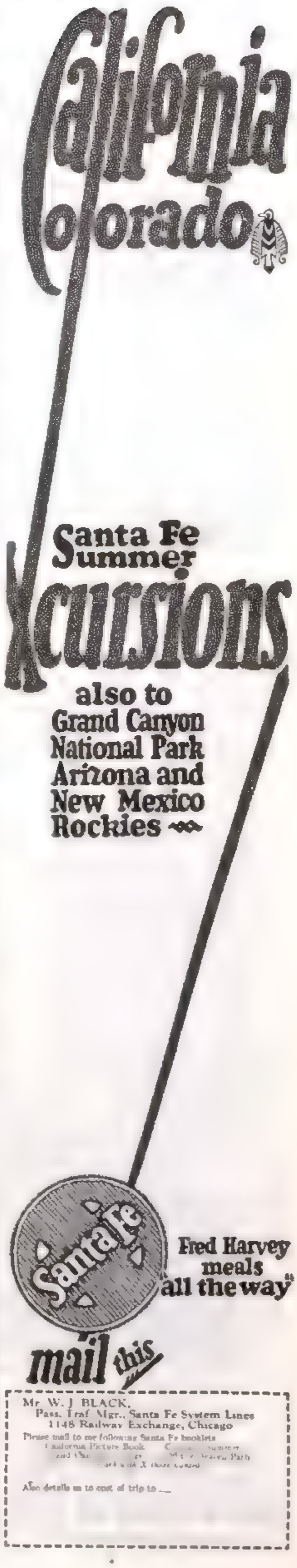
"It cost the senator two hundred and forty thousand. But I am prepared to sacrifice much of the value in order to secure this little farm. I can sell that place for seventy-five thousand dollars; that is fifty thousand over the present mortgage of twenty-five."

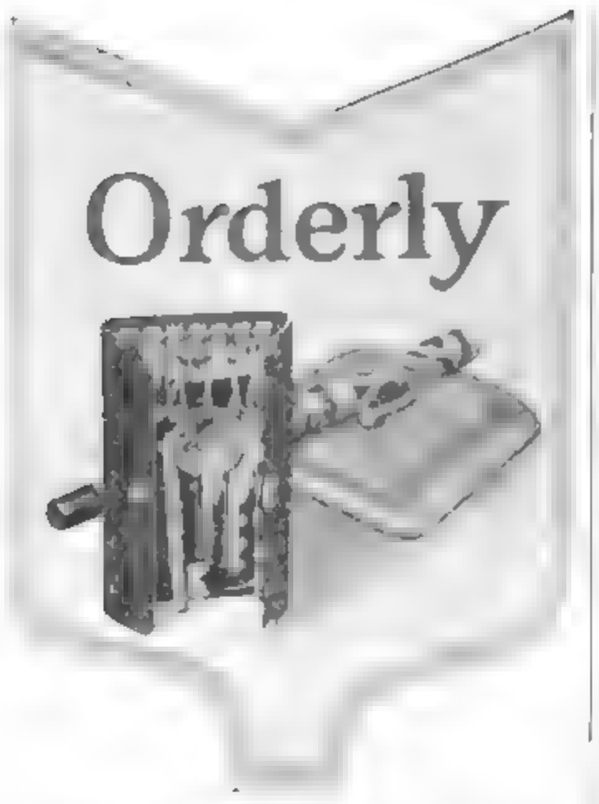
"It seems cheap."

"It is dirt cheap, my dear fellow. It is throwing it away. My idea is to offer Mr. Brower this perfectly marvelous property in exchange for the five pieces, including the farm. To insure his snapping at it we will add the cash. We will add forty thousand dollars."

"But can we find forty?"

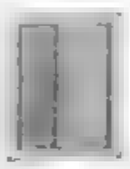
"We have your seventeen, which should be enough to pay down on account to bind the contract, and we will find the other



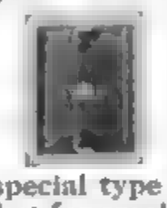


YOUR money in your bill fold. Your cigarettes in their case. Your fountain pen, accessible, convenient on its clip—But! How about your keys?

Are they in a bulging lump, wearing and tearing your pockets; disorganized, jumbled, inconvenient, hard to find? .....Then—you need a Buxton Keytainer!



A KEYTAINER keeps your keys flat, orderly and easy to find; and in addition protects your pockets and clothing. They come in various styles and leathers, from the plain, serviceable type to those in rich leather and fine gold. In price from 30c. to $11; and in sizes holding 8 to 16 keys. There's a style, a size, a price that you'll like.



THERE is a special type with a convenient pocket for small important papers such as your lodge card.

All Buxton Keytainers have the patented revolving humped hook, which prevents the loss of keys and makes them easy to turn.

Organize your keys—protect your pockets with a Buxton Keytainer.

Dealers: Write for details of 130 introductory assortment

BUXTON, INC.
Dept. S, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
MARBRIDGE BLDG., NEW YORK
In Canada: Rowland & Campbell, Ltd., Winnipeg; Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Toronto.

BUXTON KEYTAINER
Reg U S Pat. Office

twenty-three before we have to take title. In fact we will never take title, because news of the bridge will be public property before then, and we will be refusing offers of a hundred thousand profit within two weeks. We must be quick, because I am sure that the news is about to break. Make your investigation, but be quick about it."

"I don't think I'd better appear in the matter," said Lloyd. "Brower will be furious."

"It will be well to have it handled through your office, which bears an excellent name. You can say plausibly that you gave these five properties to one of your confreres to work upon. Who would you suggest? I should prefer that he be a man of unquestionable character, but of no particular ability."

"We have a man in the office named Bettinger," said Lloyd. "He is one of these Puritans, and is so stupid that he can't see a hole in a millstone. I will say for him, though, that he makes a good impression on a client. Anyone can see at a glance that he has not head enough to think of two things at once. And he is so stupid that he would never tumble to the real meaning of this deal."

"Bettinger," said Ellerbach, noting the name. "Give him these properties tonight, together with a list of names, including mine. Tell him to circularize the list. When he has offered the properties to me I shall start the deal."

Lloyd did not recognize until he was again in the Subway that he was putting a very handsome commission in the way of Dick Bettinger. He was downcast for a moment, blaming himself for having lost sight of Dick's interest in his absorption in his own. But he finally reconciled himself to seeing Dick make a good thing of it, in view of the fact that Lloyd stood to win a quick ninety thousand dollars. Ninety thousand dollars! It was a stake! It was a start! It was money with which to operate! Hundreds of thousands—millions, even—were on his horizon! Many men had made a million apiece in the great whirl of gambling in real estate during the three years since the war.

VI

"I HAVE to run down into Jersey this morning, Miss MacGowan," said Dick importantly as he walked with Mr. Hopper's secretary from the Subway to the office. "I have a big deal on with Jake Brower. Something real big. If I can put it over I stand to make a ten-thousand-dollar bill, and it looks awfully promising."

"Isn't that wonderful!" murmured Miss MacGowan happily. "I do so hope you put it over!"

They stood on the isle of safety before the Subway station in the middle of Broadway and waited for the policeman to stretch forth his potent hand and order the sea of traffic to part. Dick looked with tolerant eye on the policeman and on the rocketing taxicabs and on the glassed-in ladies and gentlemen in fine limousines who did not vouchsafe him even a casual glance as they slid smoothly by. He had found his feet in the city and was no longer inclined to make moan over the dust and the trampling. He had even come to a point where he referred at times to the roaring metropolis between the two rivers as little old New York.

He was struggling mentally with the phrasing of the thought that if Miss MacGowan hoped he would put it over he must inevitably put it over. He wanted to say that, in a plausible way, but he could not hit on the cunning phrase. He was not glib. And then they were hurrying across under the threat of the undulating front of the traffic, which—should the policeman lift his spell—must burst upon them and overthrow them and whirl them away.

"Yes, a beautiful seashore place down at Golden Beach came into the office two days ago," he shouted, "and it occurred to me to match it up with some properties of Jake Brower's. That's half a broker's art, you know—to think up good trades—and the other half is putting them over. I went down to see Jake, and he was much interested, and told me to go down and look at Sea Whispers for him, and he would act on my report. He is really a very nice man to do business with when you get to know him. Of course, he is hard as nails in a business way. But he has to depend on what the brokers tell him."

He broke off this vein. His mind was full of business, and out of its fullness his lips would speak; but his heart kept calling for a hearing while he was with Miss Edna MacGowan.

"I am taking quite a fancy to this little old town," he yelled sentimentally against the thunder of released motors. "When I find the girl, Miss MacGowan, I'm going to live in a nice little flat of my own within a jump of the Sub and the L. The sort of place I mean is one of the new ones, with maid service and an electric dumb-waiter connected with a restaurant. I suppose that is the kind of place you would like, is it not, Miss MacGowan?"

"Have you got such a little flat, Mr. Bettinger?"

"No."

"Oh, you are just supposing! Well, for my part, I always say it is nice in the country. I just love the idea of having a house all to oneself, with nobody upstairs and nobody downstairs and nobody across the hall. I could just love one of those lonely places; I think they're so cozy. What is there in the city that you can't find in the country, Mr. Bettinger? If you want to go window shopping there's the pictures in the mail-order catalogue, and when you get a feeling to go see a good picture you can go up and listen to the radio."

After Dick had gone through his slender mail he left the office for the Subway again, and so to the Twenty-third Street tube, and to the Central Railroad of New Jersey. He bought a round trip to Golden Beach and seated himself in the smoker. With one eye closed against the fumes of his six-cent trust perfecto, he figured on the back of an envelope, totting up a number of sums, each of which had a relation to a commission of ten thousand dollars.

A two-hour ride brought him to the summer resort. The season was late autumn and the life of Golden Beach had departed with the butterflies. A cold gray wind drifted across the plaza at the station, pushing wearily at rags of yellowed newspapers. At the edge of the platform was a lone hack hitched to an old nag that hung his head in the patient wait for the fares that must come again with the summer. Such houses as Dick saw were boarded up and were unkempt and seedy and unashamed.

"Beautiful section, isn't it?" exclaimed Dick sincerely as he clambered into the hack. "Charming resort, I call it."

"Want to go to Kipp's, mister?"

"No. Why?"

"He's in the real-estate business too."

"I may see him later. Take me to Senator Harrington's place on the shore."

The nag raised his head and looked behind him incredulously. Then he started. The shafts followed him, and then the hack fell into line. There was an effect of consecutiveness, a loose-jointed motion—it was Golden Beach's time-honored winter hack.

"I wonder how that fellow knew I was a real estate man," pondered Dick. "I hadn't said anything to him about it. I imagine a fellow acquires a certain professional stamp." He was flattered.

"There's Sea Whispers, mister," said the driver, pointing with his stubby whip. And he and his nag inclined their heads toward their chests and sank into reverie.

Dick had the keys. He jumped out and started up the wide blue-stoned path to the brick terrace under the windows of Sea Whispers. The house looked as fine in actuality as it did in its picture; no house offered in a real-estate deal looks finer than that. Its stucco sides were smooth and flawless, testifying to the substantial hollow tile behind the seemly surfaces. Its many sloping roofs were of red slate; its leaders were of heavy copper; such hardware as showed at doors and windows was evidently cast bronze; the glass in the panes of the lower floor was plate. Here was a solid house, a substantial house, a house that would stay put. This was not the sort of country house that can be lifted with jacks and slid on rollers and trundled about.

Dick entered and wandered through the stately rooms with constantly mounting satisfaction. The ceilings of the lower story were eleven feet in height, insuring coolness. There were eight master's bedrooms and four tiled bathrooms on the floor above. The eight servants' rooms above again were boxy, but that is a quality that distinguishes servants' rooms. Dick was surprised to see that the house was unfurnished; every stick had been removed. The particulars with which the owner had furnished him had specified that the house was unfurnished, but he had rather expected to discover that this was an error in typing. Such places are ordinarily left furnished completely, and sold so.

But he was more than satisfied. There were not even hair lines in the ceilings; the woodwork was heavy and ornate—birch in this room, mahogany in that, walnut in the other; the bathroom fittings were in the correct baked-on white. There was no reasonable question but that the substance was behind the engaging appearance; money had been buried in the walls of this house.

"If Brower really means to leave it to me," he chuckled, "the deal is made. I will not be able to say enough in favor of it."

He locked the great front doors and walked around the mansion to look at the sea. The nearness of the water had delighted him when he looked at it from an upper window. The waves were rolling in tirelessly against a hidden sea wall within sixty feet of the house.

He stepped to the edge of the high ground upon which Sea Whispers stood and looked over at the sea wall, which was a retaimng wall. It was a solidly built and braced and strutted structure of massive timbers, sloping steeply toward the water; a structure as enduring of shock as a ferry slip. The shock would be unthinkable that could break that stout bulwark.

But this sea wall, unfortunately for itself and for Sea Whispers, had to brace itself against no great battering onset, but against the weak and tireless tapping of the sea. The bank was hollowed where Dick stood. A brooklet of sea water was flowing behind the wall, murmurously seeking out its crevices, pushing at every cranny, scraping weakly at the sand below, striving to find its way again to the clamoring waves outside, there to lift up again and spring again to the attack. And a section of the wall two hundred yards away had yielded and slumped forward in defeat. The stronger waves were leaping over this fallen section and striking at the undefended sand bank. A cubic yard of the bank collapsed as Dick watched, and sank with a frothing.

With steadily falling countenance Dick walked along the sturdy wall. He returned to the dozing hack.

"Kipp's," he snapped.

The lone real-estate dealer of Golden Beach was glad to break his seasonal silence.

"That house," he said, "is worth a hundred thousand dollars—anywhere else. They do say that Sea Whispers stood the senator in a quarter of a million. I shouldn't wonder."

"What do you think it's worth as is?"

Kipp combed his brown beard and pursed his lips.

"There's a mortgage of twenty-five thousand dollars on it," he said. "I wouldn't take the place as a gift if I had to go on the bond. The senator went bad, you know, and the receiver sold Sea Whispers to some fellow in New York. They say he got it for almost nothing. Well, that's what it's worth—next to nothing!"

"Can't that wall be fixed?"

"Sure! And it'll stay fixed, too, if you keep a gang at work the year round. You see, the house is built on sand. The shore around here has got a way of shifting about, and it would take the United States Government to keep any part of it fixed in place. All that shore-front stuff is a gamble. I could show you places where the ocean has put a quarter of a mile onto a man's property—and, mind you, it may stay there—and other places where the ocean has simply wiped people out. And now the ocean has taken after Sea Whispers, and I can tell you that it will be cheapest in the long run to let the ocean have it. People around here have sunk fortunes in bulkheading, and then have seen the whole thing go under. Why, Frank Willet, down here at Grassy Point that used to be, was worth a pot of money, and when the ocean came in after the point he just made up his mind he'd fight, and ——"

On the return trip to New York, Dick didn't do any figuring in relation to his commission. He sat staring with dismal face at the flying landscape. He went straight to Jake Brower's office. When his name was sent in the operator dismissed abruptly an importunate broker and called for Dick.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Bettinger. How's your deal coming on?"

"It isn't coming on at all, Mr. Brower."

"What's the hitch?"

"You asked me to go down and see the property that I offered you in exchange. I was down there this morning."

The operator smiled and nodded.

"Fine house, isn't it, Mr. Bettinger?"

"The house is all right. It's a beautiful house. They say down there that the place cost Senator Harrington a quarter million."

(Continued on Page 127)

The HOOD "WHITE ARROW" Cord

A MAN needs little more than a glance at the Hood White Arrow Cord to know that a different and sounder principle of construction awaits his examination.

The massive, flat tread is good to look upon; better to ride upon. This new tread practically absorbs the traction wave, and so protects the side walls. The side walls themselves delight the eye—and promise to please the pocket book—with a new and greater strength—to take care of changing loads and the slight under inflation some drivers prefer.

A tire for the extra burden of the closed car. A tire for open-car speed, giving maximum cushioning, safety and wear.

The Hood White Arrow Cord will be gladly shown "At the Sign of the Hood Service Man" in your neighborhood.

Hood Rubber Products Company, Inc.

Manufacturers of rubber products for more than a quarter of a century
For Summer comfort—Hood Canvas Shoes—Ask your shoeman

Watertown, Massachusetts

It Came from Davy Jones' Locker

MAYBE it's a legend, and then again, maybe it's not. As far as you and I are concerned, far be it from us to say, where legend ends and truth begins.

Legend or no legend, at least the materials from which Neptunite is made, must originally have come from the depth of the sea, elsewise, how could they stand salt water the way they do, and keep right on smiling?

Then, there are acids and ammonia, which have no more effect on them than on a china plate.

Just to prove it is surely heat proof, you can put a wet cloth on it, and hot iron it dry, and *it won't stick, or even leave a mark.*

And another thing of utmost importance; the four Neptunites are particularly easy to use. They just slip off your brush like liquid silk, and smooth out their own wrinkles in an almost magic way.

"Sounds too good to be true," you say?

All right then, send 10 cents for the Diary of The House in the Woods, written by no less than Katharine and Edward MacDowell. It tells among other helpful things, just how they, themselves, Neptunited their furniture, floors, and wood work in their new home.

According to them, Neptunite is responsible for their having sort of a second honeymoon.

Send for the Diary and see for yourself.

The four Neptunite Varnishes are sold by the one best dealer in each town.

The LOWE BROTHERS Company, 560 East Third Street, Dayton, Ohio

Boston Philadelphia Jersey City Chicago Atlanta
Memphis Kansas City Minneapolis Omaha Toronto

T. D. SHIDM

H.S.

Lowe Brothers

Paints and Varnishes

"Save the surface and you save all" Paint & Varnish

(Continued from Page 124)

"Good! I'm taking your word for it, Mr. Bettinger, you know. I'm taking it at a cash value of seventy-five thousand dollars, so that's safe enough. Your deal is made! Tell Tetlow to get up the contract. I understand that your party is taking my five pieces and giving me this country place and forty thousand cash. Seventeen thousand is to be paid down on signing the contract and twenty-three thousand on passing title. Your commission on the sale of my stuff is eight thousand two hundred dollars. You can have any part of it when the contract is signed."

"The contract isn't going to be signed," growled Dick sullenly. "There isn't going to be any sale. I'm not going to let you take that place, Mr. Brower. It's not worth a dollar!"

"Eh?"

Brower lurched back in his chair, and turned his stare on Dick. His big gray eyes never wavered from Dick's while the young broker told what he had seen at Golden Beach. When the tale was told Brower sat silent a moment, and then put out his broad hand.

Dick clasped it with a slight flush. He had lost a fine commission, but it was something to have his honesty appreciated.

"We all make our mistakes, son," said the operator, "and Jake Brower makes more than anybody else, because he takes more gambles. I've made a mistake in you, and I'm apologizing."

"What mistake?" asked Dick.

"Why, Bettinger," said the operator with a slow grin, "I will admit that I had a vague suspicion that there was a nigger in this deal. Just one of those premonitions, you know. And, naturally, I supposed you knew about the nigger."

He leaned forward to answer the telephone.

"Tell Tetlow to draw that contract on your way out, Bettinger."

"What was that, Mr. Brower?"

"I said to tell Tetlow—to draw—the contract—just the same. Good day, Bettinger. . . . Hello, hello!"

VII

WITH well-dissimulated apprehension, Mr. Simeon Ellerbach watched his door opening. When he saw Lloyd Cantlon standing on the threshold his apprehension became acute anguish. He sprang to his feet and rushed forward and seized Lloyd by the two unresponsive hands and drew him into the office.

"Why, my dear fellow, I am so glad to see you!" he chuckled, and if tears of sympathy could be heard dripping under his gladness it was no more than the decent respect that the plight of Lloyd demanded. "Don't tell me, my boy. I know all about it. I'm distracted. To be candid with you, I'm perfectly distracted. Awful—awful! Awful is not the word!"

"I'm ruined," said Lloyd harshly.

"Oh, not at all, my dear fellow. Don't say that! You've lost considerable money, but you have the world before you yet. You're young, wonderfully clever and energetic, and you can start again. We all make our mistakes, and we learn by them. What does the poet say, my dear lad? What does the poet say? I'll tell you candidly; he says, 'On our dead selves as stepping-stones we rise to higher things.' Yes, sir, that's what the ——"

"To blazes with the poet!" cried Lloyd. "What about my money? What have you got to say about my seventeen thousand dollars?"

"Don't take that tone, my dear fellow," begged Ellerbach. "To be perfectly candid with you, I have not been able to sleep at nights for thinking of that awful loss."

"Why didn't you find the twenty-three thousand dollars to close the title as you promised?"

"Quite impossible," said Ellerbach piteously. "I think we were very fortunate that Mr. Brower consented to accept the seventeen thousand as liquidated damages and did not hold us to the completion of our contract. I shudder to think that he might have taken from me that beautiful Sea Whispers and given us his almost worthless array of cats and dogs. I shudder—I do!"

"There is something very queer about all this, Ellerbach," said Lloyd fiercely. "It is queer that we learned the truth about that bridge the day after we signed the contract."

"It is very queer, indeed," said Ellerbach with a face of woe. "I depended on you entirely there—you are so shrewd and penetrating! But do not apologize, my dear fellow; I understand. I do not blame you in the least.

"Who would not have been deceived? Consider! The bridge was certainly projected, was it not? We made sure of that. And the wise men had indeed bought up cheaply all the lands about the terminals of the bridge, had they not? That was a matter of record. And there was talk in the air about the coming bridge. How could we know that the project had been abandoned and that the rumors had been set afloat by the same wise men in the hope of passing the many properties they had taken? We fell into a trap, my dear lad, a damnable trap!"

"I believe the documents you showed me were authentic," said Lloyd grudgingly. "I believe that the bridge was really to be built, and that the project was not given over until recently. Otherwise I should hold you very sternly to account, Ellerbach. Where did you get those maps and letters from?"

"I cannot tell you that," pleaded the deed buyer, spreading his yellow hands. "In honor, my dear fellow, in honor!"

"In honor," repeated Lloyd, glaring at him. "Do you intend to make good your half of my loss?"

"How can I?"

"You have this place at Golden Beach."

The deed buyer looked at him obliquely, and then turned to commune in silence with his black window.

"It is marvelous to me how quick thinking you are, Mr. Cantlon," he said cheeringly, when he turned again. "We should indeed be able to do something worth while with that beautiful estate. We should be able to make a very good trade, eh? And we will be more careful this time. Ha-ha! We will, indeed! We will keep out of the hands of the tricksters this time. But you know it is very difficult to trade country property without adding cash? Are you in a position still to find some cash, Mr. Cantlon?"

"No!"

"A little! Can you not find a very few thousand dollars?"

"No!"

"But surely you can borrow something," coaxed the deed buyer. "You still have credit, have you not? Come, you can scrape up two or three thousand, I am sure!"

"Not a red cent!" growled Lloyd. "I make no more deals with you."

Ellerbach rubbed his lank jaw with a sound of leather on sandpaper. Then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled amiably.

"I do not blame you, my lad; I do not blame you. Indeed I think you are showing exceptional good sense. You are going to cease speculating, eh? A very wise and farsighted decision! If I had a son of your age I should be perfectly candid with him and should warn him against speculation. I know so many speculators who have failed. I know twenty such for the one who has risen to fortune. You brilliant young men—so clever, so admirably energetic, so unswerving—have your eyes fixed on the few successful ones, and you do not see or hear of the many and many who failed. And what joy can a man find in gaining money so? What rest or peace has he when he is forever blown about by the winds of chance? As the poet says, Mr. Cantlon, 'Uneasy lies the head.' Ah, yes, uneasy lies his head."

Mr. Ellerbach's voice trailed away in a note of commiseration.

"You go to thunder!" snarled Lloyd, rising and stalking from the office. "I'm not done with you yet!"

"I am delighted to hear it, my dear lad!" called the deed buyer, following him to the door. "I beg of you not to go away angry. Come again, any time; I shall always be glad to see you, and I shall certainly have some nice little deal for us both. Good day, Mr. Cantlon; good day!"

He shut the door. He sighed and returned haltingly to his desk by the dark window. He pulled a drawer open and looked down at the blue prints and correspondence and other data having to do with the defunct project of building the bridge across the Hudson. He sighed again and lifted this material to a place before him. He proceeded to fold this material and to secure it with pins, and to put it into a large Manila envelope. As he folded each piece he sighed deeply. When all the documents were in the envelope he sealed it and addressed it, sniffing weakly as his hands moved about the desk. Then he rang for a messenger. The uniformed messenger came.

"Deliver this package," said Ellerbach, handing him the Manila envelope.

"Bowers?" said the messenger, studying the deed buyer's crawling script.

"Brower!" exclaimed Ellerbach testily. "Jacob Brower! Have you no eyes in your head, young man? Gracious me, how stupid the young men are nowadays! Deliver that package to Jacob Brower, and if you chance to see him you might tender him my kindest and most cordial regards."

When the messenger had gone he lifted a newspaper and disclosed his morning's mail, in the reading of which he had been interrupted by Lloyd.

He shuffled the missives, sniffing over them and working his thick gray eyebrows, until he came to a square and heavy envelope with nothing on it but the meager address. He opened this one:

My dear Mr. Ellerbach: In accordance with my custom, I am sending you a little check, which I ask you to accept in the spirit in which it is sent. I realize that what success I have had in operating has been due to the excellent cooperation afforded me by the brokers, and I feel that I should, in common fairness, let them share in the fruits of their good work. You are probably aware that most operators do not feel this way. Yours for better real estate,

JACOB BROWER.

He lifted out, with quite an explosive sniff, a check to his order for five hundred dollars, and put it aside. For a moment he studied the letter, noting with admiration that it was a printed form cunningly simulating typewriting.

"He is up to everything," he murmured, talking aloud to himself in the way of men who are much alone. "A perfectly wonderful man! How rash it was to work against him in that matter of the Dollinger Building! I should have known he would find it out. He finds everything out. I must not permit myself to be tempted again. I was well advised to be perfectly candid with him when he sent for me, and to acknowledge freely that the blame was all that young fool Cantlon's."

VIII

"IF YOU would give me the source of your suspicions, Bettinger," said Old Man Hopper, frowning thoughtfully, "I should be better able to advise you. And, after all, you have nothing but suspicions concerning this deal. There are certainly features in it that suggest crookedness, but I do not care to waive a substantial commission on vague suspicion. You cannot tell me whom you have been speaking to?"

"No, I can't, Mr. Hopper," said Dick.

He had come hot from a conversation with Lloyd Cantlon—a humbled and chastened Lloyd, though a sore and angry one.

"The finger of suspicion," said the Old Man with a touch of pompousness that became him, "would seem to point to Jake Brower. He received the seventeen thousand dollars that was put up on the contract and was forfeited when the other side failed to offer title. The attitude of this office toward Jake Brower is not cordial; the finger of suspicion has pointed toward him before. He has never been detected in outright crookedness, or we should refuse to handle his business. I must admit that he has scrupulously honored his obligations to brokers.

"Every business man, Bettinger, is constrained by the necessity of things to do business with people whom he doesn't fancy. One must buy where he can and sell where he can—to an extent. Jake Brower has been able to pay more—or more quickly—and to sell more cheaply than others, and it has been our duty as brokers to deal with him. But no self-respecting business man will deal with a known rascal or trickster. Before he is a business man he is a gentleman, and he will have nothing to do with swine who do not follow the rules of honest business.

"If I had known, Bettinger, that you had a deal on with this fellow Ellerbach I should have stopped it dead. That contemptible fellow can't buy or sell through this office. But as he has had the advantage of our service, he shall pay. Although the deal fell through, he shall pay full commission on the sale of that seashore place, or there is no law in New York.

"I am interested in what you tell me about the farm. You may make what arrangements you please about the farm with Jake Brower, and the firm will take for its share the cash claim against Mr. Ellerbach."

"Thank you, sir," said Dick.

"I thought that perhaps you might need a little home in the suburbs," said the Old Man, relaxing; and his glance dwelt for a moment on the straight back of his pretty secretary.

"Not at all, sir," said Dick, flustered. "It was just—just a matter of sentiment."

"Oh, that is entirely different," murmured Mr. Hopper.

Jake Brower grunted cordially that afternoon when Dick entered his office.

"You're a strange broker, Mr. Bettinger," he said. "I never owed a broker a commission yet but he didn't camp on my premises until he got it; but you don't seem to worry. Where's your bill?"

He drew a big check book out of a slot in the desk.

"I'm not going to give you a bill, Mr. Brower," said Dick.

"No?"

"No; I don't think I care to take the commission."

Jake Brower leaned back and opened his mouth.

"What's wrong with you, Bettinger?" he gasped. "You must be going off your chump! You come in here and try to queer your own deal, and now you talk about not wanting the commission. Say, what's up?"

"I don't care to take the commission, Mr. Brower, because a friend of mine lost a great deal of money through this deal—all the money he had. I feel I would be taking advantage of his misfortune."

"Ellerbach?"

"No, not Ellerbach."

"Suit yourself, my son," said Brower, shutting the check book. "The money is

(Continued on Page 130)

A Spring Morning, Wissahickon Creek, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

A New Improvement

Radiola V

Dry Cells Replace Storage Batteries

A new vacuum tube has made it possible. Radiola V and Radiola RC have been topping them all in popularity for dependability and long range—receiving over thrilling distances—up to 1,500 miles and more. Now both are converted to dry battery operation. This means greatly lowered cost—does away with bulky storage batteries—gives the far-away farmer the same good service it gives the city man.

No more need for expensive storage battery and charger. A big saving! And a saving made greater by the new offer—a combination offer of receiver and accessories—complete at a price remarkably low.

Radiola V

Mahogany finished case, of rugged build. Three tubes—detector and two step amplification.

"On The Air"

- *The best entertainment and education that the world, serious and at play, can provide—*
- *Music by famous orchestras—*
- *Songs by famous artists, singing to you in person—*
- *Complete church services—*
- *Instantaneous reports of sporting events, play by play, blow by blow—*
- *Weather reports, crop information, time signals—*
- *Stock and bond quotations—*
- *Fashion hints—*
- *Bedtime stories for the children—*
- *Statesmen explaining national problems—*
- *Election returns.*

This symbol of quality is your protection

RCA

"There's a **Radiola** *for every purse"*

Ask your nearest Radio or Electrical Dealer for folder giving details of these two great receivers

Radio Corporation of America

Sales Dept.: 233 Broadway, New York. *District Sales Offices:* 10 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; 433 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Radiola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Lowers The Cost

Radiola V or Radiola RC Complete $142.50

The New Way: Complete for dry battery operation, including three new type WD-12 Radiotron vacuum tubes; head telephones; "A" battery consisting of three dry cells; "B" battery consisting of three 22½ volt units. $142.50.

The Old Way: The price of Radiola V or Radiola RC, when equipped for storage battery operation, formerly came to $207.50.

RCA

This symbol of quality is your protection

Radiola RC

Three tube set — detector and two step amplifier. Sound mahogany cabinet tastefully finished

Distance!

W. G. Ball's enthusiasm bubbled over. Here's what he wrote from Lake City, Minn., about his Radiola V

"I connected up the radio set last night.... This beats them all for quality of tone and range and ease of control. From 7 in the evening to 12, I heard the following stations

Newark, N. J. Davenport, Iowa Pittsburgh, Pa. Kansas City, Mo. Cincinnati, O. St. Louis, Mo. Louisville, Ky. Regina, Sas. Sioux Falls, S. D. Minneapolis, Minn. Independence, Iowa Atlantic City, N. J. Kansas City, Kans. Wichita, Kans. W. C. O. Longacre, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. Lexington, Mo. Schenectady, N. Y. Portland, Ore. Los Angeles, Cal. Denver, Colo.

"If there is anyone that wants to be shown, send them down here

"Respectfully yours,

"W. G. BALL"

The Old Way: The price of Radiola V or Radiola RC, when equipped for storage battery operation, formerly came to $207.50.

"There's a **Radiola** *for every purse"*

Ask your nearest Radio or Electrical Dealer for folder giving details of these two great receivers

Radiola RC

Radio Corporation of America

Sales Dept.: 233 Broadway, New York. *District Sales Offices:* 10 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; 433 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Radiola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TOO TIRED *to take* A BATH

HOW often are you too tired to go out in the kitchen and fuss with the old-fashioned heater—too tired to wait thirty minutes for the water to get hot?

A hot bath would be a real luxury—a *real* comfort—more refreshing, more restful than anything you can think of. But it's just too much trouble!

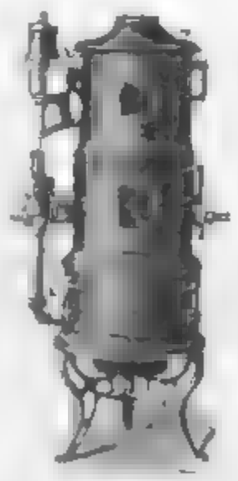
Pittsburg Water Heaters have made baths easy to take. They are preparing the baths for thousands of tired men and women every evening—giving them their tubs every morning.

And the water is heated more cheaply per gallon than you can heat it by any other method.

There are eighteen different sizes and types of Pittsburg Water Heaters. One of them will exactly fit the requirements of your home, give it perfect hot water service—twenty-four hours, every day—in the most economical and efficient way.

Ask the Pittsburg dealer in your vicinity—the gas company or one of the prominent plumbers—to demonstrate the Pittsburg to you. He will tell you how *the easy-payment plan allows you to practically make your own terms.*

Or, write to us, mentioning the number of hot water faucets there are in your home and the number of persons in your family. We will recommend the proper size Pittsburg for your needs. At the same time, we will send you a copy of "The Well Managed Home," an interesting little book telling the whole story of hot water service.



Bear in mind that Pittsburg Water Heaters are made and guaranteed by the oldest and largest manufacturers of copper coil heaters in the world, a company with a reputation extending over a quarter of a century.

PITTSBURG WATER HEATER CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pittsburg
AUTOMATIC GAS
WATER HEATERS

"If it's done with heat, you can do it better with gas"

(Continued from Page 127)

here for you when you are yourself again. It's here any time you want it, understand? And I'll be a whole lot relieved when you come and get it. I'm afraid of you, Bettinger."

"But—if you want to give me that little Jersey farm ——"

"Ah-h!" breathed the operator, smiling.

"I am not taking it as a commission," said Dick. "I want it because it is fairly mine. You took over that farm about two years ago, Mr. Brower, just before the talk started about the bridge. The farm is legally yours now, but you didn't get it fairly. You bought the mortgage of five thousand dollars that was on it—an open mortgage—and you immediately started foreclosure. That was one month after the old owner had died and while his affairs were very mixed. Money was tight then; and his son, who was in college, was unable to replace the mortgage at once, and you got the farm.

"You make so many deals that perhaps you will not recognize the name of the former owner when I give it to you. His name was Bettinger—Richard Bettinger."

"Any relation?" asked Brower concernedly.

"My father."

"I'm sorry to hear this," said the operator. "I make no apologies for the manner in which I took the farm. It was strictly legal, and I don't waste time on niceness. I took it, as you may know, because I got wind of the coming of the bridge.

"Well, I was stuck with it. Until you brought me this Rip Van Winkle who thought the tip on the bridge was news I was stuck with it. It lay out there on the table; no city broker would waste time on a little farm. Do you want it for yourself or to sell?"

"For myself, of course."

Brower jotted down some figures.

"You can have it instead of your commission," he said briskly. "I've made money on it, and I'd like to pass it. Tell Tetlow to draw you a deed; he'll find the referee's deed to me in the safe.

"And say, son," he said, rising and rolling to the doorway to slap the departing Dick on the shoulder, "don't be so awfully uppish. I can put a lot of business in the way of a man who isn't too clever to play fair with me. I'll put you on the list."

The hour was approaching five when Dick reëntered the office of Felix J. Hopper, Inc., on West Seventy-second Street. He went to his desk and made a pretense of busying himself with the study of a rent schedule, while he watched furtively the doorway of the Old Man's private office.

Lloyd Cantlon was at his own desk.

An Oriental-looking man—dark and short and sleek and loudly dressed—came down the aisle, puffing a bad cigar.

"Mr. Cantlon?" he asked, smiling familiarly. He sat down at Lloyd's elbow and commenced to strew papers about. "I'm a friend of Simeon Ellerbach's," he whispered, winking. "My name is Elias Trefusian, of Washington Street. I'm in the dried fruits. There's my card."

He cocked his cigar and tapped one of the papers that he had exuded.

"That's my place on Washington Street," he said; "my place of business. I own it! I'm applying to the West Shore Savings Institution for a loan of sixty thousand dollars, and I hear they're asking this firm to make an appraisal. My friend Ellerbach told me if I would see you it would be all right."

"He did, did he?" commented Lloyd in a neutral tone.

"Sure! He told me you could fix me up with a nice appraisal. Naturally I'm willing to pay something for it. What do you say?"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Lloyd loudly.

The Washington Street importer drew back surprisedly, and looked around with a frown.

"You do business right across the board up here, don't you? Well, that suits me too. There's my check for two hundred and fifty. Is it all right?"

"Put on the back of it what it's for," said Lloyd. "Write on the back of it, 'For an appraisal of the Washington Street property.'"

"If you like," said the merchant, wondering at the hardihood of this bribe taker.

Lloyd folded the check, put it into an envelope, which he addressed to the West Shore Savings Institution, and then pointed to the door.

"Here!" exclaimed the startled merchant. "What are you doing with my check?"

"I'm going to send it to the bank," snapped Lloyd. "Get out!"

"I guess not!" blustered the fruit importer. "Give me back that check!"

Lloyd was in a highly nervous condition, and he lost his temper completely. He leaped up, seized hold of Mr. Elias Trefusian, jerked him to his feet, rushed him to the door and projected him into Seventy-second Street.

Mr. Trefusian halted his flight at the gutter edge, scowled, and then pulled his lapels straight and regained his Oriental placidity. He waddled off toward Broadway, shrugging his shoulders.

"He offered me a bribe for an appraisal," explained Lloyd to the Old Man, who had been brought from his office by the noise of the fruit importer's departure. "There's his check. I'm sending it to the bank."

"Quite right," agreed the Old Man. "Quite right, Cantlon!" He went back into his room, smiling.

The clock struck five. Miss Edna MacGowan issued from the private room and walked in beauty down the aisle. Dick was waiting for her at the door.

"What do you say if we walk home this evening, Miss MacGowan?" he asked with a ghastly smile.

She looked at him, looked out through the plate glass at the drizzle of snow and sleet that had set in, and nodded assent.

"I think it is a lovely evening for a walk, Mr. Bettinger."

They turned their backs on the Subway this evening and faced into the dismal weather that was blowing from the east. When they had come to the park Dick suggested that they should go into it and follow its rustic paths on their northward way.

"Miss MacGowan," he said in a voice that started to be an excited treble and that was yanked down to a deep bass, "I was twenty-four years old yesterday, and when a man is twenty-four it is high time that he settled down and got married and took a serious view of life."

"It is different with a girl, Mr. Bettinger," she said. "When a girl is twenty-four she takes a very serious view when she is not married. But I understand you perfectly, Mr. Bettinger."

"The girl I want, Miss MacGowan, is one who can content herself with a very simple way of living until we are better off. If she is willing to live in a little farmhouse in Jersey, where she will have to do all her own work, where she will have to do the washing and the cooking and the mending and not expect amusements, she is the girl for me.

"The farmhouse I am thinking of, Miss MacGowan, is four miles from the Fort Lee Ferry and a half mile of mud and slush from the trolley. The nearest neighbor is seven blocks away, and he has not lived in his house for three years. There is no gas in the house, no electricity, no telephone; it is like living on a desert island, except there are none of the pleasures of the seashore, and there is no view. The rooms are big enough to make work, and shaped so that they are all turns and corners."

He paused for breath. If there were any surprises in store for the lady of this Jersey manor, they were going to be pleasant ones. When he arrived home from the office of nights, after that final half-mile trudge, he was going to find a girl who should be contented.

"And have you got this farmhouse, Mr. Bettinger?"

"I have it, Miss—Edna."

"Why, that is just the sort of place I always wanted to live in!" she cried. "The way you describe it, it sounds so—so exclusive! And after a long while—after a dreadfully long while we could have a little car—a very little one—couldn't we, Dick?"

"On the very next commission," he promised. "And that will be mighty soon, because I'm getting in right now. We'll try it, won't we, Edna? It's really a valuable place, and we'll sell it for a big price for building plots some day."

They sat on a park bench. The bench was wet. Darkness had closed the vistas, the leafless shrubbery looked like tangles of rusty wire, the disconsolate trees were dripping sleet, and sleet and rain blew into their faces.

"Isn't it perfectly beautiful in the park in snowy weather?" sighed Miss MacGowan blissfully.

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The name WINTON *is a synonym for* PERFECTION *in Motor Cars*

Thanking Mister Eskimo

THE Eskimo Kid knows when he's in for a large share of gratitude. The smiles of his satisfied clientele tell him he's being thanked. He knows his good drink is popular with all the crowd.

It certainly is. You may offer Clicquot Club to all your guests—men, women, youngsters. Its tang and sparkle and fragrance appeal to them all. It's the purest drink you can have—everything it contains is the finest to be had.

The Kid has other drinks that are popular—Clicquot Club Sarsaparilla, Root Beer, Birch Beer. Order by the case from your grocer or druggist.

Clicquot Club

(Pronounced Klee-Ko)

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

GINGER ALE

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

WE CALIFORNIANS

(Continued from Page 9)

nothing all those years calling hogs on the old farm back home. He began to yell about Los Angeles. He got into the chamber of commerce and kept up his class yell; all about sun-kissed Los Angeles and the climate and the poppy fields and the climate and the bougainvillea and the mocking birds and the climate. And the more Frank yelled the better his ear felt. The rest of Los Angeles awoke and yelled in sympathy, and now all you can hear as soon as you cross the pass and start down toward the orange groves is that Los Angeles uproar, telling the world about it. And Frank Wiggins' voice still leads all the rest.

Why can't all you fellows be like Frank Wiggins and come out to give us the once-over before sticking your spear into us a foot? Have a heart! Don't sock it to us merely because we make a noise. With the climate and everything, honest, we feel so good that if we don't yell now and then we'll bust a casing

Besides, if a hen found a golden egg in her nest and didn't cackle about it you'd want to wring her neck, wouldn't you? Well, we Californians are not that kind of hen; that's all.

We admit that now and then one of your representative citizens does come out to make an intensive study of us in the effort to isolate the California bug and find out what makes us get that way. We are glad to see him. If he guys us when he gets back home, all right; anything to get our names in the paper. We greet him and pay our money to hear him talk and we show him the climate and the mocking birds and the sun-kissed slopes and the geraniums at Christmas and the poppy fields and the climate. We note his incredulous amaze at finding that we are indeed human; that we do not growl and get our feet in the soup when we eat, and we are childishly pleased. It takes so little to make us Californians happy. But he always goes away too soon, and it makes us sad.

There was an Eastern writer. But no, he merely came out here to kill a dodo bear or a goofus bear—anyway, it was some sort of fool bear that I never heard about. Engaged in this fatuous pursuit, he blistered both his heels, lost one hundred and fifty-seven pounds and sunburned himself—and Lord, what an amount of him there was to sunburn! But he seemed to think his darned old whoosit bear was more interesting than us Californians, so he's out. Absolutely!

Embarrassment of Riches

And Nina Wilcox Putnam—but as I recall, Nina Wilcox Putnam specialized on Los Angeles exclusively. I don't blame her though. No Californian does, not even a San Franciscan. There's a spell that winds itself about the traveler directly he hits the San Gabriel Valley, and Los Angeles has a copyright on that spell. Talk to any Los Angeles man, woman or child for five minutes and the spell of the Los Angeles booster will reach out and wrap its tentacles about you and you are a gone coon. Man, woman or child, remember. The child's vocabulary may be limited to the one word "goo." But that goo will make you see little pink angels twangling golden harps above a field of sun-kissed poppies, and mocking birds singing their heads off amid the golden apples of the new Hesperides. It's a fact. One has to hand it to Los Angeles.

But listen here! Los Angeles isn't all California. I know it sounds that way, but that's the spell I spoke about; the phenomenal and cumulative result of the first war whoop that Frank Wiggins turned loose when he discovered Los Angeles and started to cackle about it. One sometimes wonders why other parts of the state do not start a little excitement of their own, but any sane person knows how futile would be the attempt of any other section of California to make its feeble squeak heard above the horrific and incessant hallelujah of Los Angeles and her mocking birds and her climate and her geraniums at Christmas.

I struck California many years ago. Where? Los Angeles, of course! The spell of that lovely place got hold of me and I tarried there for six golden years. The glamour of those years is still upon me too. At certain intervals I revisit the place, and then my many valuable friends grow eloquent, telling me the old, old story. They forget that I know it by heart. I do not blame them; I love them for it. Moreover, I know that they are quite unconscious that they have the boosting bug. It is the habit of a lifetime. It is more than a habit; it is a beautiful disease, and you'll have to kill the Los Angeleño to stamp it out. . . . No, he would not miss a note in his rhapsody. Over yonder he would be telling it still.

However—as I write this article it is the eighteenth of February, and all day the thermometer has registered seventy in my room. No fire. This is on the Heights overlooking San Francisco Bay, next door to the old Joaquin Miller home, which now is a city park. The acacia trees are blooming and they are full of robins and jays and a host of smaller birds that have been driven down from the mountains by the heavy snows. I saw several butterflies today, and a lot of red roses are blooming outside my window.

They are like the rugged robins that mother used to pull into the living room of mornings back East. La France roses are blooming east of the house and the calla lilies are rank under the eaves. From the front window I can look out across the bay, and the air is warm and hazy, like one of Frank Stanton's lazy, hazy, daisy days in June. Along the streams the bees are busy among the pussy willows. And it is winter in Northern California.

It is almost spring. Spring comes early in California. Soon I shall be going home. My home is on a bluff overlooking the Trinity River, in the extreme north of the state. Up there we do not have the mocking birds, but we have the climate. Honestly, if I had the power to make it over I don't know of a thing I would do to it.

Boosting! But what can you expect of one who once lived six years in and about Los Angeles?

We do not grudge you your social graces. On our own streets we wear what we please and no one cares. There is no one to care, for the other fellow is doing it too. My most vivid recollection of New York is of one sweltering July day when I looked up the street called Broadway and saw a sea of bobbing straw hats and dinky coats; a million of them, apparently, and all alike. Every man was like every other man. They looked like a million twins.

I stood apart and looked at myself. For the first time in my simple life I was one man in a million; one individual that stood out above his fellows, conspicuous as a boil on a fat man's nose. But I was not exalted by the fact. I was vaguely ashamed; the only time in my career that I was ashamed of something I hadn't done. I was the only man in that million wearing a cloth hat.

And right then my Western spirit of unselfishness manifested itself within me, big as a horse. You were welcome to your blankety-dashed straw hats and your dinky coats. Maybe I shall look like a rube, I thought, when I get back to San Francisco and go breezing up Market Street in my corduroys and battered slouch hat, but by golly, I'll be comfortable and I'll be happy! I'll shed my coat if I want to, and go in my shirt sleeves, and it won't matter; for out West we are all crazy, anyway, and gee but it's great to be crazy!

Now, keep right on remembering that I was not born a Westerner. I was not a product of the purple sage and the great wide spaces. I was a Hoosier, transmuted overnight into a good working member of We Californians. In my heart I knew that any of those poor galley slaves, if dumped suddenly into California, would shed his straw hat and become as rank a Californian as any of us. The spirit of the West. Here is a crucible in which men from every state mingle together, simmer for a moment and then step forth—every man with his mouth open a foot, telling the world. It's a fact. It's the thing that has made California the greatest state in the—but I fancy I mentioned that before.

Nor do we feel envious in the matter of your superior mental attainments. We do not turn green when we hear that Boston is the seat of culture and New York the exact center of the universe. It's our unselfish Western spirit. We beam when we are informed of the profound depths to which the plummet of erudition has descended in the Pierian springs that abound about Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louie, New Orleans, Onondaga and the old home town back East. We do not envy Chicago her greatness, nor New Orleans her restaurants. We cannot smell the stockyards and we can't hear the mosquitoes singing hymns of praise over on the Jersey side. We are shy three chips and we know it, so we cheerfully concede our inferiority.

And we are not jealous of you on account of these things. We listen to the encomiums upon your mental and physical greatness and give three cheers. Fine and dandy! You're the duck's whiskers and we're for you. Go to it, fellers! You're all right! You're older than us, so of course you're bound to know more, and everything. Got larger brains and naturally stack up higher in the world of literature and statesmanship and art and commercial enterprise.

The Poet of the Sierras

Still we do kick in with the fluff now and then. Franklin K. Lane, for instance. And a few others whose names perhaps will occur to you. And Joaquin Miller. Everybody will concede that he wrote some big stuff, and yet whenever I think of Joaquin I think first of Columbus: "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!" That poem crystallizes our conception of the West; especially of California. I wish more people visualized Joaquin Miller when they think of California, instead of their favorite movie, in which the villain is shot eighteen times in seventeen minutes and every Californian packs two guns in his belt and speaks a language We Californians never heard, even in our wildest dreams.

Joaquin Miller! I can see him yet, standing in his yard, up here on the Heights, leaning upon a staff that he had pulled out of a brush pile. Weak and haggard with that last illness, but with the fire of youth still smoldering far back in his cavernous eyes, he looked to me like a prophet as he gazed out over San Francisco Bay. A breeze went by.

"Listen!" said Joaquin in a hushed, reverent voice. "Do you hear it? That's God!"

Miller was born in the East, but he was a Californian in spirit and in type. Like many another Eastern man, he had longed for the majesty of high mountains and the breath of God stealing down the cañons.

"Two old fellows came to hunt me up one day," Joaquin told me; "old neighbors of mine from Oregon.

"'Where you reckon he lives?' one of them wondered.

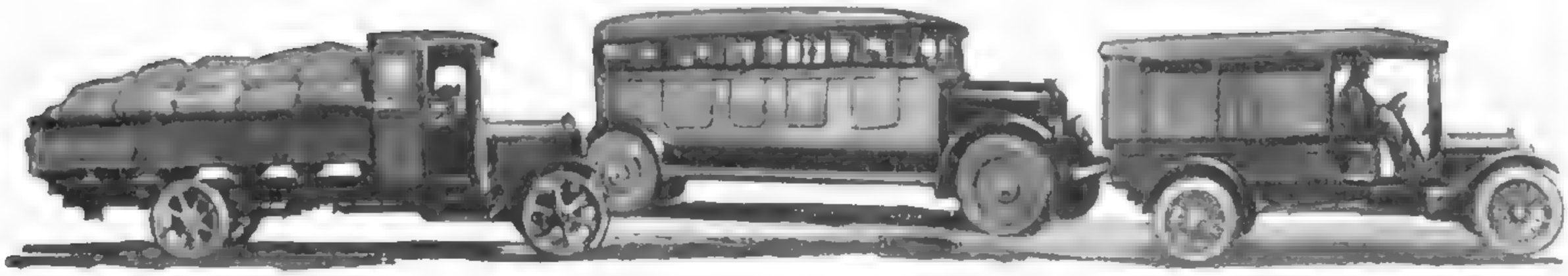
"'I don't know,' said the other; 'but wherever he is, by gosh, we'll find Joaquin on a high hill—lookin' west!'"

No, we lay no claim to distinction in the arts. Still, there's Wallace Irwin and Will Irwin and Peter Clark MacFarlane and Peter B. Kyne and Wilbur Hall and Eugene Manlove Rhodes and A. J. Waterhouse the poet—did you ever read Waterhouse's "Out Here in California"? A copy of it hung in General Pershing's headquarters in France. Some have asserted that it won the war. We Californians are too modest to admit such a thing; nevertheless ——

Harry Leon Wilson is ours. He has been writing for years, but he doesn't go stale. It's the climate. Instead of going back, he continues to sit down before his typewriter after breakfast and repeat his daily formula: "Day by day, in every little way, I'm going stronger and stronger." And then he bats

(Continued on Page 136)

A Typical Party of Eastern Trippers Starting to Ride Down to Springtime in the Grand Canyon



SUPPOSE that *all* the General Motors Trucks—

SUPPOSE some day that *all* the trucks which General Motors has built were to be driven past your door.

From dawn to dark and into the night the steady movement would carry on, *a stately procession of burden bearers, more than two hundred and fifty miles long.*

What a picture of the scope and variety of American life their cargoes would reveal!

THERE would be great iron pipes for the oil fields, and shaggy logs from the woods; there would be meat and fruit and building materials; furniture on its way from old homes to new; and children, in busses, bound for school.

Railroad men measure transportation in ton miles—the movement of one ton one mile. Taking a hundred miles as a fair day's run, the GMC Trucks in service have a daily capacity of 5,869,000 ton miles, which means that they could carry for one mile, in one day:

The annual wheat crop of Kansas—
plus material enough to build two Woolworth Buildings,
plus food enough to furnish breakfast, dinner and supper for four cities as big as Detroit,
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Friend of the farmer whose time and produce it saves; friend of the city dweller whose living costs it reduces; friend of the

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railroad whose less profitable business it assumes, and whose terminal congestion it relieves, the motor truck has only *begun* the work it is destined to do.

Every year the demand for its service increases, and the widespread resources of General Motors are a distinct advantage in helping to meet this demand. The same sort of engineering talent which has given Cadillac its reputation for craftsmanship, the same factory facilities which enable Chevrolet to pack so much value into its product—these are equally available in the building of GMC Trucks.

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Its Divisions and Subsidiaries make ACCESSORIES, PARTS AND EQUIPMENT
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Do you buy coal on a power basis or a price basis? A dollar spent for clean coal will purchase more heat value than one spent for inferior coal at a lower price. Fuel economy lies in purchasing the fuel requirements of your plant at lowest unit power cost, not at lowest price per ton.

The Consolidation Coal Company, with its 98 bituminous mines in the six great coal producing districts, contributes to the fuel economy of American industry by shipping only clean coal from which all possible waste substance has been eliminated.

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(Continued from Page 133)

out a serial of about eighty-five thousand words, yawns and knocks off for the day, spending the afternoon in smacking the little white pill across the sun-kissed poppy fields at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Yes, yes, yes; I know; but don't bother me when I'm going so good. I'm quite aware that many of these men were born in the East, but I've tried to explain that it doesn't matter the least little bit. When a man once sets foot in California some joyous accolade descends upon him and he is a changed being. He may look and act the same. He may even smoke the same kind of tobacco that he smoked in his lost and benighted days; but once here he is henceforth and forever a Californian.

That's it. The mere accident of birth entitles no other region to any of the credit. Men come here with genius, it is true. But their brains are undernourished and empty. It is the wonderful California climate that shoots the bubbles into them and makes them fizz and sparkle.

I had a lot of neighbors back in Indiana—neighbors with brains. But they had not the yearning for the West, and I marvel at them. There was George Ade, for instance. What a whale of a fable George could have written had he come out here and listened a while to the Booster Chorus! But I don't blame him much. It is not wholly his fault. You see, George bought himself a cluster of pale cows, and now he is everything to them—papa, mamma, big brother and tender chaperon.

They lean on him. And whenever he thinks of himself away out here in California and those poor, pathetic pale cows awa-a-ay back there in Indiana, watching, watching down the locust lane—when he thinks thoughts like that, why, George breaks down and cries like a child.

Listen here! Don't you folks back there think you own Tad? And Rube Goldberg? Don't you swell up like a dried apple when you contemplate them? Well, you're wrong. They're ours. Aside from being the most infernal practical joker that ever dropped pipe ashes down the back of my neck, Tad is the greatest sports cartoonist we ever loaned you. And Rube Goldberg—no use to explain Rube. He's a cartoonist with a real sense of humor and a bank account you couldn't fly over with a blimp. He got his start here in California. It was the climate.

Unsuspected Genius

But as I mentioned before, we are modest about our great men. We may make an awful fuss over our climate and our poppy fields and our geraniums at Christmas, but we are content to let our great men speak for themselves. And some of them can do it too. Now, Hiram Johnson, for instance. Or—— But what's the use? To enumerate all the men who have gone from us to carry the Western spirit to you would give a strong man lockjaw—than which no greater calamity could befall us Californians. Death, smallpox and the income tax are trivial things to be passed over with a smile; but if we Californians ever lose our voice we are ruined.

But I want to speak of Charley Van Loan. To my mind Charles Emmet Van Loan was the truest type of the Western man I have ever known. When I first met him he was a kid; a tall, rawboned chap with a mischievous twinkle in his eye and a humorous downward quirk at the corner of his mouth. He never lost these—even then he exhibited signs of the literary quality that later manifested itself. But when it was suggested to him that he might become a writer he treated the matter with lofty boyish scorn.

"I know my own limitations!" he said

But Van was wrong. In a few years he was one of the greatest fiction writers the country ever has known. And curiously enough, he first broke into print with a column of humorous cartoons on the Belgian hare craze! That was in the Los Angeles Times, and the ridiculous pictures made General Otis laugh—the only time in the staff's experience that the martial editor had ever manifested such a phenomenon!

Charley Van Loan's Love Taps

I think Van Loan had more friends than any man in the world; real ones, not fair-weather friends. His outstanding characteristic was an uncontrollable and incessant exuberance that broke out in joyous maulings of those he esteemed most highly. Love taps he called his most outrageous manhandlings; but if so, they were the love taps of a bear cub, unconscious of its strength. Invariably, however, these assaults were accepted at Van's estimation; and the luckless victim, as soon as he was able, never failed to come back for more.

Well, he went out smiling. He went like our own Jack London, when his light was flaming brightest. Dear old Van! I'd like to know where he is now! But one thing I do know; wherever Van is there's something doing.

We Californians are proud of men like that. They show the world the Western spirit in all its phases, and we are glad to confess that as an agent in spreading the news about our state, that beats yelling. Still, we can't all be illustrious citizens; only a few of us can make our personalities reach beyond the mountains; but the humblest of us can yell.

Only one thing mars our serene content. Some day we'll have to travel on and leave to another generation of boosters our poppy fields and our climate and our geraniums at Christmas. Yet this thing comforts us—we know we've done our durnedest. If the world hasn't heard about us it is through no fault of ours.

And when my time comes to hop off I hope to do it right up on the slope—looking west; trying to catch the first glimpse of the next place and hoping that it will be another California. And if it is, why, I'll try to tell you as I go; like the poor, superannuated old sailor in Bill Adams' splendid little poem. He was dying in the poorhouse, still wistful for the sea that he had not sailed for many a year. As he drew his last breath he looked beyond, and——

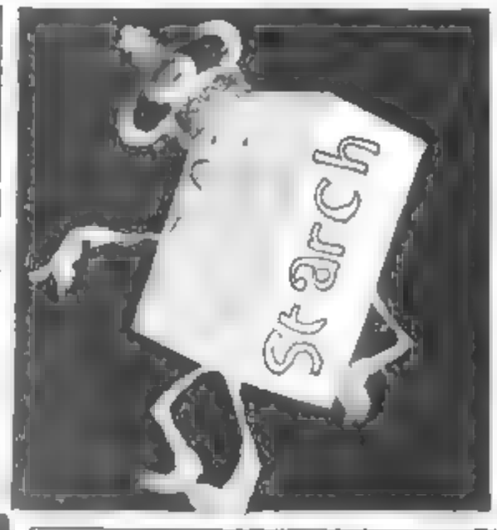
"Ships!" he cried exultantly. "Thank God there are ships! And there is another sea!"

Inside the Crater, Lassen Peak, Lassen Volcanic National Park, California

SEVEN SECRETS of SMARTNESS

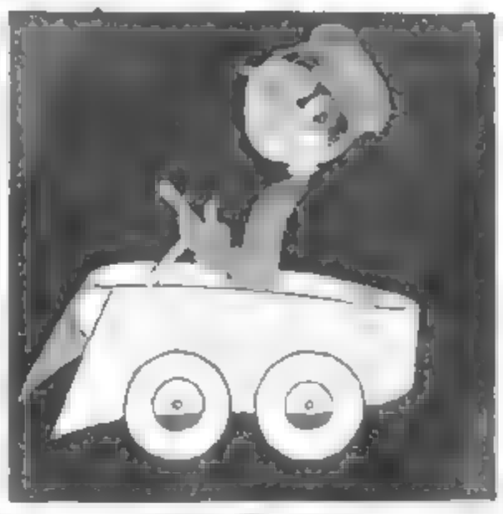
No Starch

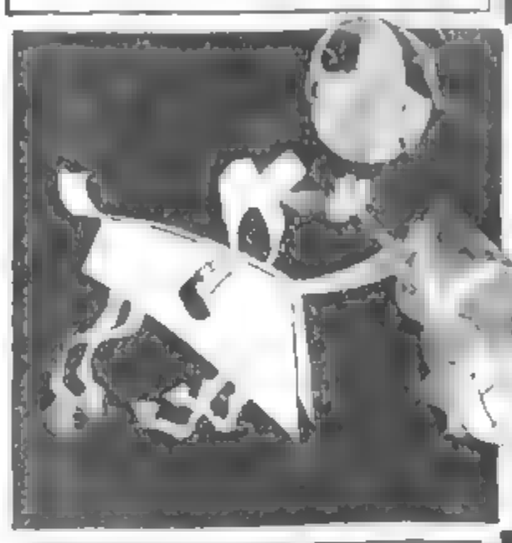
The VAN HEUSEN, free from the rule of artificial stiffness, never breaks out in a rebellion of buckling and blistering.



Launders Easily

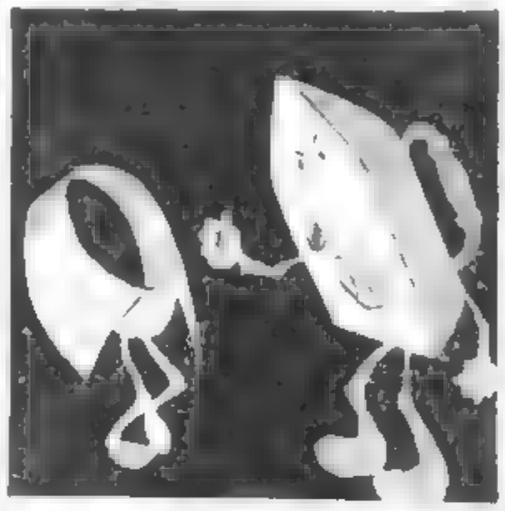
Laundries are like chauffeurs—non-existent until they annoy. Give a good chauffeur a Rolls-Royce, and any laundry the VAN HEUSEN.





Quality Endures

The thoroughbred may die, but he never quits. the VAN HEUSEN may wear out, but it never wrinkles, never sags, never wilts.

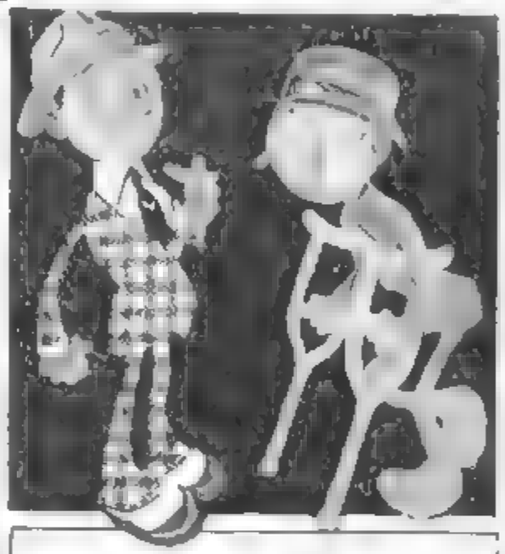


Tailored and Woven

The hot iron bullies the curve into the ordinary collar. the VAN HEUSEN, woven by giant looms, curves naturally

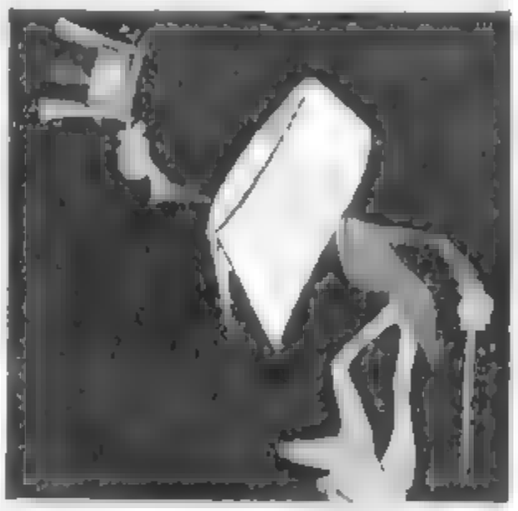
No Seams

The VAN HEUSEN, supple and graceful and smart, does not need to be supported by seamed bands, for specially constructed looms weave it on a curve in one smooth piece.



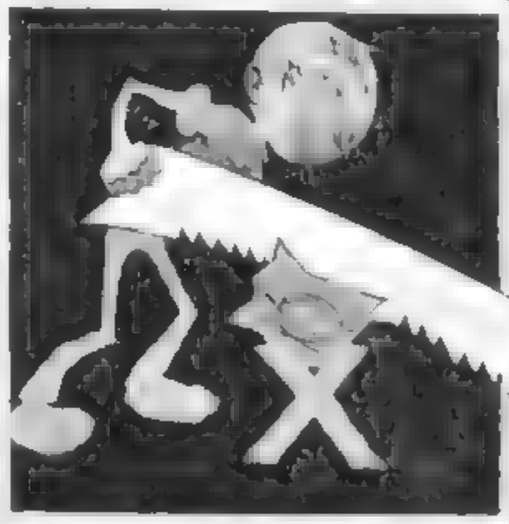
The Perfect Fold

In the VAN HEUSEN the fold is a smooth and gracious act; in the ordinary collar it is a struggle of wrinkling and buckling.



Van Jack

—a medium-height model for this time of year—one of the twelve current VAN HEUSEN styles.



Saves Shirts and Ties

The VAN HEUSEN, even to the costliest silk shirt or tie, is a smooth and elegant friend. Its edges never become jagged or rough. Pliable in every fibre, it does not wear out shirts and ties prematurely.

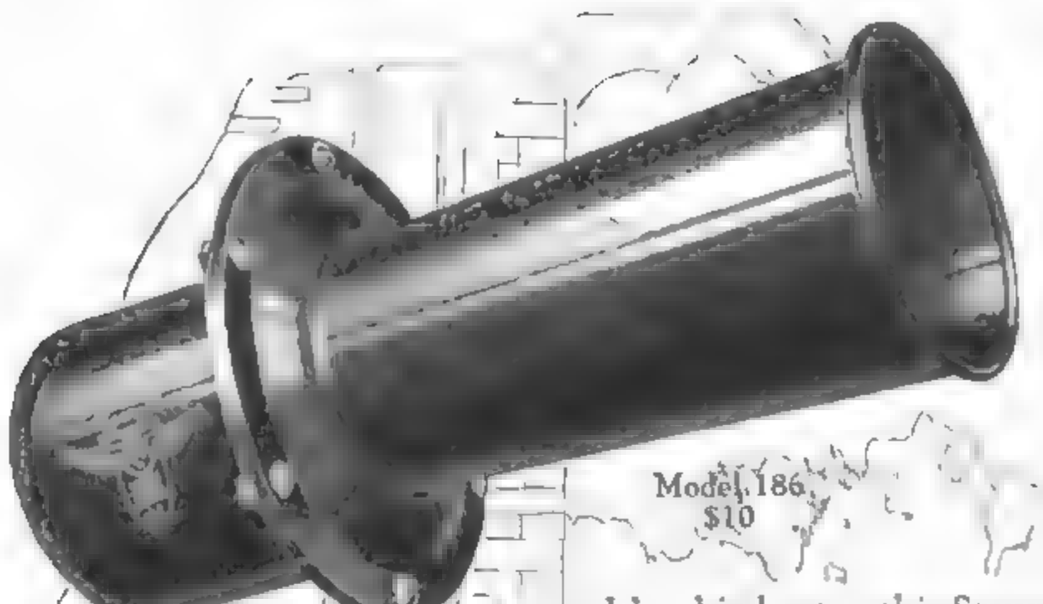
IT IS no accident that the VAN HEUSEN creates both comfort and correctness—smartness. Genius and giant looms bring it forth. In the curve of the VAN HEUSEN, which is patented, rest the seven secrets of its superiority. No other collar is woven of specially curved fabric. No other collar is folded, crisply and permanently, in the loom. The fine comfort you feel and the trim smartness you see in the VAN HEUSEN are expressed here in seven revelations of the unseen qualities which make the VAN HEUSEN the world's smartest collar.

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

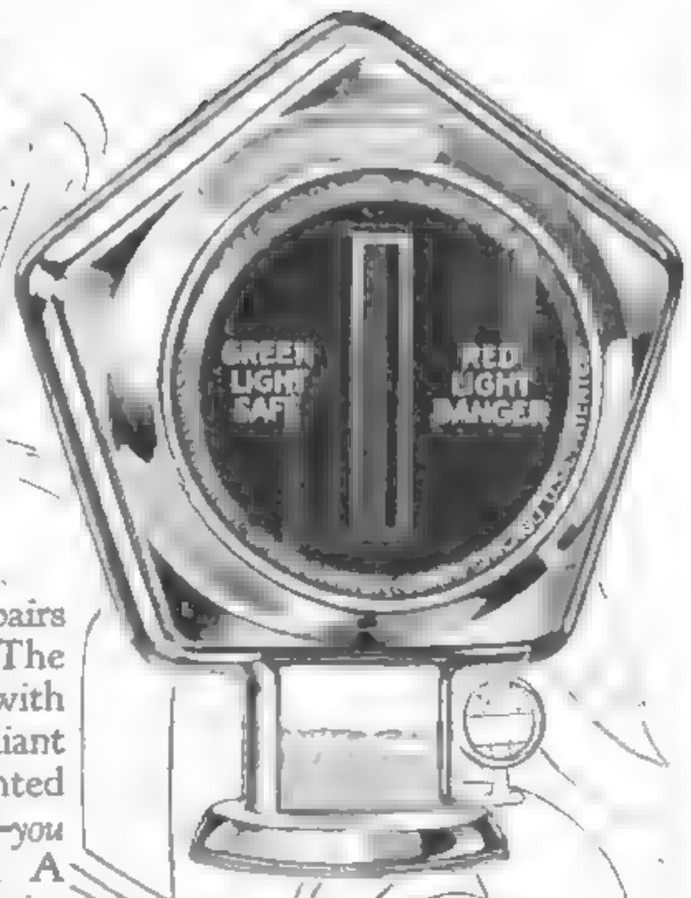
the World's Smartest COLLAR



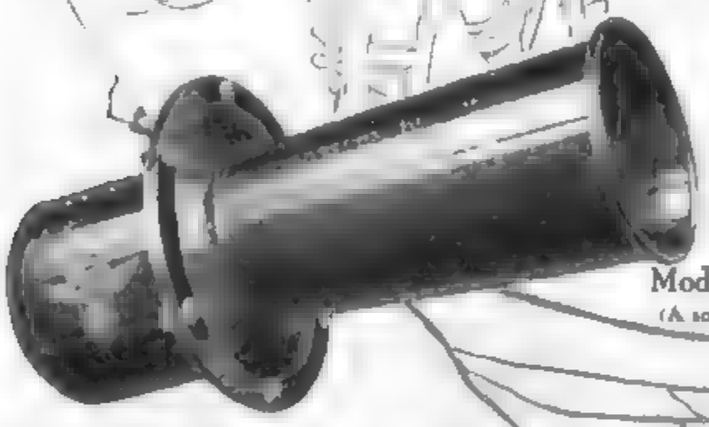
Model 186
$10

It's a big brute—this Stewart 186 Horn—a throaty grumble or commanding roar—obeying your slightest touch. The horn that fails may cost a life. You can place entire confidence in the Stewart. An occasional drop of oil is all the attention the Stewart requires to keep it in perfect operation.

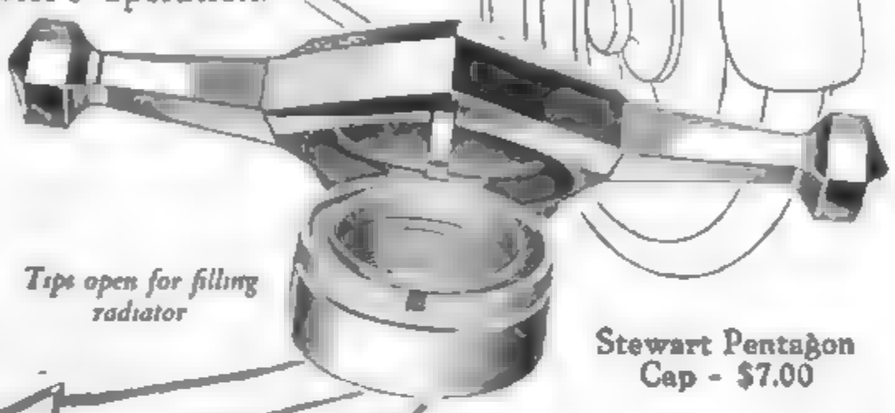
Overheated!—Motor repairs—trouble—expense. The Stewart Warn-O-Meter with green light flashing to brilliant red would have prevented this. Its greatest feature—*you can see it in darkest nights.* A complete set of twenty-six initials are included with every Stewart Warn-O-Meter. Ask your dealer to explain the Warn-O-Meter's operation.



De Luxe Model $12.50
Standard and Ford Models $10.00



Model 163 - $7.50
(A somewhat smaller Horn)



Tips open for filling radiator

Stewart Pentagon Cap - $7.00

For Windshield and Fender - $5.00

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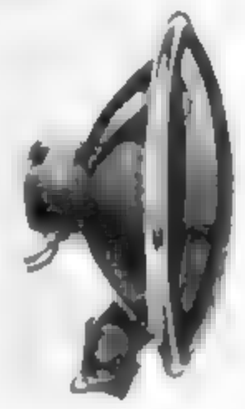


THE ELLYPHANTS ARE COMING-G-G!

(Continued from Page 24)

about that bull hook. Immediately old Mary gave her verdict by tightly coiling her trunk, then sending it forth with the force of a pile driver, striking the malingerer squarely in the forehead and flooring him. After which she calmly walked back to her stake

Immediately the picket line became a thing of low-voiced chirrups, of excited trumpeting and of general chatter—so complicated that even the animal men didn't know what it was all about.

But they found out the next morning

It was dawn, and a long haul from the circus train to the lot. The twenty-four-hour man, standing in the middle of the road, flagged down the cookhouse wagon, and shouted a message.

"Let the bulls go first. Two or three bridges that don't look any too safe. Better wait till the elephants have tested 'em."

Whereupon the announcement traveled on down the line to the elephant superintendent—and a moment later he passed on the run, his gigantic charges trundling after. They reached the first bridge.

"Bumps!" he shouted.

But Bumps hung back. Instead, in her place, as calmly as though she had occupied the position all her life, old Mary walked forward, followed by Frieda, placed one foot on the bridge, hefted her weight to it, pronounced it safe and crossed, her handmaiden close beside her and Bumps taking third place in line. It had been accomplished overnight. The herd had found the leader it wanted—and elected her. Old Mary has been in command ever since!

Practice at the Winter Quarters

Mary's Governing System

Nor was ever a political boss more autocratic. Like many another leader of elephant herds, old Mary has her system, which runs from rewards to punishments, from beating up the male members or agitators to soothing the feelings of some squealing punk, fresh from its fright of the first lesson in elephant training. Never does old Mary neglect to check up on the effects of the first few days at school. With the sensitive finger of her trunk working with the exactness of a measuring tape, she covers inch by inch the areas where the ropes have been tied to trip the animal in the process of teaching it to lie down, examines the spots behind the ears and along the trunk where the elephant men are wont to catch the beast with their elephant hooks, looking everywhere for evidences of rope burns or cruelty. If she finds them there is bellowing and hatred for an inefficient animal man, often leading to investigation by the superintendent and the discharge of the offending trainer. If she doesn't, which is usually the case, she merely cajoles the beast with slow-sounding, reedlike noises, gradually calming it. And if the animal persists in its foolish fears she whacks it across the face with her trunk and walks away in disgust. The queer thing is that she is able to discern between real and bogus fright; she seems to know that her charges are naturally lazy and that they'll get out of work if they can. More than once old Mary has been known to halt in her labors on the show lot that she might eye carefully the elephant that is working with her—or pretending to work. The best little trick that an elephant knows is to place its head within about an eighth of an inch of a wagon, and pretend to push while really not exerting an atom of effort. It often fools the bull men. But it doesn't fool old Mary. One whirling blow of the trunk and Mary herself does the resting.

But her trunk isn't Mary's only weapon. There are nineteen bulls in her herd now, and some of them are bigger than she. A battle of trunks might result in a dishevveled queen. So Mary has other and more judicious methods, one of which is to seize the ear of an offender with a quick thrust of her trunk, cramp it hard, then twist. It never has failed yet to produce a bellowing, howling subject, suddenly brought to his knees begging for mercy. Another gentle trick is to whirl suddenly, lower her head and with all her strength butt a criminal in the midriff. But her favorite ——

Three years ago a full-grown male elephant was purchased from another show, where the rules of the herd leader evidently had been a trifle lax. For four or five days the new member gave evidences of resenting the stern rule of old Mary. Then suddenly everything changed. He was the meekest member of the whole herd All his bluster and rebellion had vanished. Also three inches of his tail. Old Mary had made one swirling dive, caught his caudal appendage between her teeth and clamped hard, while fourteen thousand pounds of elephant flesh trumpeted and bellowed and squealed, and while the whole menagerie force struggled to break the hold. When it all was over, an operation was necessary to remove the crushed cartilage and bone. One of old Mary's very best boys now is a bobtailed elephant!

As for her own misdeeds—she recognizes but one superior, the superintendent of the herd. To him and him alone she acknowledges the right of punishment—even makes ready for it. In 1914 one of the stars of the show was William Frederick Cody—Buffalo Bill—and in his employ was a former officer of the Russian Army, who, through the nonchalance of the circus, had become simply Rattlesnake Bill.

Rattlesnake Bill teased old Mary, and the elephant hated him—so much that it became almost an obsession with her to get him. This she attempted at every opportunity, chasing him when she saw the chance, striving to sneak up on him she could release any chain tie ever made by human hands—and once almost catching him, and, failing, taking out her vengeance on Colonel Cody's spider trap, which Rattlesnake Bill drove, wrecking it. Then suddenly she halted at the sight of the superintendent.

A bull hook lay on the ground. She reached for it, raised it and extended it to her keeper, offering it to him that he might punish her. But before he could raise his arm she had begun to talk, chirruping in his ear, curling her trunk around his neck, cooing at him with that peculiar blandishing tone which in its very softness seems impossible for an elephant; then finally, whimpering, she went to her knees. If ever an elephant talked herself out of a well-deserved whack across the trunk it was old Mary, with the result that she returned to her place at the stake line victorious, while an order went forth that Rattlesnake Bill in the future must leave the elephants alone!

In fact, it is such evidences of reasoning power and of quick thinking that make the elephant such a beloved thing to the circus man. All in spite of the knowledge that there is nothing in the world flightier than a bull herd when it so decides. In a crisis, such as a blow-down, a fire, a railroad wreck or a flooded circus lot, the chances are ten to one that an elephant herd will stand firm, particularly if there has been the slightest kind of warning to inform the members what is coming. But let a firecracker pop beneath a ponderous pachyderm during a Fourth of July parade, or a dog fight start when the bulls are thinking about something else! When that happens don't ask a circus man if an elephant can reason. He'll tell you that the only thing that a bull is good for is to try to wreck the show. However, during the days when things are quiet and life running upon the level ——

"Want to see the slickest thing in the world?" a bull tender asked me last spring as I wandered into the menagerie tent of a big circus. "Lookit here!"

Lady, D. D. S.

He moved proudly to the stake line and opened the lips of a female elephant. There, crammed tightly against a ragged broken tusk, was a close-packed piece of rag, so held that it prevented the jagged ivory from cutting the tender membrane of the mouth.

"Thought that up herself!" the bull tender went on. "You know, Lady—that's her name—she's got bum tushes. They keep bustin' off, and I ain't found any way to harden 'em. Sawed 'em off an' everything, but they just keep bustin' and gettin' ragged. They cut her cheek. Couple of months ago I see her pick up a rag and jam it in her mouth, and then she sticks her trunk in her ear and squeals like she was Columbus discoverin' America. Ever since then I've had to have a rag on hand for her. She does the packin' herself!"

Nor did the elephant man tell the whole story! When feeding time came and there was danger of swallowing the rag the elephant carefully extracted it, laid it aside, proceeded with her meal and, finished, reached again for

(Continued on Page 142)

PHOTO BY JOSEPH H. LANGER

A Free Performance. Perhaps That is Why the Center Elephant is Cheating a Bit

These Great

Richard Strauss

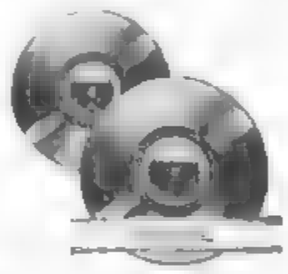
Claire Dux

Sigrid Onegin

Elly Ney

Josef Hofmann

Leopold Godowsky



Why Great Artists Are Choosing Brunswick
—*exclusively*

Without exception the internationally acclaimed artists of the New Hall of Fame have chosen Brunswick for which to record exclusively—a tendency so marked in musical circles that Brunswick now is looked to for the premiere recordings of the great artists of today

That is because, by means of exclusive methods of recording and reproducing, Brunswick brings phonographic music into the realms of higher musical expression. Brunswick Records are known as *truest* reproductions. A difference so great as to be amazing.

The Brunswick Phonograph, presenting a method of reproduction obtainable in no other make of instrument, achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult tones," attaining even Soprano High C without slightest mechanical suggestion.

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It is part of a general movement to place best music in every American home.

It provides a new cultural influence, which, because of its trifling cost no family can afford to be without. Especially the family with children, where the influence of good music is so necessary.

Play On Any Phonograph

These records are known as the Brunswick Gold Label Series.

They play on any phonograph.

Highest authorities acclaim them absolutely true reproductions

They embody a new process of recording, resulting in a clarity of expression heretofore unknown. The difference between them and the ordinary record is amazing.

Mechanical suggestion is absent. Tones are sweeter and more beautiful. Every word is *clearly understandable*. Every note unmistakable. Even the upper register of the female voice is sustained without a tremor.

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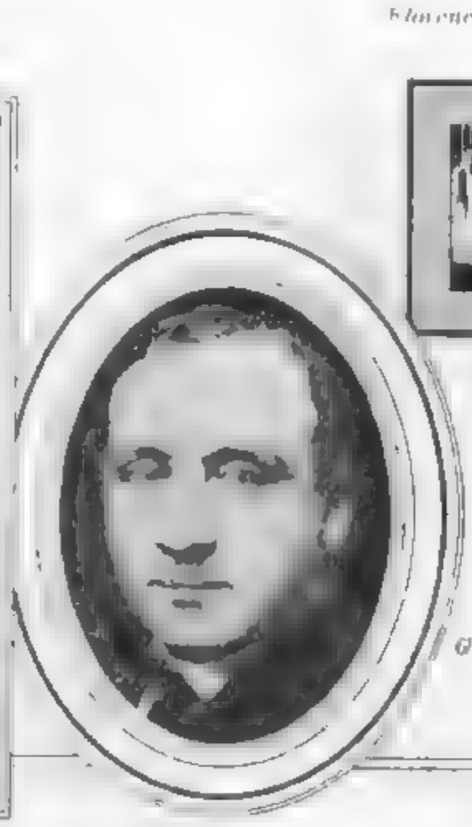


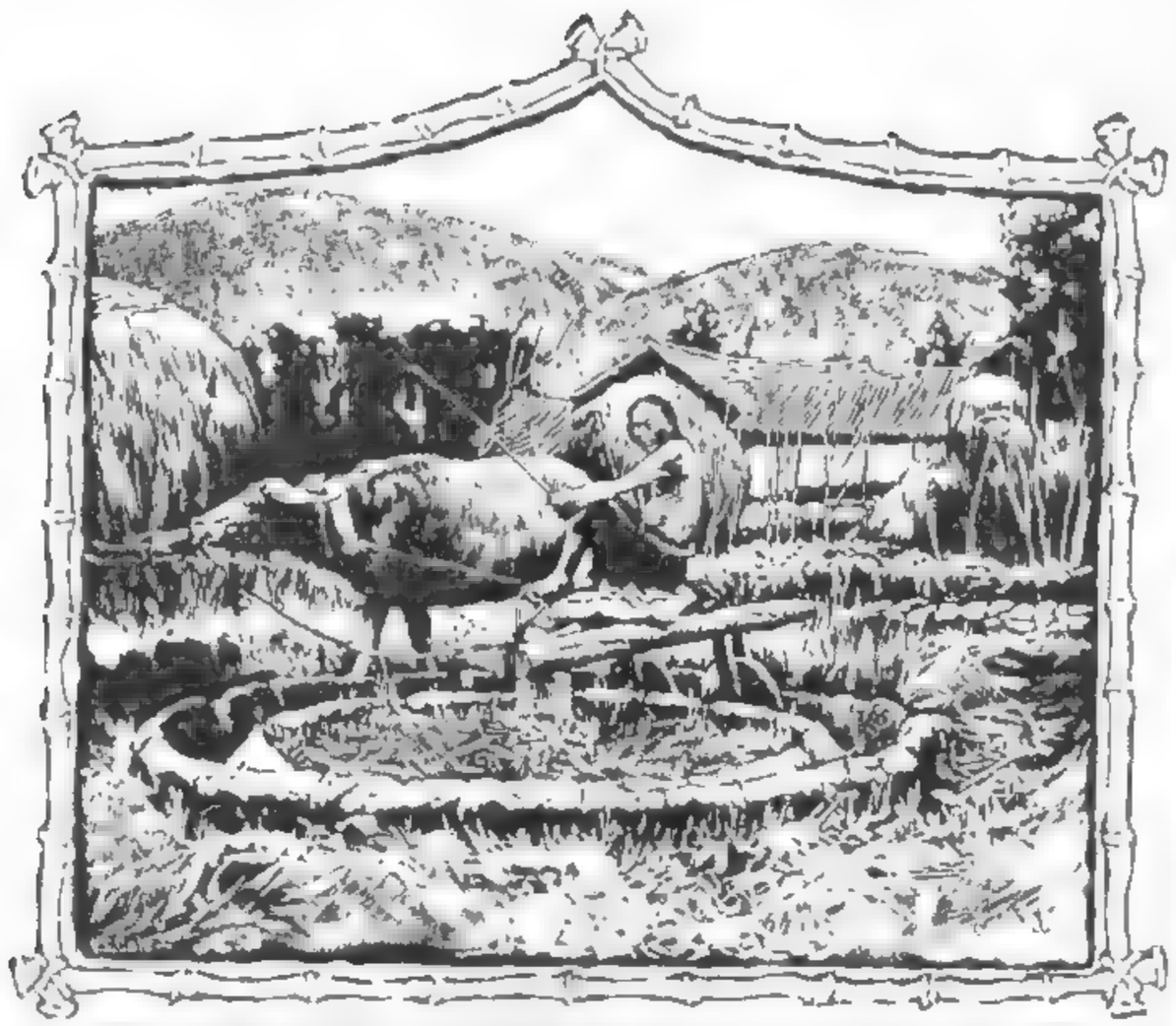
Giuseppe Danise

The "Chippendale"

WICK

AND

RECORDS



Primitive method used by Chinese to crush the Tung Nut from whose kernel is extracted the China Wood Oil which by our secret process imparts amazing waterproof and elastic qualities to Chi-Namel

Chinese crushing Tung Nuts to produce China Wood Oil *for* Chi-Namel

OLD as Confucius and used for centuries by the Chinese for waterproofing their varnishes, China Wood Oil, treated by our secret process, makes Chi-Namel waterproof and extremely durable.

Chi-Namel with its lustrous enamel-like finish is so hard that it is heelproof and hammerproof; so elastic that it is unaffected by either heat or cold.

Use Chi-Namel Graining Process to transform old, dirty looking softwood floors, doors, woodwork and furniture into beautiful hardwood effects.

Use Chi-Namel Floor Varnish to give your floors a brilliant durable finish. Heelproof, hammerproof and waterproof. Self-leveling and easily applied.

Use Chi-Namel Colored Varnishes to produce color and gloss in one operation. Easily applied, dries over night, suitable for refinishing floors, doors, stairs, linoleum and furniture. It is also waterproof, heelproof and hammerproof.

Buy from the Chi-Namel Quality Store. If there is none in your community, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Waterproof
Heelproof
Hammerproof

The Ohio Varnish Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Chi-Namel

"The Quality *finish for everything in the* Home"

(Continued from Page 139)

her dental packing and placed it in its position of protection!

Which has its counterpart in the actions of the herd of another circus, which suddenly appeared on the streets of a Canadian town, each waving a gunny sack in very stolid and dignified fashion as it marched along in parade. The crowds in the street didn't know what it was all about—nor did a good part of the show, for that matter. Behind it was a theft, a fight, the hint of an elephant insurrection, and a great invention. Archimedes accomplished no more when he discovered the principle of the screw!

It was fly time—and hard ground. There was little dust for the bulls to curl into their trunks and throw over their backs, thus ridding themselves of the pests. The herd was becoming fidgety when old Mom, the leader, noticed something before her, eyed it with thoughtful mien, then reached forth her trunk to seize it. A gunny sack.

She waved it on the right side and the flies departed. She tried the other side, then straight over her head. Her back was free! Old Mom shimmied with delight, then draping the gunny sack over one ear she poked her trunk into the other to announce a squeal of discovery and of happiness. But while she was doing this the next elephant in line stole the sack!

Immediately there was trouble. The flies had returned, and old Mom wanted her fly swatter. But the thief pretended not to notice. Whereupon old Mom whanged him on the proboscis.

He dropped the sack, but before old Mom could retrieve it the third elephant borrowed the fly duster, and when excited animal punks returned with the elephant superintendent, four fights were in progress, while the sack was traveling here and there about the stake line like a football. There was a quick command—then peace. Every elephant was equipped with his own personal fly swatter, and what is more, they were retained, each being carefully carried to the cars at night when the great shadowy herd thumped through the semidarkness for its journey to the next town.

Impossible? That an elephant should think of such things? Talk for a while with a circus man who really knows elephants and you'll find it is only the beginning!

A Tardy Panic

A number of years ago one of the big shows was making the run from Everett, Washington, to Vancouver, British Columbia, when a wheel broke on the elephant car, sending the conveyance from the tracks and partly capsizing it at a point just above the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Six of the elephants broke their chains and liberated themselves through the smashed roof of the car, but the seventh was imprisoned, secured by an unusually heavy chain and further hampered by a timber that had penetrated a leg.

The car was barely balanced and threatening with every plunge of the frightened beast within to go hurtling into the waters of the sound. When human aid reached the overturned car an animal wrecking crew was already at its labors!

Five of the escaped beasts with much trumpeting and tugging, were pulling away the boarding from the top of the disabled car, and seeking to reach the timbers that held the imprisoned elephant a captive, while the sixth bull was banked half beneath the car and half against it, using a great rock for a toe hold, to keep the conveyance from going into the ocean. When the disabled animal finally was chopped loose and liberated, the great splinter of wood removed and the injury dressed, solicitous members of the herd surrounded him, examined his wounds with their trunks, talked and trumpeted and ——

Then, in true elephantine fashion, it struck the whole outfit that there had been a catastrophe and that they should be terribly frightened—in spite of the fact that more than an hour had elapsed since the wreck. Wide went their ears, high their trunks. Their eyes rolled, and there sounded the chirrup of a panic. Then away they went, for a half mile or so up the tracks, finally to be corralled and held quiet on a wide stretch of beach until a new car could be sent for them. It seems elephant nature to become far more excited about a thing after it is over than while it is in progress. The reasoning process functions until there's no more need for it; for which at least one show is grateful.

First Aid at a Fire

The circus strikes for the South in the autumn, following as long as it can the lanes of warm weather and trailing along in the wake of the cotton-picking season, gathering up the dollars that have been distributed as a result of the harvesting of the crop. So it happened that in late October, six years ago, a big show was dipping through Texas, showing for that day near a fairground where a cotton pageant was in progress and where one of the attractions was an airplane flight over the grounds, accompanied by a rather straggling exhibition of fireworks.

It was six o'clock and already dark. On the circus grounds the chandelier man passed on his rounds, and put the spluttering lights in place. The menagerie was deserted of humans, everyone, from the superintendent on down, was on the lot, mingling with the few townspeople and staring up at the aërial fireworks.

But suddenly a man whirled. His arms waved. A shout came barking forth: "Into the menagerie, everybody! Something wrong!"

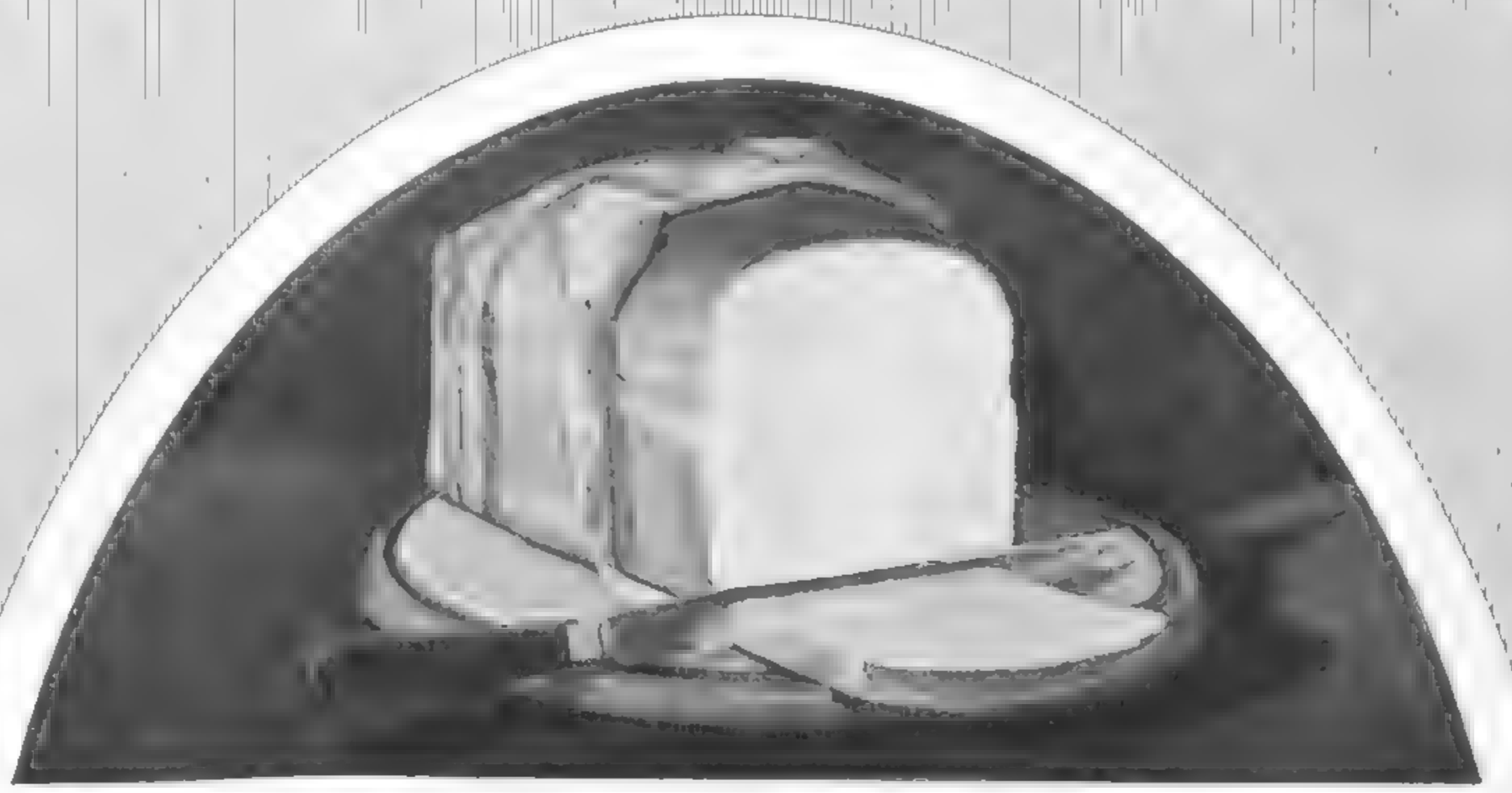
From within the tent had come the high-toned, almost shrieking blast of an elephant; the distress signal, as plain a warning of danger as though it had been shouted by a human. Men raced through the entrance and ducked under the sidewalling—just in time! One of the chandeliers had flooded, the burning gasoline running down upon the tinder-dry grass; already the blaze had spread to piles of canvas, bales of straw about the animal cages, and the elephant hay supply. Another minute and the menagerie would have been a seething mass of flame—but owing to the elephant's warning there now was a chance.

There was no time to carry water. In the center of the tent was the inevitable juice joint, ready for the trade of the night, and supplied with four barrels of lemonade. A swift command, and men seized gunny sacks, soaked them in the lemonade barrels and rushed to the fighting of the fire, while bawling messengers summoned the rest of the circus crew, and brought the water

(Continued on Page 145)

An Elephant Puts His Whole Soul Into Everything But Work

EAT MORE WHEAT



You Don't Eat Enough Bread

We Americans produce more wheat than any other nation in the world.

Yet we eat less of it per person than most other nations.

Wheat in its many palatable forms such as bread, biscuits, pies, cakes, macaroni, etc., contains more of the vital body building elements than any other food.

By eating more bread and other wheat products, in the place of less nutritious food we can cut down living costs and build up health.

Bread is an essential part of many good things to eat.

You may think you like something better—then at least eat bread with it.

If it's meat that you want—eat sandwiches. If it's fat—eat bread and butter. If you crave sweets—eat bread and jam. If you want fruit—eat pie.

Even up your diet with plenty of bread—let it be half.

Eat bread more often in place of other things.

With this firm foundation of good, healthful, low priced food you can safely indulge your appetite and your purse on the balance.

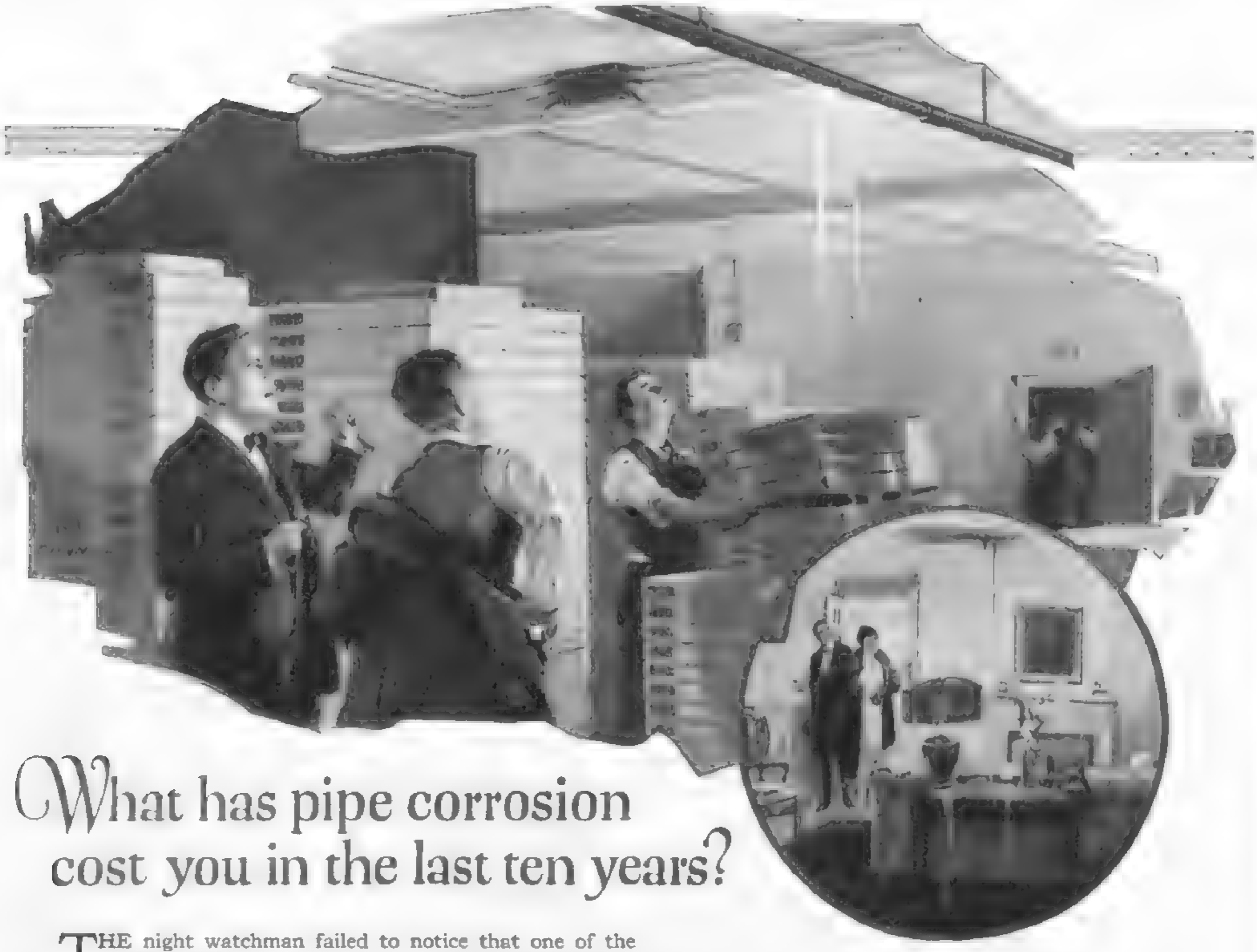
Bread was never so high in quality as it is today. The bakers of the country are using more scientific methods and a better quality of flour.

Eat one more slice at every meal.

Washburn-Crosby Co.

This setting forth of the nation's need for greater wheat consumption is a part of Washburn-Crosby Company's contribution to a general movement that will bring benefits to all from farmer to consumer.

Eventually GOLD MEDAL FLOUR Why Not Now?



What has pipe corrosion cost you in the last ten years?

THE night watchman failed to notice that one of the overhead pipes in the stockroom had sprung a leak. But in the morning there was an item of several thousand dollars' worth of water-soaked goods to be written off the books. The bookkeeper set it down as loss from water. He really should have debited the loss to "Corrosion Account."

If every industrial plant manager and every householder kept a "Corrosion Account" over a period of years they would be startled by the sum total of this unnecessary waste.

Every leak in a water pipe means a plumbing bill. In the case of concealed piping in the home it means an additional expense for new plastering and wall paper. But the repair bill may very well be the least part of the expense. Even fire can hardly do more damage in a shorter space of time than water.

If pipe leaks were a necessary evil we could disregard them, but they are *not*.

By specifying Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe when you build or renovate, you buy the cheapest and most effective pipe service. At little more than the installed cost of steel pipe you procure a pipe that resists corrosion *(rusting)* two to three times as long. Figured on a "cost per year" basis, "Reading" is two to three times less expensive.

IF you are thinking of building, remodeling or pipe replacement, specify "Reading"—the pipe that endures. Send for "The Ultimate Cost," a booklet that proves why *first cost* should be the last consideration in pipe buying.

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(Continued from Page 142)

wagon, followed by crews equipped with picks and shovels and spades, that dirt might be used to extinguish the gasoline flames.

Through it all the elephants remained passive. But once the danger was past, the leader of the herd suddenly came to herself, let out a chirrup and led the way on a short rampage through the sidewalling! Which hardly brought even a growl from the menagerie men. They were too grateful for that warning which had saved the show.

In fact, the nature of an elephant forms about an even average between its breakage and its salvage. A circus may pay for pachydermic hysteria one day, and owe the whole circus to the quiet reasoning power of an elephant the next. As for adaptability, a show I happened to be visiting was running from Regina, Saskatchewan, in the prairie country, to Saskatoon, when a brake beam dropped, and four flat cars went careening forth upon a railless journey into the free and open country, though not overturning.

The train was stalled, with a great part of its parade and menagerie equipment off the rails, and with the nearest division point twenty miles away. Out at the telegraph wires the conductor connected up, that he might send an announcement of the wreck to the division superintendent, together with the request for a wrecking crew to put the show train on the rails again. Which wasn't even noticed by the circus itself. Instead, the train boss called for the keeper of the elephants.

"Never get on the lot today if we wait for that wrecker," he announced. "How about puttin' them bulls on the job?"

With the result that them bulls were put. An hour later that portion of the train which had remained on the rails had been pulled out of the way, two cars at a time, ties had been placed for a skidway, the four flat cars had been restored to the tracks, and the circus was rushing onward to keep faith with its promises, arriving at its show stand before the wrecking crew and the big hook had even been able to leave the division point!

Incidentally there is one thing about an elephant regarding which there is no uncertainty. He puts everything he possesses into everything he does—except work. And the greatest of this whole-heartedness comes in his likes and dislikes.

There is woe upon a big circus when two elephants, for instance, decide that they want to be chums. When that decision happens neither fire, flood, pestilence nor disaster can keep them apart. They will stand beside each other or wreck the show. They will accompany each other when there is work to be done—or there won't be any work. They will break locks, pull up stakes, untie chain hitches and half hitches, wreck elephant cars—anything to be near the particular elephant they have selected as a comrade. Nor is this a mating instinct. It happens far more often between female and female and between male and male than otherwise. And when it comes along, there's no doubt as to whether an elephant has a will of its own!

Gladys Puts One Over

In a circus that plays the Pacific Coast, Gladys and May decided that they just must be chums. Being separated by the whole length of the bull line simply broke their girlish hearts. They had the urge as strongly as those strange pairs you've sometimes seen in human life, wearing the same cut and pattern of clothing, the same kind of hat, the same sort of shoes, and walking eternally with their arms about each other. The bull men decided, just to be obstinate, that Gladys and May could get along very well as they were and when one day they discovered that Gladys had untied her chain and wobbled over to her girl friend they promptly took her back, wrapped her chain around the stake again and then secured it with a clevis pin, which worked with a bolt-and-nut attachment. Then they left her, to go about their labors of the day.

Gladys remained at her stake—until the menagerie crew went to the evening meal in the cookhouse. When the menagerie superintendent returned, however, it was to find Gladys down at the end of the stake line again, talking over things with her friend May. What was more, that clevis pin was missing.

They searched everywhere, but they could not find it. Evidently, by diligent work with the strong but sensitive finger of her trunk, Gladys had unbolted the pin and then hidden it. But where? They searched the straw. It wasn't there. They went outside the tent. No clevis pin. Three days later it was discovered in the straw of the bull car; Gladys had hidden it in the pouch of her under lip, next to the jaw, carried it there all during the evening and then taken it with her to the bull car, where she had secreted it in a place she believed safe from the prying eyes of circus men.

An elephant doesn't remain at its stake because it feels itself a prisoner. There is hardly an elephant in America that is not a pachydermic Houdini. Hitches, half hitches, square knots, slip nooses, single and double ties—all are the same when one of the big mammals decides that it's tired of being attached to a stake; with the result that when an elephant takes the notion that its life isn't complete without the company of another pachyderm it generally wins out—or causes trouble. On the Ringling show one year this chummy instinct became rampant, the worst of it all being the fact that the elephants had picked out as their pals beasts that worked in opposite rings during the circus performance. The result was that when the big animals were led into the arena a scramble inevitably resulted, with elephants squalling and trumpeting and squealing in protest, then becoming rebellious and chasing half across the tent to get into the ring their chums occupied. At last it was necessary to make a recasting of the whole herd so that the friends might be together.

Mary Has the Toothache

But in the circus, even irritable conditions sometimes become useful, which brings up again the case of Mary, her friend Frieda, and a toothache. If there were such things as false teeth for elephants, Mary probably would have them. Nature fitted her with a poor dental display, and around the menagerie of which she formed the herd head the attendants were almost constantly dosing her for anything from sore gums to cavities. There came a time when Mary produced a tooth that needed pulling.

It caused a conference. The superintendent knew that he couldn't rummage around in her mouth with a pair of forceps and yank out that tooth with a block and tackle. Besides, there was no way to chain her sufficiently for a slow pulling process. In addition animal men, propagandists to the contrary, are as a rule soft hearted.

So the task with Mary was to get that tooth out as quickly as possible and with a minimum of pain. The elephant superintendent drove a stake deep into the ground before Mary, sent her to her haunches; then as tenderly as possible fastened one end of a piece of baling wire to the tooth and the other to the stake. Whereupon he walked away, picked up his bull hook, approached Frieda and whacked her on the trunk.

Frieda bellowed as though her life were in danger. Mary jerked to her feet, bellowed, stared in goggle-eyed fashion, then, suddenly forgetful of the animal she had sought to succor, jammed her trunk into her mouth, felt about carefully and squealed happily. The tooth lay on the ground. It was the old story over again, of the boy and a piece of twine tied to the doorknob.

Human remedies work with elephants also—even to the extent of paregoric when they get the colic, and human prejudices, for that matter.

You've seen, perhaps, the man who will take a drink himself, but who abhors drunkenness. The same thing has been found among elephants; and in at least one case it has ended in tragedy. This time it was old Mom, of the Floto herd, and the place was Oakland.

Old Mom is a toper. She loves a drink better than anything else in the world, except candy or peanuts. Whisky is excellent, beer better, and she has been known—in other days—to drink five gallons of cheap wine without losing her dignity. But she loathes intoxication; in fact, only one of her keepers ever was able to approach her in an intoxicated state, and he, simply to show that the rule was breakable, inevitably slept off his drunkenness beneath her, while old Mom would weave all night in protective wakefulness. Perhaps a genuine affection might be held responsible for this; the other case was one of simple acquaintanceship.

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

SIKCO
The Office *Easy* Chair

Arm Revolving

"She Fits My Corporosity Like an Old Shoe"

That is the "unsolicited testimonial" given to Sikco, the office *easy* chair, by a genial old gentleman of generous proportions. And if I thought a thousand years I don't believe I could hit upon a happier description of Sikco—the office *easy* chair.

And maybe a comfortable chair is not essential to the office man (or woman). Have you ever thought that the hours which spell success or failure to you, are spent right in that chair? No wise man ever set out to climb a mountain in a pair of tight shoes. Why should he handicap his brain by inflicting unnecessary discomfort on his body? There may be some reason why he should, but I could never find it.

I wish I had you in my office right now and could let you sit down in my Sikco. You would know more about "old shoe comfort" than I could ever tell you. But as you can't be in my office—what do you say to doing the next best thing?

Not very far from you there is a Sikes dealer. He would be glad to let you sit in any of the exclusive Sikco family of office *easy* chairs.

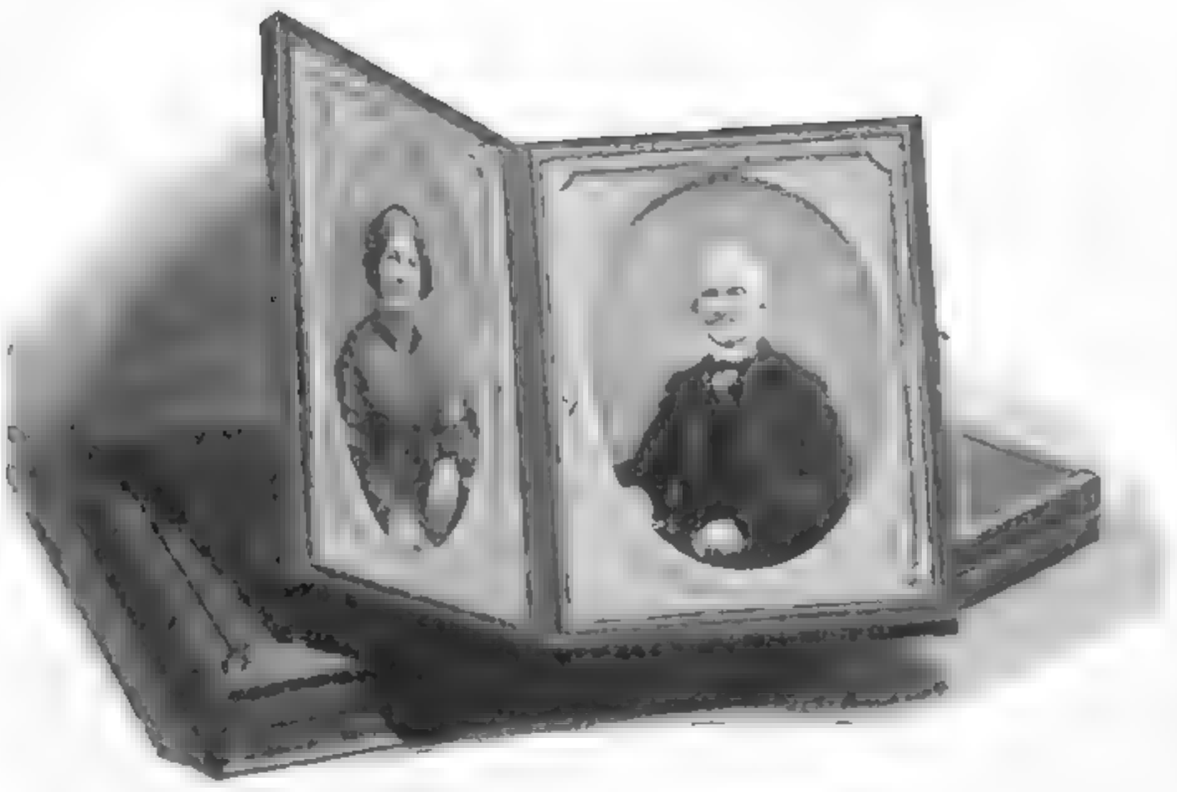
He can show you those little differences that make all the difference in the world. He can show you how the exclusive design of seat, back and arms conforms to the natural curves of the body. How every edge and corner is comfortably rounded off. And if you are interested in that sort of thing, he can tell you how Sikco chairs are made of either genuine quartered oak or real Northern birch in mahogany finish. He can show you how extra sturdy construction and superior finish insure good service and a ripe old age. And the price tag will tell you that Sikcos are *not* expensive chairs.

If you would like to know who that dealer is, write and ask us.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are also made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.



Sincerity does not permit of compromise

THERE is no larger measure of sincerity than is evident in our desire to secure absolute protection for the remains of our loved ones. Such sincerity does not permit of compromise. It recognizes that less than absolute protection is really not protection at all.

The Clark Grave Vault is a fulfillment of this desire, because it affords absolute, uncompromising protection. An immutable law of Nature makes this vault permanently air and water tight.

There is the highest possible individual quality in each Clark Grave Vault, because after the heavy, 12 gauge copper-steel has been shaped into the completed product it must withstand a test far more exacting than actual burial conditions.

Leading funeral directors recognize the Clark Grave Vault as the standard of burial protection, and they recommend it because they know it has never been excelled by any other practical vault.

Every school child is familiar with the experiment of lowering an inverted glass into a basin of water. The water can not enter the glass, because the air within keeps the water out. The hood of the Clark Grave Vault acts the same as the inverted glass.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office & Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

A canvas man about the show had been in the habit of giving Mom a bit of a nip now and then, and because she enjoyed it and watched for him believed that he had found the absolute way to her heart. On the day of the tragedy he arrived at the circus grounds drunk and at once hurried for the picket line.

"Here, Mom"—he reached for a bottle in his hip pocket—"come on an' have drinksh with me!"

To his surprise old Mom didn't curl her trunk in the usual fashion of delight and wait for him to pour a half pint down her throat. Instead she lowered her head and gently though forcibly pushed him away. The canvas man reeled to her again.

"Wash matter wi' you, Mom!"

"Get away from that bull!" It was the warning of an elephant man. "She's sore! She'll sap you in a minute!"

But the canvas man only laughed, announced that he knew old Mom, and persisted. Again she pushed him away, and for a third time, growing more and more fretful. A low bellow sounded. The canvas man did not heed the warning. Instead he grasped her trunk and strove to raise it that he might pour the liquor into her mouth. Then it happened!

A quick thrust of the head, a lightning-like curling of the trunk, and old Mom had lashed forth, striking the man a terrific blow in the pit of the stomach and knocking him half across the menagerie. Hurrying bull tenders reached him and assisted him to his feet. Then groaning he reeled out of the tent and, rolling himself in a piece of canvas outside the sidewall, complained for a time of his injuries, then went to sleep.

But old Mom was not satisfied. The day was a breezy one and the sidewall was continually being raised, giving the elephant intermittent sights of her tormentor. All that afternoon she watched him, but gave no evidence of her anger. Then when the time for the evening meal came and the menagerie was deserted, she quietly untied her fastenings, moved ponderously forward, straight through the sidewall, jerked the unfortunate drunkard from his wrappings of canvas, raised him high, then crashed him to the ground, stamped upon him, and at last with one great swirl of her trunk lashed him into a pile of iron tent stakes, killing him. After which she returned to her place in line again, calm and apparently satisfied!

Shaming a Big Fellow

Nor was there seemingly any remorse upon her part for her action—a condition that saved her from punishment. According to her way of figuring, she had been tormented beyond reason and had no amends to make. It is only when an elephant is sorry for what it has done and realizes that it has committed an infraction of rules that any sort of punishment is accepted. Then a scolding by the boss of the elephant herd, and a few blows of a bull hook, hardly even comparable to the spanking of a child, are more efficacious than all the tortures in the world. I once saw a big elephant start to lead a rampage in the Coliseum in Chicago, only to be halted by the timely arrival of a favorite keeper.

"Knees!" shouted the attendant, while a crowd of circus visitors gathered to see the punishment. The elephant obeyed. The bull keeper shook his hook.

"Now, ain't you ashamed of yourself!" he began. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself! A great big lummix like you that ain't got no more sense than to start a breakaway in a building like this! I'm offen you for life—yes, sir, offen you! Wouldn't have nothin' more to do with you if it was the last breath of my life. A great big boob like you! See this?" He shook the hook again. "I got a notion to whale the tar outen you! Just what I've got! A great big simp that ain't got any more sense'n—well, what've you got to say for yourself?"

Perhaps it was the change of tone more than the words. The elephant raised his trunk and began to coax and whine, for all the world as though he were telling his side of the story. For a full ten minutes it continued, the animal man announcing his displeasure, the elephant pleading. At the end of which: "Well, do you think you can be good now?"

Homesick Alice

Up and down, up and down in an excited affirmative came the answer as the elephant bobbed his head, not once but a dozen times. The attendant grinned.

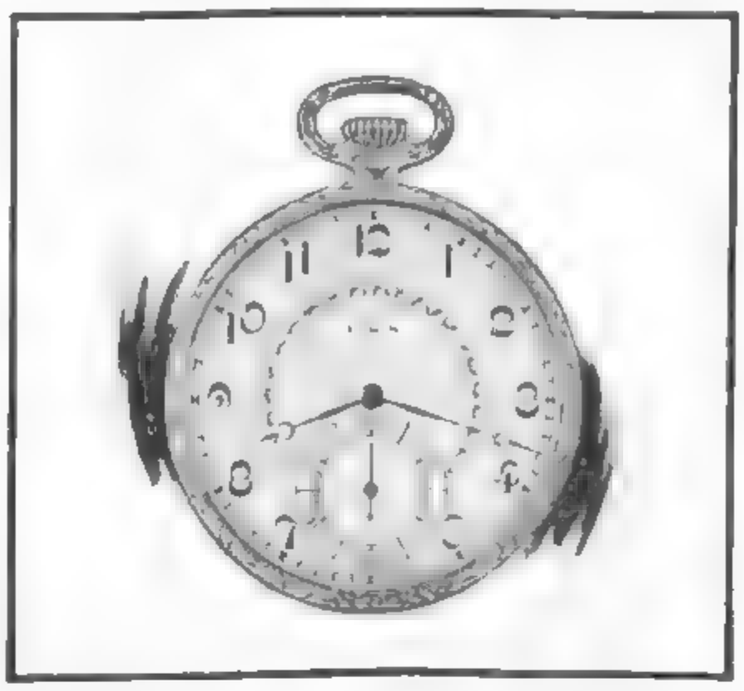
"All right then. Go back to your place in line."

Whereupon a big elephant, head hung low, with every evidence of shame, with every appearance of an abashed, punished child, rose and trotted back to his accustomed spot in the picket line. But had that elephant gained the idea somewhere that he had been perfectly right in his actions the attendant might be talking yet!

For an elephant wants what he wants when he wants it—and nothing else will do. What's more, he knows what that want is. Seven years ago a circus sold an elephant to the Salt Lake Zoo. Two weeks later there came a telegram: "Please rush something from the circus. Alice is lonesome."

The menagerie superintendent looked about for the most available thing and found Meat, a female chow dog, a canine hanger-on of the menagerie. He knew that as a rule elephants do not like dogs and that Alice especially possessed an aversion for them. But he knew also the workings of animal psychology. Out went the dog by express and, a year later when the circus passed through Salt Lake, in Liberty Park were two inseparables, the story of whose friendship was known to every person in Salt Lake. They had even progressed to the status of a little act, by which they amused Sunday visitors, Alice doing the sit up, while the dog balanced herself on the big beast's head. Because of the fact that she had saved an elephant from death, caused by loneliness, Meat was the possessor of a municipally presented collar, engraved with a perpetual license! And Alice was beaming with elephantine happiness, content in the possession of a comrade she loved, not because she was a dog but because Meat typified a place where the elephant had been happy, a place which had stood for home—the circus!

Mt. Shuksan, Puget Sound District, Washington



The "Streamline" Elgin cased in Yellow, White or Green Gold or Gold-filled—plain or engraved. $100 - $75 - $60 - $35

Is it typically American to Apologize for your Watch?

IT is curious that the more widely used watches became the more careless people grew about *correct* time.

Many a man of your acquaintance can't tell you the time without a pause for some mental arithmetic.

Everywhere you go you meet people who apologize for their time-keepers.

Poor time seems to be a bad national habit.

• • •

The few reasons are these: Cheap watches. Careless treatment. Watches bought haphazard as jewelry rather than time-pieces. Putting off the day of buying a *good* watch.

There are symptoms today, nevertheless, that people are changing in their attitude toward watches.

This has clearly shown itself to the Elgin watchmakers, who for the past two years have been unable to supply all the Elgin Watches people asked for.

This is all the more significant when you consider that Elgin standards are such that it has only a selected, limited audience and does not try to sell watches broadcast.

The desire to own an Elgin Watch shows itself as an expression towards *better* watches.

It takes a year or more to make an Elgin Watch.

The procedure is very similar to laboratory work—so far away from factory methods that no terms of commercial manufacture apply.

People call the Elgin "The professional timekeeper."

It is the natural reaction of carrying a timepiece of *authority*.

ELGIN IS THE PREFERRED TIMEPIECE ON THE RAILROADS OF AMERICA.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

A Knife for Everybody

For Every Need and Every Purse—There's a Remington Pocket Knife

THIS phrase "a knife for everybody" means a good bit more than might appear at first thought.

You'll notice nowadays that a good many pocket knives seem to be made without any clear idea of practical *use*.

This wasn't always so. In the early days, there were only a few styles of pocket knives—but each style was a practical answer to some everyday need of men and women.

Then knife makers got away from the idea of usefulness. They sacrificed service for looks—and so the big utility factor in pocket knives petered out.

Good, useful practical pocket knives are needed just as much today as they ever were.

This is Remington's opportunity in the pocket-knife business.

"A knife for everybody" is another way of saying that Remington is making the kind of a knife you have always wanted.

* * *

Then there is another thing.

Different men demand different service from their knives. And the same man has different knife needs at different times.

So for your own personal use, there is a Remington Pocket Knife. And it is *the right knife!*

Here are illustrated six timely Remington Pocket Knives for specific things men are doing these Spring days.

There are scores of other Remington Knives, too.

You can pick out the right Remington Pocket Knife for any kind of work or type of service.

They are practical tools. The blades are sharp—they hold a lasting keen edge.

Your dealer will show them to you.

Remington blade steel—the result of Remington research and laboratory tests—is the foundation of blade quality. Heat treatments: forging, hardening and tempering are by the most approved scientific practice and processes.

In short, in a Remington pocket knife you have all the resources of metallurgy, all the equipment—plus the initiative, energy and skill that have made Remington the outstanding name in the American pocket cutlery industry.

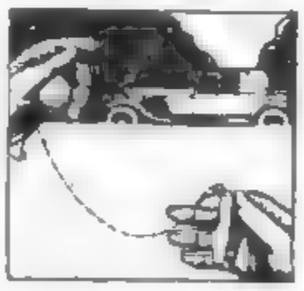
For all veterinary surgery, the farmer, stockman, ranchman, cattleman, hog-raiser and sheepman should know the Remington Premium Stock Knife. Designed for castrating, docking, spaying, caponizing, vaccinating, dehorning, trimming hoofs, cutting, relieving bloated [illegible] and for docking lambs' tails.

For the needs of the carpenter, builder, contractor and the handy man of the house, the Remington Carpenter's Knife is without an equal. Heavy master blade for general cutting. Sheepfoot blade for scribing, scraping, cutting [illegible] paper and tar paper, leather, etc. Punch blade for [illegible] round holes in leather, rubber, etc., and for keeping manure on cleaning out grease cups, tobacco pipes, etc. Sharp, lasting edges.

A quick, neat job of pruning is best done with a Remington Pruning Knife. The blade is stout and heavy, with a concave, scimitar cutting edge—giving a clean, shearing cut. Useful also in furniture and carpet stores for cutting oilcloth, linoleum and rubber.

Spring plowing and [illegible] the Remington Pen Blade Knife. [illegible] edge, and can be [illegible]

The man who knows just where the best fishing is for miles around should take a Remington Fisherman's Knife with him. The blade is long, slender and very sharp. Ideal for cutting bait, gutting, cleaning, scaling, etc.



In slender, compact knives for the vest pocket, Remington Pocket Knives have much to offer. Supplied in many combinations of blades. Pearl [illegible] and gold handles—many with rings for attaching to the watch chain. They are all [illegible] knives and so doubly welcome for gifts—birthdays, graduation and anniversaries.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Established 1816
New York City

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

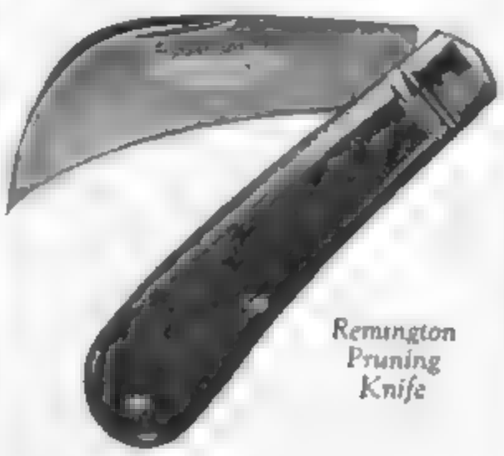
Remington Vest Pocket Knife

Remington Fisherman's Knife

Remington Stockman's Knife

Remington Farmer's Knife

Remington Carpenter's Knife



Remington Pruning Knife

SALVAGE

Continued from Page 17

leaving them empty again with a thunderous clap. Some warm, heavy drops of rain fell with hollow thud.

"Goin' tew make them courses fast?" Noel asked.

He had a lingering look of half-hearted hope in his face as the tug came near. Jackal she might be, but she meant getting home for sure before the storm burst. Who knew how long the ancient bark might be getting into port if once she was blown off? But Noel was loyal to his ship and his skipper. He wouldn't urge acceptance of a tow again.

"Leave the courses be," said Jethro. "Set 'em again, and brace up for th' port tack. Might's well make fast them r'yals though. 'S goin' t' blow seemin'ly."

The tug swept around and ran close. Her searchlight flickered from spar to spar of the whaler; it flashed along her spacious decks and deck houses, touching up delicately the incongruous pink paint of the Gayhead's bulwark and house paneling. That had been the skipper's little joke, the pink paint; it was a reminder of a memorable fitting out.

"Want a tow, cap'n?" the tug master hailed.

Seth Noakes had waited for that chance. He flung with hearty good will a juicy, dripping wad of slushed waste, fair at the owner of the voice. The tug's people, too, had been ready. The pilot-house window shut hurriedly and the swab thwacked home on the glass, while the men inside roared their defiance.

"Better take our offer, cap'n," the hail came again, issuing through a narrow window opening.

"Sheer off, afore I roll on yew!" roared Jethro, and hoary old whalemen along the rail added their hoarse voices to his in pungent criticism of the offer.

"Goin' t' blow bad, cap'n," persisted the tug skipper. Another, younger voice, a voice full of bitter spite, screamed in addition: "The hurricane warning's up. Got it by radio. You old fool! You'll lose your stinkin' old ship. Take a tow! We'll pull you in for three thousand."

As one man, the watch hung over the bark's bulwarks. Each man flung back a right hand loaded with unspeakable muck, and the volley of soggy swabs that thudded against the tug's pilot house answered the question once and for all. The big tug stormed forward, turned and steamed back at full speed, passing dangerously close to the whaler's side in order that a furious person leaning heedlessly out of a window might surely make himself heard.

"Sheer off, I tell yew!" bellowed Jethro, capering on the poop with anger.

The tug barely missed hooking her smokestack in the forebrace. The man whom Jethro had recognized as Percival was shaking his fist. He screamed as he passed, "It'll cost you all you've got, clear down to your greasy hide, to use us now! You'll need us, too, you old walrus!"

But Jethro was looking after his gear. He heard only a word or two of Percival's parting thrust. The tug's mast scraped the mainbrace of the whaler. The old Gayhead's running gear had been put in by sailormen; instead of carrying the brace away, or breaking the yard, all the near-collision did was to whip the tug's wireless antenna down and drop it, a twisting coil of wire, into the old bark's mizzen rigging.

Then came the wind, beginning in a sharp squall, slacking, coming again, and settling down into a snoring gale at west. It heeled the bark over, for all her heavy burden; then she began to move forward, recovered almost to uprightness, and surged stoutly through the yeasty seas, every sail cracking, every spar and shroud, stay and brace voicing the strain.

A sleepy watchman aboard the lightship watched her as she gathered way. The red rays of his light shone on her lofty structure, making a picture of the most prosaic materials. He saw her disappear into the gathering storm; he saw the vanishing stern light of the disappointed tug, and wondered why the tug didn't run for port instead of steaming along on the same course as the windjammer.

After five miles had been covered on one tack Cap'n Jethro went about, watching the old whaler's behavior uneasily. She carried too much sail. She groaned and quivered every time she dipped heavily into a sea. Yet with less sail she could never hope to win to windward against that wind and sea.

"S'pose she'd dew better wi' them 'gallants'ls off her an' single reefed fores'l and mains'l?" suggested old Eph. He had finished the bracing of the yards and knew that his ancient crew were making heavy work of it, willing and cunning in sea ways though they were.

Jethro glanced up at the straining mizzenmast, which was carrying full load with whole spanker and big mizzenstays'l. His brows drew down in a frown as he noticed the sagging lee rigging and the bar-taut weather shrouds and backstays.

"Mebbe, Eph, mebbe ——" he muttered. Then his keen eye picked out the dancing lights of the haunting tug, hanging to his flanks like a wolf to a laboring stag.

"Let her drag what she can't carry!" he snapped, and stumped below to scan his reckoning.

"Yew ol' grampus!" snorted Eph, half in anger, half in admiration of the departing old man. "Yew think she's a bran'-noo yacht, don't y'? A'most a year's grass on her bottom, loaded to the channels, an' yew expect tew beat her against a short lump o' sea like this?"

Then he, too, caught sight of the tug's lights.

"Beat her in? Yew said it, Jethro! 'Tarnal fire! But I'd like tew hev thet thar squirt Percival 'cross my knee like I did afloat on thet ol' whale's carcass last v'yage! It 'ud warm my hands fine! 'Tarnal fire!"

He grabbed for a hold as the Gayhead plunged deeply into a hollow sea, almost stopping her way. Then she suddenly uprighted in a brief lull of wind. The jerk was terrific. It capsized two old fellows snugging down behind the deck-house companionway, rolling them to leeward in a swearing, cackling heap.

Below, Eph heard Cap'n Jethro stumble, and roar, "Hob's boots! Yew tryin' t' tarn her over, Eph?"

But Eph was staring up at the mizzenmast with wide eyes. In that tremendous halt the old ship whipped her masts upright against the hanging bights of slackened lee rigging. Then the wind struck down again, and there was ominous cracking at the hounds of the mizzen lower mast.

"Hands aft t' brail in th' spanker, lively!" roared Eph, and ran to direct the helmsman. He collided with Jethro midway.

"Get th' stays'l off her too," said Jethro uneasily. "Hev t' git preventer stays aloft, Eph."

"Look out, Eph! Stand frum under, Jethro!" yelled the helmsman frantically.

The crackling aloft grew into a crash. Eph dragged the skipper down to the deck behind the skylight as the mast broke short six feet below the hounds, hurling down a tangle of splintered pine, torn canvas, involved rope and gear from the gaff-topsail. The big mizzen staysail came down, too, along with the stay. And the main-topgallant braces were brought down with the mizzentopmast, releasing the main topgallant yard and royal yard. Automatically, the after pressure relieved, the bark turned from the wind and began to speed to leeward.

Jethro picked himself up, swearing stoutly.

"Call all hands, Eph!" he roared.

There was no need to call. Every old salt was there, out of his bunk and on deck at the first hint of trouble. No wage slaves, those old men! Men free and equal, not by merit of any mere shibboleth of equality, but by the merit of sheer manhood and industry. And there was little need for orders.

"Leggo main t'gallant halyards!" bellowed Jethro. The yard was coming down even as he yelled. "Git preventer braces up an' make fast them yards before yew bother 'bout stowin' th' sail!"

Jethro motioned to the helmsman to bring the ship fair before the wind. Old Seth Noakes and the second mate were already groping for the ends of the loosened braces among the wreckage. Invisible in the darkness, the old sailors worked without fuss or complaint; but Jethro had other troubles, even though his crew was nigh perfection. Out of the night loomed the lights of the tug again, and a penetrating hail came through a megaphone:

"Want a tow, cap'n? Take y' in for five thousand! Want to catch my line?"

FEATURES
1—U. S. Standard cloth and sizes
2—Re-inforced "banjo" seat.
3—Tested thread, 16 stitches to the inch.
4—Wide crotch—no binding.
5—Re-inforcing straps over both shoulders.
6—Taped arm-holes, neck and front bands and side openings.
7—Pin tubes on garter tabs.
8—Genuine bone buttons, taped on at the waist band.
9—Both adjustable and permanent shoulder straps.
10—Bloomer suits for girls.
11—Blue bias binding (easily recognized).

Active Little Bodies Can Play to the Limit in SUSSEX *Juniors*

THE strenuous play of healthy children calls for special underwear that will not only wear well but will protect the health of their active little bodies by its lightness and unhampered freedom.

SUSSEX *Juniors* combine all those features that contribute to comfort, resistance to wear, and health, in a garment especially suitable to the hard service of children's play.

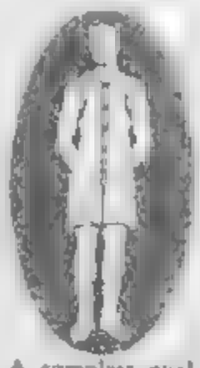
Beginning with the fabric itself, no detail is overlooked to make this the best underwear that can be made for children.

The cloth in SUSSEX *Juniors* (just as in SUSSEX *Seniors* or other SUSSEX wear) is "72-80 count" or better. This "count," which means 72 threads to the inch one way by 80 the other, is a recognized and accepted standard of quality. Anything less strong will not long stand the rough wear of a healthy child's play.

Every garment has a re-inforced "banjo" seat; re-inforcing straps over each shoulder, back and front; taped-on waist buttons of genuine bone (although they cost four times as much as imitations); 16 stitches to the inch on all seams; taped neck and front bands—in fact, every improvement or feature that will keep these suits out of the mending basket.

Yet, with all this added value SUSSEX *Juniors* cost you no more than ordinary underwear, due to large sales and big production.

While most dealers carry SUSSEX *Juniors*, you may happen to find one who doesn't. If you do, it will be well worth your while to write us. We will tell you where you can get them.



A complete quality line, SUSSEX *Infants* for babies and SUSSEX *Youths* for older boys.

Nuckasee Manufacturing Company
Underwear Makers for Twelve Years
Greenville, S. C.

CLIFT & GOODRICH, *Inc., Selling Agents*, 328 Broadway, New York

SUSSEX *Juniors*

Waist Suits for Boys and Girls

MADE IN GREENVILLE, S.C. TEXTILE CENTER *of the* SOUTH

That Flavor

That's the Quaker Oats distinction

That's why millions of women, when they order oats, specify Quaker Oats.

That's why the oat lovers all the world over give preference to Quaker Oats, and send overseas to get it.

Don't forget it, for the children's sake.

Only the rich, plump, flavory grains are flaked for Quaker Oats. We discard all the puny and insipid grains. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of these extra-flavory flakes. Yet these premier flakes cost but one-half cent per dish.

Oats form, probably, your most important food.

They supply 16 needed elements. They yield 1810 calories of nutriment per pound, while round steak yields 890.

As a body-builder and a vim-food, the oat has for ages held a unique place.

Then make the oat dish delicious. Get only the flavory flakes. Remember Quaker quality.

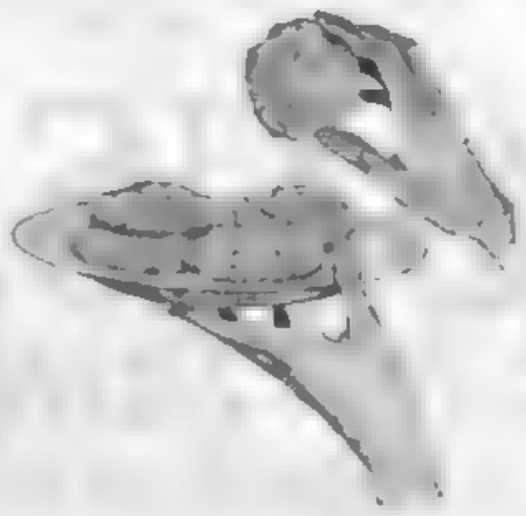
Quaker Oats

Just the extra-flavory flakes

You'll like these macaroons

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

"Hob's boots! Ef yew come nigher, yew dog-gone pirut, be dummed ef I don't take a shot at yew!" screamed Jethro, shaking a fist at the tug's wheelhouse in frenzy. A laugh answered him.

"See y' again, cap'n!" mocked the voice, and the tug turned again; but now she kept up with the bark, holding her place just beyond range of a possible carrying out of Cap'n Jethro's threat.

The sleepy watchman on the lightship blinked once again to see a deep-laden bark running past him to seaward with seas piling high at her stem, with heavy, clumsy-looking figures swarming about her dizzy spars, a stout, erect, grizzled old man at her wheel, and a big ocean-going tug steaming along beside her, holding aloof, yet keeping pace.

Before the Gayhead's ancient crew could get her clear of raffle, the broken mizzenmast cracked again, ten feet above the deck. The seas ran higher the farther seaward she raced; the gale whistled and carried a bite on its breath.

"Git th' fore-t'gallants'l off her, and roll up th' mains'l!" ordered Jethro. He had taken the helm when the first damage was done, to leave all hands available.

"I'll cut the wreckage adrift fust," muttered old Eph, groping under the smashed skylight locker for an ax.

"Cut nawthin'!" snapped Jethro angrily. "Yew git that broken spar aboard, Eph! We'll need it!"

"Ef that ol' hellbender's a-goin' t' keep th' sea ontil he kin sail into port, thar'll be hungry bellies aboard here!" grumbled Seth Noakes. Others thought with him.

"Ain't no sense to it!" rejoined Slippy, the cook. "We ain't stored for more'n a few days longer. Whyn't he take a tow while 'twuz reasonable?"

"'Twuzn't never reasonable!" exploded Jethro. "Yew shet yewr yappers, all of yew, an' git busy afore we lose more gear! Hob's boots! Sech a passel o' wooden sojers I never ——"

A crack far aloft was followed by a ripping report and a yell from the lookout. The fore-topgallantsail burst from the bolt ropes, the weather sheet parted and the terrific thunder of the threshing sail snapped the brace; in ten seconds the topgallantmast snapped off and fell, bringing down with it beside the split sail the fore royal, with its yard and gear.

"Git that gear aboard!" shouted Jethro. "Don't lose none of it!"

"'Tain't no use, Jethro! Yew might's well take thet tow!" raved Seth Noakes, flinging down his tarpaulin hat and dancing in front of the skipper, shaking his horny old fist daringly beneath Jethro's red nose.

"Ef yew're skeered, Seth, yew take this yer wheel an' let me do man's work," said Jethro as quietly as the storm permitted.

Seth glared at him, and slowly stooped to pick up his sou'wester. Then across the leaping seas came again the mocking bellow of the tug's megaphone:

"Want a tow, cap'n? Take y' in for ten thousand! It looks's if it might blow!"

Seth Noakes beat old Eph to the rail by two feet, and the fist so lately shaken under the skipper's nose now threatened the outlined figure within the warm security of the big tug.

"Git tew hell-an'-gone!" roared the two old whalemen as one. Cap'n Jethro found speech difficult; but he was well represented by seaman and mate.

"Yew 'mazin' pack o' sharks!" screamed old Eph.

"Ef I ever see yew ashore!" yelled Seth.

"'Tarnal fire! Yew come a mite nigher! Come on!"

"Yew let her blow, wi' yewr stinkin' steamboat!" roared Seth in farewell as the tug swung off again. "Guess Cap'n Jethro kin keep th' seas's long es yew kin! Tugboatmen! A-r-r-gh!"

"Thet thar Perceval's th' pisenest ——" began Eph, and stopped for breath. He stared at the vanishing tug for a moment, then turned to his interrupted work.

"Gimme a mossel o' tobacker, Seth," he begged, fumbling for his stump of blackened pipe. "I shook mine overboard a-cussin' thet thar sea robber."

In early morning the gale reached its climax in a shrieking squall that completed the wreck of the mizzenmast, shook loose the maintopgallant and royal masts, and swept away fifty feet of pink bulwarks and the entire pink-walled structure containing the galley and carpenter's shop. Cap'n Jethro kept the wheel. He stood there like an old viking, holding the deck against an overwhelming foe. The old bark rolled along under two full single topsails and full foresail, with fore-topmast staysail hauled flat. Jethro glared at the wreckage gloomily. He knew those spars were old, that the rigging would have borne looking to when last fitting out; but he had a definite promise to fulfill to his dead wife, a promise that he would give her son, Percival Furney, a fair start in life. He had done so. It left him broke. He had taken a risk, and now that it looked as if the risk had turned to definite loss, he blamed nobody but himself. He shot an angry glance to leeward, where the big tug ran mile for mile with him, making good weather under her powerful engines, every one aboard her dry and warm in pilot house or engine room.

"Be dummed ef I'll be robbed, or let th' boys be robbed!" he muttered, and turned away from the hateful sight.

But he knew that, strive as they might, with all the good heart and seamanly cunning in the world, there was but one course possible for a ship in the Gayhead's situation—go to leeward she would, but go to windward she could not. He thrust the suggestion of defeat from his mind with a shiver and buried his cold nose in the pannikin of steaming coffee handed to him by Slippy, the cook.

"Be yew goin' t' take a tow ef 't is offered again, Jethro?" asked Slippy anxiously. Jethro only glared over the rim of the pannikin. Slippy hastened to add, "Stores is purty well cleaned. Yew said ez thar wuzn't no call to buy grub over in th' islands, 'cos ——"

"Nuther thar wuz, ner thar ain't," snapped Cap'n Jethro. "Ef yew think yew kin handle this vessel ——"

"I ain't sayin' nuthin' like that," said Slippy quickly; "but seems we be all ekal in a way, an' ——"

"Yew git for'ard, me lad, afore I git mad an' show yew how onekal two men kin be! Skip, now!"

Slippy went back to his makeshift galley under the forecastle head. He had built up a fireplace from old try-works brick, and was trying manfully to satisfy the clamor of the chilled watch on deck for coffee. He had only got his head under cover when the sonorous toot of the tug's siren heralded yet again another approach. Slippy stuck his head out; and now grizzled old whalemen thrust their faces out from the fore scuttle to listen. The tug surged closer, rolling heavily, pitching into the steep seas, but under perfect control, riding the storm splendidly for all her evil manning.

"Want a tow, cap'n? Better give up. We're going in now for coal. Take you in for half your cargo!"

"Take this yer wheel, Noel!" Jethro roared furiously. "I be dummed ef I don't sting him wi' a shot or two!"

"Dum sight better ef yew tuk his towline!" grumbled the second mate.

Noel shared a cabin with Slippy, the cook; he had heard all about the stores shortage. But he took the helm. Old Eph, coming from below, halted the skipper in the companionway. And men came running aft from forecastle and waist, their faces set with determination.

"Be yew a-goin' t' take a tow, Jethro?" asked one Amos.

"Doctor tells as how grub's 'bout out," put in Saul Rowe.

"We hev talked it over, Jethro, an' mostly we is in favor o' strikin' a bargain for a tow," stated Seth Noakes nervously. "Free an' ekal, yew know, Jethro. Our money's below decks ez well ez yewrs. Ain't thet so, lads?"

Jethro scowled from face to face. He saw a sort of pained resolve on every feature, as if his old shipmates would like to stay with him, but could not possibly see how it was to be done. "Yew vote t' take thet thar tug?" he demanded grimly.

"We sez, try tew make a dicker," said Seth.

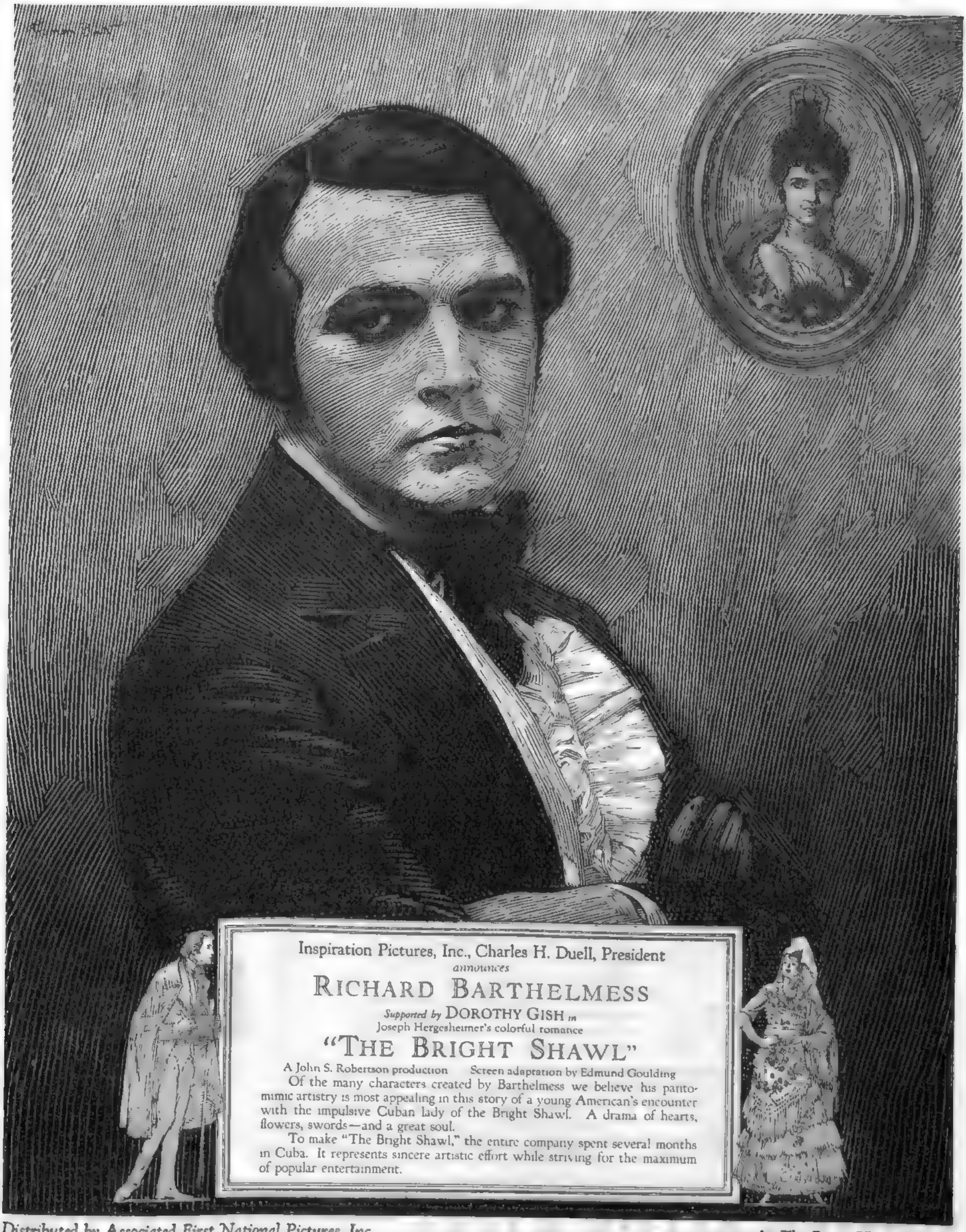
"All right!"

Jethro's teeth snapped together; he clambered onto the rail and sent a lusty roar pealing over the seas to the tug, which once more steamed around and came abreast. Now her pilot-house door and windows were open, her people leaned out, grinning triumphantly, while Percival Furney, the bitter spice of the dose for Cap'n Jethro, jeered and chattered in the throes of nearly materialized revenge.

"How much d' yew want?" roared Jethro.

"Price is gone up, cap'n," came the reply. "Owner's representative here says it's worth the value o' your cargo."

(Continued on Page 153)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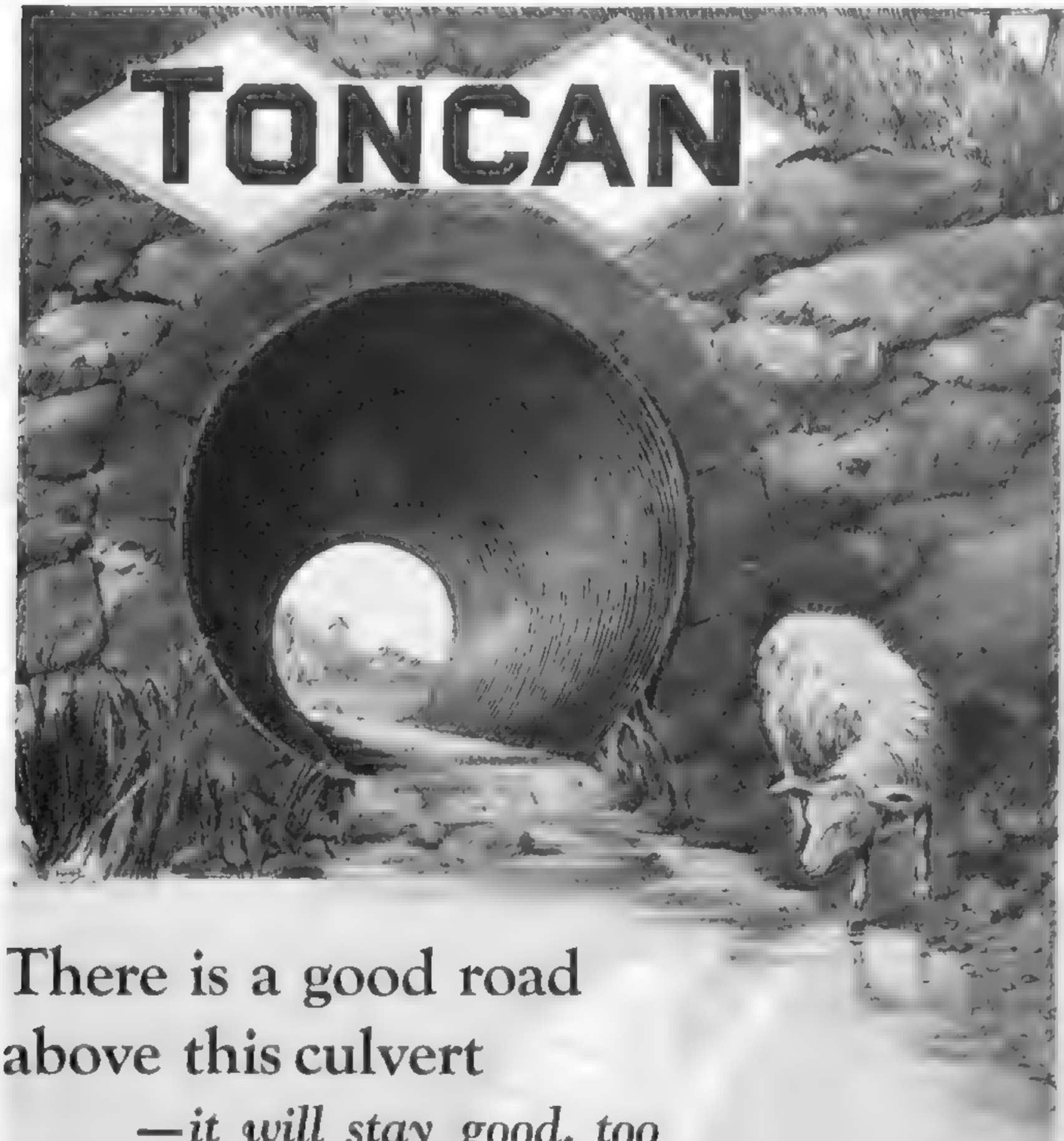

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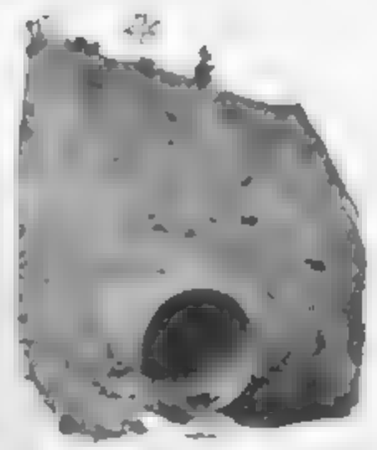

TONCAN: This culvert, with a 5 ft diameter, is under a 20 ft. fill on the Canadian Northern Ry., Brantford, Ont.

TONCAN: A beautiful home at Bethlehem, Pa. The architect, C. E. Schermer horn, specified Toncan for all the sheet metal work. He has used Toncan for many years. He says— Satisfied with the results and shall continue to specify your product."

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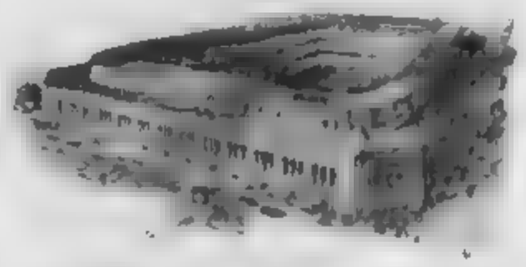
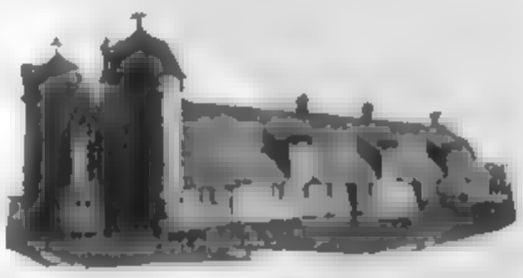


TONCAN: Tons of Toncan were used in building the new "Yankee" Baseball Stadium in the Bronx, New York City. This will hold 70,000 people. Architects and Engineers, Osborn Engineering Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



TONCAN: Roof and ceiling of Toncan were used for this barn built for Mr Joseph J. Jermyn, Jermyn, Pa. Architects: Duckworth Bros.

Canada:

TONCAN in Canada is fabricated by the Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont., and Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 150)

Jethro looked around at his shipmates, his lips moving soundlessly. Black rage glittered in every eye; no amount of anxiety could make the old whalers stomach that bitter dose.

"I'll see yew tew Davy Jones' fust!" screamed Jethro.

"Ef yew come nigher I be shot ef I don't sink yew!" roared the livid helmsman. Old men clustered along the bulwarks, snatching up belaying pins, billets of wood, any missile at hand. Then came Slippy the cook, marching up the poop ladder with a small, hard piece of pickled beef in his hand.

"Last piece, Jethro," he said simply.

The ancients stared at the beef, at the tug, at each other, and lastly at Jethro. Old Eph choked down a lump in his throat, bit the stem of his pipe in two and apparently voiced the ideas of his mates.

"We kin arn more money, but Slippy can't make beef, Jethro."

"I'd starve fust!" stormed Jethro. "But yew're the 'jority, and I do ez yew say. 'Tis robbery, and dum nigh piracy; but ef thet young squirt of a Percival is in the dirty business to git hunk wi' me, yew kin be sure ez thar ain't no manner o' use us tryin' t' git justice for it. It's Steve Latta's old gang ez is at back of it, no doubt, and they pull a strong rope. Don't yew know it?"

"Wind might stick in th' west fer a week," grumbled Seth Noakes.

"Cain't jury rig on empty stummicks," mumbled Noel Pease.

"Tug, ahoy!" shouted Jethro without further parley.

The big tug swept alongside once more, her mate and deck hands ready with heaving lines and towing hawser as she passed. And out of the pilot-house windows leaned Percival and another landsman, grinning and licking their lips at the pulling down of the prey.

"Ain't thet Steve Latta's brother?" cried old Eph excitedly to Jethro. The man himself answered him across the roaring seas between.

"Betcha life I'm Steve Latta's brother, y' murderin' old rat! This pays part of his debt again' y'!"

"How d'ye like my new ship, pop?" yelled Percival as the hawser was passed. "Thanks for leaving me the cash. It's a better start in life than I expected to have from an old hooligan like you. I'll see you have a special price when you want to tow out to sea next trip."

"Hob's boots!" gasped Cap'n Jethro. "Ain't thar somethin' in some book or other somewhar about bitin' th' hand ez gives ye grub? Hob's boots!"

The powerful tug steamed ahead, pulling the old Gayhead around head to wind as sail was taken off and furled. Then the difference between running with the seas without encumbrance, and steaming straight into them, dragging a deep-laden, loggy old windjammer was soon apparent.

The tug plunged and wallowed, belching smoke and sparks from her stack. Her foredeck was swept clear of anchors and cables in the first half mile; a pilot-house window was smashed by a sea crest, and thereafter at least two faces were pressed less boldly against the panes. The old whaler followed docilely enough, rolling like a cask, thumping the great head seas into acres of seething foam. Two morose ancients stood by the big hawser on the butts forward, watching the strain, a brooding old salt steered the humiliated old bark mechanically, two fuming but helpless old officers paced the short poop apart, no fit company for anybody. Slippy, the cook, sat on an upturned bucket beside his improvised galley, swearing lardly at a piece of hard beef bubbling in the cook pot.

"'Tarnal fire! Look, Jethro!" Old Eph shouted suddenly, pointing over the side.

The wreckage of a broken boat floated by on the crest of a sea. Following its track to the tug, they saw the steamboat dive deeply into the side of a terrific comber that filled her decks, hurled water clear over the stack and carried away her second and only remaining boat in a litter of staves.

"'Twon't help us none ef she hes t' let go of us, ez I kin see," growled Jethro.

"Let go? D' yew guess thet thar pirut'll leave go ez long ez she floats?" retorted Eph. "Ef she makes sech bad weather of it, though, she'll eat up some o' the profits, won't she? And Master Percival surely will enjoy hisself presently. 'Member how dog-gone sick he wus last trip? 'Tarnal fire! Look at her!"

The Gayhead staggered at that moment, swinging wide from her course. Jethro bawled at the helmsman, was bawled at in hot retort, and then saw the cause. He stood gaping like a fish out of water for an instant; then his eye caught old Eph's, and slowly a half-unbelieving grin broke over their seamed old faces. Even the helmsman grinned. A hail from the forecastle head brought out all hands; Slippy, the cook, clambered onto the forecastle to look.

Then the tug's siren blared forth again and again, and as the tug came nearer to the slacked line her people could be seen waving frantic signals. She had stopped, and was rolling dangerously as she fell away across the seas.

"Sure somethin's done happened her!" howled the helmsman.

The crew trooped aft, shouting questions and surmises. The tug drew nearer, but slowly, for the Gayhead began to drift, too, faster than the smaller vessel; but the yelp of the tugboatman was heard before the vessels parted beyond earshot.

"Hey, cap! Our propeller's dropped off! Hit some wreckage! You broke our wireless off. The wire's aboard you. Let's have it! We'll have to call help!"

"'Tarnal fire!" exclaimed old Eph, suddenly making a dart towards the mizzen channels, where the fallen rigging of the broken mizzenmast was neatly coiled. He rummaged a while, then dragged out a twisted coil of copper wire, holding it towards the tug.

"That's it!" yelled the tugboatman. "Here! Catch this line and bend it on!"

Eph caught the line and started to hitch it to the wire.

"Hob's boots!" swore Jethro at his side, and the skipper snatched away wire and rope, grinning queerly. Then, making a show of bending the wire on, he cast the line overboard, signaled the tug to haul in, and coolly, apparently clumsily, dropped the wire into the sea.

"Now ain't that hell!" swore Seth Noakes, glaring amazed at the skipper's empty hands. "Whar in thunder did yew larn thet thar slippery hitch?"

The old whalemen stared aghast at Jethro. He had thrown away their only hope, and astonishingly he was grinning. He grinned when the shrill voice of a sick and enraged Percival piped high above the hollow roar of the sweeping seas and whistling wind.

"You dog-gone old cuckoo! You've killed us all! Now you put over a boat and send us some of your old blubber hunters to fix us a sea anchor! Get a move on, too, before we roll over!"

"Yew shore hev capsized th' hull box o' tricks now, Jethro," said Eph. "What's th' idee? Yew never done thet by no accident, I swar. 'Tarnal fire! Ain't nobody got a mossel o' tobacker? This is too dum deep fer me."

"Never mind," grinned Jethro, looking pleased rather than abashed. "Yew git all hands busy on thet jury mizzenmast, Eph, an' mebbe ——"

"Yew glorified ol' wampus!" roared the exasperated Noel Pease, scorning discipline. "Kin yew conjer salt hoss frum th' vasty deep? How about grub? What did all hands make yew take a tow fer at all?"

Jethro only grinned. He was watching the tug, with her capering, gesticulating people, and her steam-billowing, ear-splitting siren demanding, begging for help. The drift of the two vessels had brought them into the same relative positions as while towing. The tug acted as a sea anchor to the windjammer, and would so act so long as she remained afloat, unless her people cast off the towing hawser.

"Only yew watch ez them piruts don't haul in on the line and board us, lads, and git busy riggin'. I'll see ez yew gits full bellies, somehow, ef so be yew ain't dainty when thar's a fat hawg t' be dressed. What's thet he's saying, Eph?"

Eph didn't know; but slowly an idea was filtering through his hard old skull, and soon his wrinkled old face broke into a grin that matched the skipper's own. He dived below hurriedly for tobacco, and when he returned, puffing comforting gouts of bitter, pungent smoke from his curtailed pipe, more of the ancients were wearing grins, and those who were not were being noisily whispered to by the grinners.

"Come on, me old brown sons!" said Eph briskly. "Let's see what yew kin do. Mebbe Cap'n Jethro hes somethin' 'sides ear holes in his top piece. Bring them broken yards aft and rouse out some wedges, Chips."

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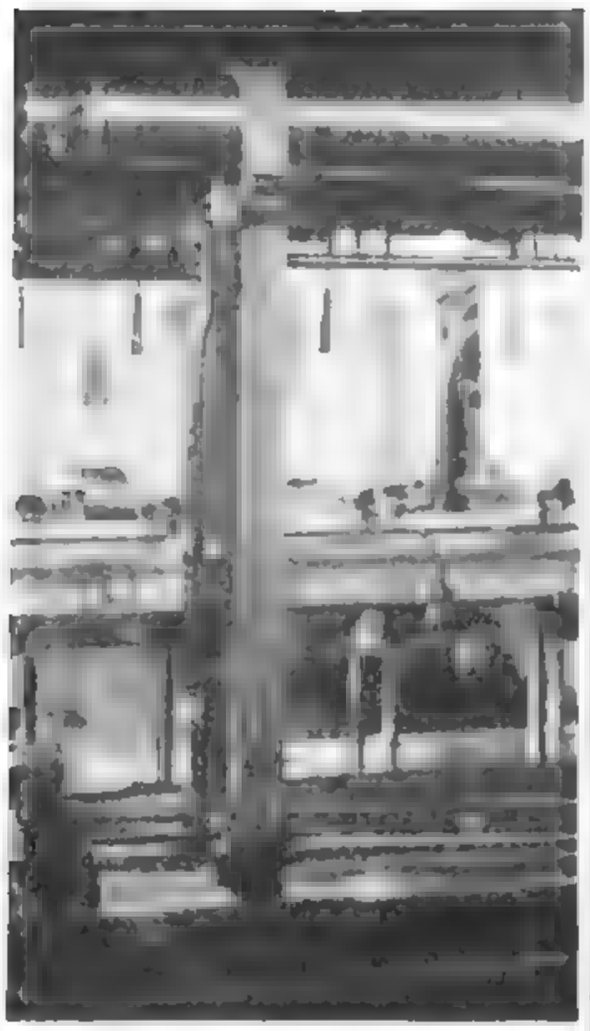

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He stepped to the rail again, peered over, then drew back and slapped his leg heartily. Right at water's edge, cunningly hooked around a dangling piece of iron, he had seen the end of the radio wire. What Jethro's idea had been in giving the impression that he had lost it was a mystery; but now he was sure that the wise old whaleman had not thrown away that chance if emergency grew imperative. He felt strangely confident that nobody need go hungry.

"Come on naow, start a tune, boys!" he bellowed.

Bent old men were pulling and hauling at fleeting tackles, bringing aft the spars that had fallen from the mainmast. It was hard work, for the old whaler plunged and rolled dizzily. They kept up heart by snatching frequent glances ahead at the helpless tug, whose men still hung to the siren cord, whose skipper and passengers still capered madly on the superstructure beside the smokestack.

"Oh, a ship she wuz riggin' ready for sea,
An' all of her sailors wuz fishes tew be,"

Eph bawled, and twenty rusty old pipes howled the chorus:

"Windy weather, stormy weather,
All th' winds blow all together!"

"Fleet along th' taykle, lads, an' snatch thet spar up here!" Eph told them. The tackle was shifted, the slings passed.

"Fust come th' spral, th' smallest of all,
He jumped on th' poop an' cried, 'Maintawps'l haul!'"

went the song; and the lusty refrain:

"Windy weather, stormy weather,
All th' winds blow all together!"

Cap'n Jethro came up, and went along to where Slippy wrestled with the problem of making several meals out of the meager material for one. Slippy shook his head, but Jethro appeared much less disconsolate. He thumped the cook on the back, all but driving his nose into the copper, and returned to the poop whistling cheerily.

"Yew don't need all hands fer a few minutes, do yew, Eph?" he asked.

The men were laying spars out in position ready for rigging as sheer legs to set up the broken mizzenmast.

"Not ontil I hev tew h'ist away," said Eph.

"Then git for'ard, starb'd watch, and stick th' handspikes intew th' capstan."

When he had fetched his speaking trumpet, Jethro followed his men, and they manned the capstan, taking the towrope to it and passing four round turns.

"Now heave her back tew us, boys, an' let's hear frum yew!" sang out the skipper. He held onto the incoming hawser himself; himself started the windlass chantey:

"Only one more day, my Johnnies!"

he roared.

"One more day!"

blared the gang.

"Oh, come rock an' rowl me over!
One—more—day!"

The capering men on the tug stopped their antics and became intensely interested in the slow progress of the old whaler.

"Do yew hear thet tugboat roarin', Johnny?"

sang Jethro.

"One—more—day!"

guffawed the gang.

"Don't yew hear her Old Man bawlin'?"
"One—more—day!"
"Oh, come rock an' rowl me over,
One—more—day!"

Slowly the heavy, dripping hawser crept in; slowly the whaler crept up towards the stern of the tug.

"What's Jethro's game, d'ye s'pose?" muttered Seth Noakes to his next man.

"Yew knows ez much ez me, Seth. Jes' now I cain't see how we be tew find grub, when we all voted tew accept a tow account o' empty lockers. I'm waitin'."

Soon the voices of the tugboatmen could be heard. Jethro called to an ancient to nipper the hawser and took up his speaking trumpet.

"How about that sea anchor?" screamed Percival, greenish of hue, scared of eye

"Fust let's talk about grub," Jethro bellowed back. "Hev yew got a bar'l o' beef tew spare, or a box o' salt fish?"

There was a hasty conference among the group aboard the tug, then the man who had claimed kinship with the late Steve Latta laughed unpleasantly and howled:

"We got grub in plenty, you old mossback! You make us that sea anchor and maybe we'll consider selling you some stores. We can hang out longer'n you."

"I wonder!" Jethro bawled in reply, then turned his back on the tug and grinned at his expectant crew.

"Slack out thet thar hawser ag'in," he said. "Two o' yew stop for'ard, and if they sharks try tew heave down on us yew cut their rope. Git axes ready! Watch 'em, now!"

The barometer was still low, but had stopped falling when Jethro went below again. The gale scoured the seas and hurled bitter crests of stinging brine athwart the whaler; but the smaller tug was scarcely better off. Eph had got his broken mast fished securely; sawed pieces of the main-topgallant yard were stoutly fitted into scores in the mast gouged by the adz and ax of the carpenter; fathoms of hemp rope were passed tightly around the splints and wedges were driven in under all.

"Dinner's sarved, cap'n," Slippy sang out with a wry face, and Eph halted the work to stare at Jethro.

"Yew kin all eat in th' cabin today, boys," the skipper grinned. "Thar ain't no diffrunce in th' grub, so yew might ez well be aft here whar yew're handy tew th' work."

On the table there was one lone piece of boiled salt beef. A wooden kid of hardtack supported the poor remains of old Dobbin on one side. On the other flank steamed Slippy's *pièce de résistance*—a dish of golden brown, reeking somethings.

"Tarnal fire! What's them?" exclaimed old Eph, taking his black cutty from his lips and smelling suspiciously at the bowl.

"Them's doughnuts, yew ol' grampus!" retorted Slippy, hurt.

"Eat what's sot afore yew, askin' no never mind, Eph," grinned Cap'n Jethro, sitting down and going straight for the dish. "Ef thar's any complainin', yew take notice ez I eats 'em exclusive. Until they thar tugboat fellers softens up an' passes us grub, all we hev is a bag o' moldy flour an' plenty o' ile to fry doughnuts in. Ef they never softens, then we eats doughnuts right along. But eat, boys. I hev an idee they'll soften."

When the jury mizzenmast swayed to an upright position, and stout shrouds and stays were tightening one by one; when across the seas rolled the hearty song of stout-hearted old men, dragging stubbornly at a broken topgallantmast which was destined to become a mizzentopmast; then came the rattle and clash of a steam windlass, as the tug started heaving in on the towline to bring the whaler into hailing distance again. The afternoon was waning; the observation Jethro had taken at four o'clock, worked up, verified his estimate of the tremendous easterly drift the helpless craft were making. The sky still lowered threateningly, the barometer remained low, the seas were heavier, if anything, and a flurry of snow that left dry flakes over everything also left behind it a bite of stinging cold.

The tug hailed:

"Hey, you whaler! You got plenty o' canvas and spars. Lend us some men to help rig sail on us and we'll sell you some meat."

"Yew send over some meat or we'll cut yew adrift!" Jethro retorted.

"You don't dare!" screamed Percival, shaking both fists.

Jethro glanced at the progress his crew had made. A gang of busy men on the main hatch cut and patched old sails, forming new sails of different shape. Eph led the rest of the available hands in setting up rigging and reeving off running gear. Night was at hand and the sea rolled heavily; but as darkness had come upon them Cap'n Jethro had detected signs that told him a change of wind might be expected, and any change must be for the better.

"For'ard there!" he roared through his trumpet. "Cast off thet thar towline! We'll larn 'em! Don't dare!"

"Hey, don't do it!" pealed the yell from the tug.

"Cast off!" roared Jethro, and the big rope splashed into the sea. Even the old whalemen themselves regarded their skipper dubiously, as if fearing for his sanity.

"He ain't slep' in twenty-four hours. Guess he's gittin' old," grumbled Seth Noakes, stabbing viciously at a bit of fat with his marlinespike.

"Git the maintops'l reefed and set it!" ordered Jethro shortly. "I'll heave her to under that ontil we git ready tew git under way."

Briskly the old salts swarmed aloft. Slippy, the cook, lighted a great flare of oil-soaked rags amidships, and the work went on while the wind shrieked and the seas rolled the uncontrolled old bark madly in the trough. Out on the weather yardarm a dauntless spirit howled the reefing song:

"Leggo th' reefy taykle, reefy taykle, reefy taykle;
Leggo th' reefy taykle, my fingers is jammed!"

And the lusty old men hauled out the reef band.

"Hay—ay—ay—ah! Hay—ay—ay—ah-h!"

"Sheet home to looard!" the man at the earring sang out. Men on deck hauled the clew down with a will.

"Weather sheet!"

Both clews rattled down to the yardarms, the halyards were manned, and the reefed topsail went aloft to a tune:

"Old Stormy was a good old man,"

the chantey went.

"To my way, you Stormalong,"

pealed the chorus.

"Old Stormy was a good old man ——"
"Ay—ay—ay! Mister Stormalong!"

The sail was set, the braces manned, and when the Gayhead lay snugly hove to, her old sea dogs went back to their work, some still singing Old Stormy's dirge. Lights gleamed aboard the tug; the flare on the whaler's deck flung red radiance abroad over the sea, lighting up leaping waters and laboring tug. Since casting loose, the heavier, deeper bark had drifted faster than the tug; now that she lay to, her drift was faster, but some of it was ahead, and the tug was more distant.

Jethro noticed something fluttering aboard her, scanned her closely awhile, then called old Eph.

"She's set her forestays'l, Eph. She likely thinks tew run aboard of us. Jest git a bit o' foretopmast stays'l showin', and we'll slide ahead and fool him. I ain't ready fer him yit."

"He kin only go to looard with that sail," grumbled Eph. He wanted to get on with his rigging.

"Hob's boots! Don't I know it? He kin steer a bit, can't he? Ef yew think yew kin run this yer ship ——"

"Oh, shet up!" growled Eph, and took two hands forward.

He, and they, felt certain now that the skipper's long vigil was telling upon his brain. But they set the headsail, and the Gayhead forged ahead in time to let the scudding tug sweep past her stern, leaving a crackling blast of profanity behind her.

Jethro watched her grimly. Then he laughed aloud. He saw the tug's staysail sheet snap, and in an instant the sail flogged itself to pieces around the stay. She began to roll heavily again as she swung across the seas.

"'Most ready, Eph?" he asked, trying a backstay with all his weight.

"A'most," grunted Eph.

Jethro glanced around the sky, then took a peep at the barometer. Going back to the binnacle, he faced the wind, holding up a wetted finger to get the true direction, and he smiled.

"Wind's freein', Eph," he said. "Haulin' to th' east'ard seemin'ly. 'Most no'th already."

"Yew kin set yewr spanker an' mizzenstays'l ez soon ez yew'd a mint," Eph replied, hooking the sheet blocks into the clew of the staysail.

"We'll hold on a bit. Jest ez long ez we kin keep her in sight, thar ain't no use in sailin' round and strainin' th' jury riggin' onnecessarily. Let all hands git thar supper fust, Eph. Thar ain't nawthin' but whale-oil doughnuts an' hard-tack; but mebbe I kin find a taste o' good licker somewhars ez 'll help th' grub down. After, yew git yewr own boat crew an' put yewr boat in shape for launchin'. I'm goin' t' ketch forty winks ontil yewr ready."

Just after midnight Eph called the skipper.

"Boat's ready, cap'n, an' the tug's purty well down to looard."

"Wind still haulin'?"

"Bout no'th by east now. Don't 'pear tew be so much of it nuther."

(Continued on Page 157)

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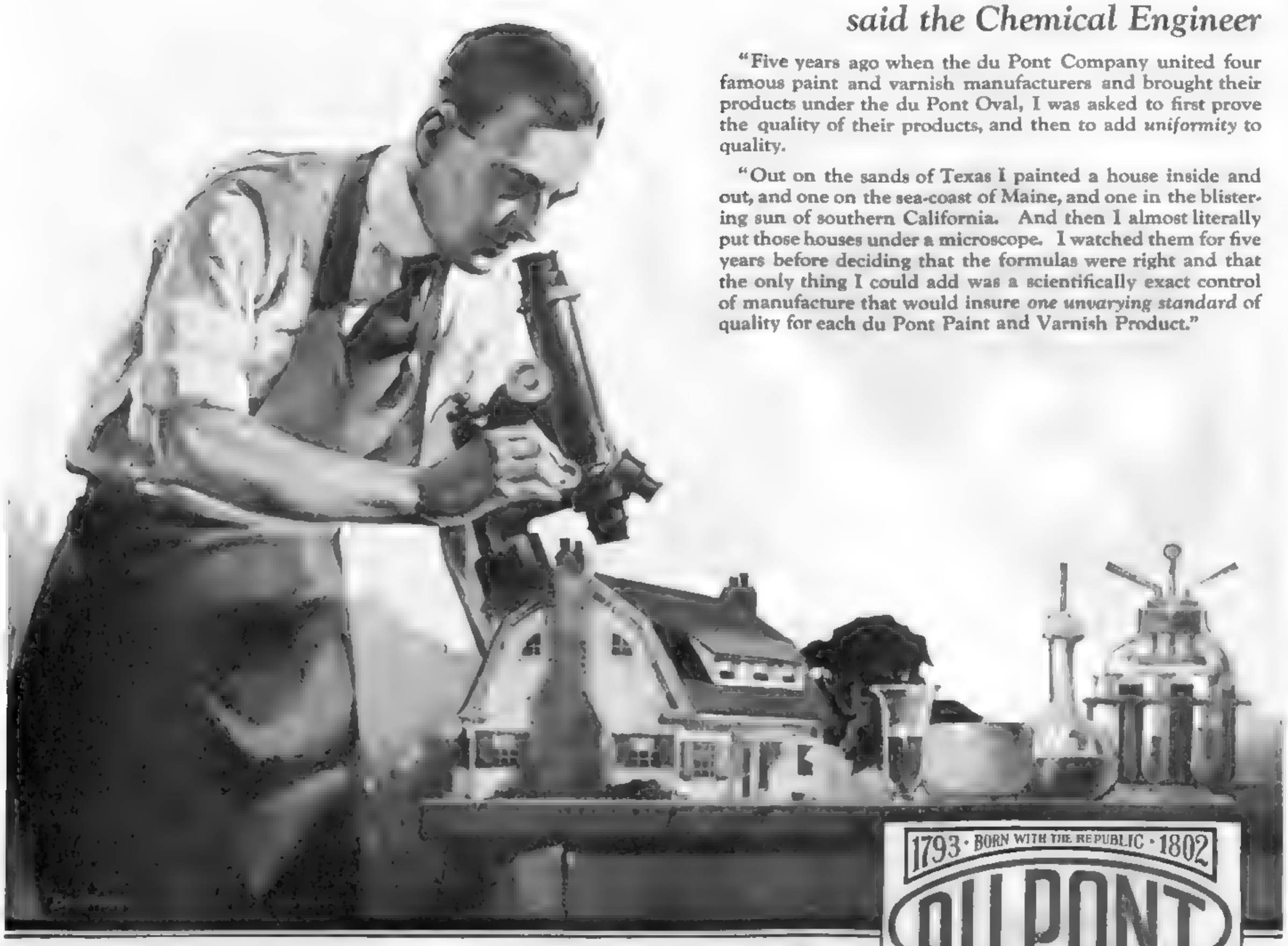

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(Continued from Page 154)

"All right, Eph. Git all hands out. Tell 'em to wrop up good. They'll hev tew stay on deck purty long time this watch."

In half an hour the old Gayhead shouldered into a sea under the first drive of the new sails. Under fore and main whole topsails, reefed foresail, fore-topmast staysail and inner jib, with her new, big spanker and mizzen staysail, she surged forward and worked to windward well, slowly, as became a craft so deep and so shortly rigged; but in weatherly fashion that brought back the happy grins to her ancient crew.

The tug was speedily overhauled, and now the bark was able to sail around her, choosing her position, while the tug's people stood illumined by their own lights, staring in perplexity.

"Are yew folks in trouble?" roared Jethro as they slid past.

"How about that canvas and them sailors?" returned an angry voice. Jethro was deaf to that.

"Ef yew folks want me tew, I'll take yew off," he offered.

Then the ships separated again, and the tug's retort was lost. A mile away the old Gayhead tacked and bore down on her again.

"Did yew say yew want tew be took off?" asked Jethro.

"No, darn you! Take our line and tow us! What y' looking for, salvage?"

"Salvage?" echoed Jethro innocently. "Hob's boots! Thet do sound reasonable now. Shall I fetch yew off?"

He joined in the amused chorus of his appreciative crew as the tug's people lined the rail and hurled hard words at him. Again the Gayhead sailed by; again she approached, and men stood by her makeshift rigging solicitously, watching her every strain, nursing and reënforcing her gear as it gave.

Next time they came within hailing distance Jethro asked, "How much'll yew pay for a tow, mister?"

"Regular rates—no more! You try any funny business with me and ——"

"We ain't in shape to tow yew, I reckon," Jethro cut in. "We'll stand by a while, though, and if yew want us t' take yew off, jest give us a hail, me son."

"You'll see where you stand when we get you before a judge!"

"Ef yew want t' be took off, yew ask, that's all."

Through the night the Gayhead sailed back and forth, passing within hail of the tug, hearing her hot comments, giving no reply. They could see her rolling sickeningly; the faces that came within the glare of the lights were pallid and haggard. Towards the coldest, darkest hour before the dawn, the ship passed her and heard no profanity. But there was no appeal for rescue.

"'Bout due, Eph," said Jethro then. "Git yewr boat over. I'll drap yew up t' windward an' run down to looard to pick yew up. Don't dicker with 'em, Eph. Don't even hail 'em. Likely yew'll hev 'em hailin' yew ez yew pull past."

Manned by a crew to whom pulling a whaleboat in high seas was second nature, Eph's boat was launched and sent away. She pulled down the wind, and as she rounded the tug the Gayhead stormed along past both to take up her position where it would be easiest for the boat to regain her side. Angry voices assailed the boat. Eph obeyed orders and made no retort; but before distance made sight impossible Cap'n Jethro saw the whaleboat's bowman quietly free two harpoons and lay them at hand in the bows, while he passed a long killing lance aft to Eph.

Half an hour went by, and the dim shape of the whaleboat lay to between the tug and the bark. Jethro grew uneasy. He watched intently, for he had put all upon the issue, and it seemed as if he had underestimated the stubbornness of Percival and his associates.

Noel Pease had ceased to speak to him; his last remarks had not been provocative of friendly chat. Then he rubbed his eyes, looked again and swore.

"Hob's boots! Eph's beat! He's comin' back!"

Something like a groan went up from the tired old men standing by. Then Slippy, the cook, whose aged eyes were amazingly keen, uttered a yell. They looked again, saw the whaleboat pull alongside the tug and take a line. Jethro got his old telescope and squinted painfully. He had to depend on Slippy for reports of progress.

"They be shakin' fists at Eph!" chattered Slippy. "Eph's p'intin' th' lance at 'em! Coupla hands is heavin' harpoons at 'em! Jumpin' hammerheads, cap'n — Ah!" Slippy breathed heavily in relief. "They be licked, cap'n. They air a-climbin' intew th' boat. They hev shoved off. Here they come a-hoppin'!"

Down the seas swept the laden whaleboat. Besides her own crew, she bore ten men; ten scowling, frightened, angry, shivering men. She rounded to under the whaler's lee.

"Did they want yew to take 'em off, Eph?" called out Jethro.

"Guess so, cap'n; they sure asked me to," grinned Eph.

"Pore fellers! Pore fellers! Come aboard, Percival. I'm sure glad tew see yew. Come aboard, genelmun. I'm real sorry for yew. Come aboard."

The old whalemen, well aware of their parts, stood warily by as the tug's people dropped over the rail. While one old harpooner held a harpoon carelessly at the poise, two more ancients felt over pockets for pistols. And when all were on board Jethro told them to make themselves at home, and sent them under escort to the forecastle. Percival he kept with him, to Percival's utter dislike.

"Eph," he called down to the boat, "yew bring over a trifle o' stores fust, then keep yewr crew aboard the tug and pass us a line."

"You old coot!" snarled Percival, venomously. "D'you take us for big enough fools to leave you a chance of picking up a piece of money like that?"

He stopped abruptly, scared at the expression in Jethro's face.

"Ah! Likely she's well insured, hey?" remarked the skipper. "And mebbe you opened her sea cocks up, hey?" He caught Percival by the ear. "Wait, Eph! Take this yer young squirt along. Yew used t' like him in yewr boat once. Take him on board the tug, Eph, and if he don't want tew drownd he'll find that thar sea cock and shet it! Yew kin leave him thar while yew bring over them stores!"

It took three stout old men to put Percival in the boat. It had not taken any more than that to put the rest of the tug's men into the forecastle. But then the others believed it entirely possible that those old men might use those ghastly looking harpoons; Percival did not, for all his experience on a former voyage. He went, however, and as the tug, ever drifting nearer, was more visible than when the boat left her side, Jethro was able to see clearly that Percival remained on deck a remarkably short while when once they had hoisted him aboard.

The boat returned, laden with good sea stores, and at once pulled back to take charge of the tug, carrying the end of a line.

Dawn was coming up chill and gray, and Slippy got his fire burning. Coffee soon filled the morning with its aroma, and men drank the steaming decoction while waiting to haul in the towing hawser again.

"What'll yew give them fellers for bre'kfust, Cap'n Jethro?" Slippy wanted to know. "Thar's a kit o' mackerel an' some sossidge and some ——"

"Yew got some doughnuts left, ain't yew?" queried Jethro severely.

Slippy nodded and went forward, not too well pleased at the prospect; but chuckling, nevertheless, for he need not eat them.

Daylight was broad and fair when the signal came from the tug that the sea cocks were shut and the water freed from her. Then the hawser was bitted, and the old spouter filled away with a fine moderating gale abaft the beam that enabled her to board the tacks of both courses, making a terrific smother of broken seas about her as she squattered down to them, dragging her tow along as unconcernedly as a runaway frolicking mastiff drags its tiny mistress at the end of a leash.

Cap'n Jethro was uneasy about one thing only. As the day passed, and the queer tandem drew near the shipping lanes, he had need to watch his passengers closely, afraid they would try to signal a passing steamer and spoil his plans. He badly wanted an excuse to put them under arrest, but that seemed difficult. They were distressed mariners. True, they had stayed below since being put there; but no threats had been used. They were free to come up if they wanted to; but apparently they had taken quite seriously the two ancient whalemen who sat hour after hour on the scuttle, smoking their pipes and monotonously scouring the blades and barbs of

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their murderous harpoons. When they were relieved, other old men went through the same performance.

Jethro's chance came soon. They had kicked heartily and profanely about the breakfast food; dinner of the same flavorsome ingredients proved too much. Even the harpoons failed to overawe men smarting with outraged stomachs.

"What seems tew be the trouble?" Jethro asked mildly, as two of the boldest faced him, white with fury, after braving the old men at the hatch.

"Trouble? Here! Is this men's grub?"

Jethro stared at two reeking doughnuts gripped in two greasy, quivering fists.

"It's all we hev eat sence yew took us in tow. Ain't it good?"

"Try it, you old blubber eater!" one shouted, and both hurled their doughnuts full into Jethro's face. The swift anger died in Jethro as soon as it rose, and gave way to a smile. But the smile was emphasized by the gleam of a blued-steel revolver in the skipper's hand, one of the tugboatmen's own guns.

"Thet thar's mutiny!" said Jethro coolly. "Seth! Git these yer fellers into th' fo'c's'le again, and put a guard over 'em. I s'pose they wuz speakin' fer all their crowd."

"You betcha life we speak for th' crowd!" yelled the spokesman. "You just wait till we get you ashore!"

"Seth, I told yew t' take 'em for'ard!" said Jethro.

Another day was born, rosy and sparkling and cold, and twice the Gayhead's towline had parted, twice been secured. The keepers of the lightship blinked their eyes wonderingly to see an ancient, jury-rigged whaler, manned by hoary-headed, bent old whalemen, storm past on a fresh, fair breeze for home, dragging after her a fine, stout, modern sea-going tug. Noel Pease stumped the deck, big as Nature, throwing a bold chest as the lightship flashed astern. Cap'n Jethro chatted with Seth Noakes, who smoked lustily away at a piece of cigar that smelled as if it had been rolled with a view to more elegant surroundings. Jethro recalled seeing one of the rescued men, Steve Latta's brother, smoking one something like it as he climbed aboard. He only grinned.

He was more concerned with the problem of what he would be up against on landing. From bitter experience he knew how strong was the evil influence commanded by the crowd Percival used to run with. Apparently he still ran with them. The best thing to do would surely be to see his own lawyer at once; the solid, reputable old lawyer who had done all his business for years, who had been friend as well as counselor. He got out the roll of copper wire which had been the tug's radio aerial; he had rescued it from the rigging as soon as the tow began, laying it aside. Now he contemplated trying to get the tug operator to fix it and send a message ashore. He told Seth about it. Seth stared at him.

"D' yew give yer thoughts t' sech dum loonacy ez that?" Seth growled. "Would we know what message they wuz sendin'?"

"Mebbe not, Seth; mebbe not. Jest th' same, I wish I hed some way of gittin' word tew thet lawyer."

"Yewr luck ain't never sunk yew yit, Jethro," returned Seth sagely. "Thet lightship'll likely send word thet we be bound in. Ain't them lightships got telephomes or somethin'?"

"Likely they hev, Seth; likely they hev."

An hour later Jethro was gazing absently at a hard-sailed catboat coming out from under the land. Back and forth it tacked, a short tack and a long board, speeding out along the course of the ship. The breeze was too fresh still for such a craft to carry the sail she bore; but she sped through the sprays like a live thing, superbly handled.

"Thar's a sailorman, I betcha!" remarked Seth.

"Thet's sartain. Comin' out here, seemin'ly. Kin yew make him out, Seth?"

Seth peered long, but shook his head. Jethro tried with his telescope, and shook his head, too; but Slippy, the cook, wiping greasy hands on greasier overalls, strolled onto the poop and calmly inquired:

"See thet dum-blasted quitter, Jed Roach, a-comin' out, Jethro?"

Jethro stared again.

"Eph said yew'd see him on th' dock, waitin' tew take our fust line," grinned Seth.

"Hob's boots! He's airlier'n that!" cried Jethro. "I knowed 't wuz him soon's I see how thet catboat wuz handled. I'll git him tew take thet message in for me. Stand by with a heavin' line. I'll go write it."

The catboat darted alongside, and a grizzled, weather-wrinkled old man grinned up at Noel Pease and Seth Noakes.

"Hello, Seth! Hello, Noel!" the man cried heartily. "Gimme a line till I say how do. What y' got? Nice piece o' salvage?"

"None ez yew'll tech, Jed Roach," grinned Seth. "Mebbe ef yew're good, Cap'n Jethro'll let yew ship next v'yage."

"Great irons!" roared Jed. "Heave a feller a line, can't yew? Whar's Jethro?"

"What did yew quit fer, Jed?" Noel teased.

Jed was slipping astern, having got his boat in irons while waiting for a line.

"Hob's boots! Give him a line!" stormed Jethro, coming on deck with his letter and seeing the boat disappearing.

Slippy, less concerned in chaffing his old shipmate, threw Jed the end of the spanker sheet and brought him up short. Jed hauled his craft along, his red face turned to Jethro in a grin of supplication.

"Here, yew!" cried Jethro, holding up a tight canvas parcel. "Scoot ashore quick ez yew know how and deliver this. Wait fer an answer, and bring the old gentleman down aboard. Ef yew get down to the dock before we git in, bring him out in yewr boat. Git movin' now!"

Jed Roach had been brought up in a school of obedience. He owed no obedience to Cap'n Jethro; but he had so long been associated with the old skipper in the past that it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to catch the packet, stick it inside his shirt and cast off the line.

"All right, Cap'n Jethro," he bawled. "I'll hev yewr man down a-runnin'. Hed a good trip, didn't yew?"

Jethro watched as he hoisted his sail and started off down the wind like a scared cat. Taking a shorter course than the deep-laden whaler would have to take, Jed's catboat was far ahead when Jethro began to seek for the outer buoys.

Forward, the watch under Noel Pease had begun to rouse up the cables from below. They moved briskly, as if their work suited them. The two old whalemen, sitting on the hatch weaving fenders, chuckled as if at some shrewd joke. Cap'n Jethro, his chief worry off his mind, whistled in tune with the rousing chantey filling the decks forward as the chain was hauled up.

"Next come a shark, wi' a grin on his face;
He winked at th' cook ez he hauled lee fore—brace!"

And the chorus rolled along the decks, and astern to the docile, helpless tug:

"Windy weather, pleasant weather,
Fair winds blow us home together!"

Old Eph heard it in the open pilot house of the tug. He hummed the tune himself. Sight of the huddled, beaten figure of Percival, slouching on the locker, saddened him a bit; but even that unpleasant reminder of man's ingratitude could not damp Eph's spirits altogether. The faint, mellowed old chantey rolled out its last verse as the cable was brought to the ring of the big anchor, and Old Eph and his able crew of sturdy ancients made their voices heard aboard the old spouter in a final chorus:

"Windy weather, pleasant weather,
Fair winds blow us home together!"

Take your STORE to the places where farm folks gather

Month after month, in these advertisements, Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, has emphasized to merchants this thought—that you can increase farm trade by bringing your merchandise to the attention of more farm people.

We have shown in one of these advertisements, for instance, how the Ottawa Farm Machinery Company of Ottawa, Illinois, not content with waiting for farmers to come to them, took their line of McCormick-Deering farm equipment (as advertised in Farm & Fireside) direct to farmers. As a result, their annual sales were increased 25 to 50 per cent.

We have cited other instances. How a hardware merchant increased his sales of Devoe Paints (as advertised in Farm & Fireside) 75 per cent in a single week! How an Arkansas merchant doubled his weekly sales by bringing his Farm & Fireside-advertised merchandise to the attention of more people!

Why farm sales increased

In every case, the sales of these merchants increased in direct proportion to the number of people to whom the merchandise was shown. In every case, they found a receptive audience—an audience composed largely of farm families who already knew about the products through advertising in Farm & Fireside.

To increase farm trade, take your store to the places where farm folks gather. During the next few months there will be many such events—county and district fairs, farmers' institutes and short courses, farm auctions, bazaars and community gatherings—opportunities, all of them, to show merchandise, and to make sales, to more people.

"We always have a booth at our county fair," an Iowa merchant reports. "We display only plain, honest merchandise that every farmer knows about—such merchandise as you folks advertise in Farm & Fireside. And we find that, year after year, farmers are interested in seeing and examining the products with which they have become acquainted through advertising."

Try a booth at your county fair this year. Plan special sales for days when farmers' meetings are held in your town. Exhibit your goods, when possible, at farmers' institutes. Arrange with your local auctioneer, if you handle certain of the articles listed below, to auction off one brand new article at each farm sale.

Emphasize, in your talks with farm families, that the products you are showing are advertised in Farm & Fireside. By doing this you are reaching out to hundreds of the more prosperous farm families in your community—farmers who look upon Farm & Fireside as their guide to better farm methods, better farm living, better farm merchandise.

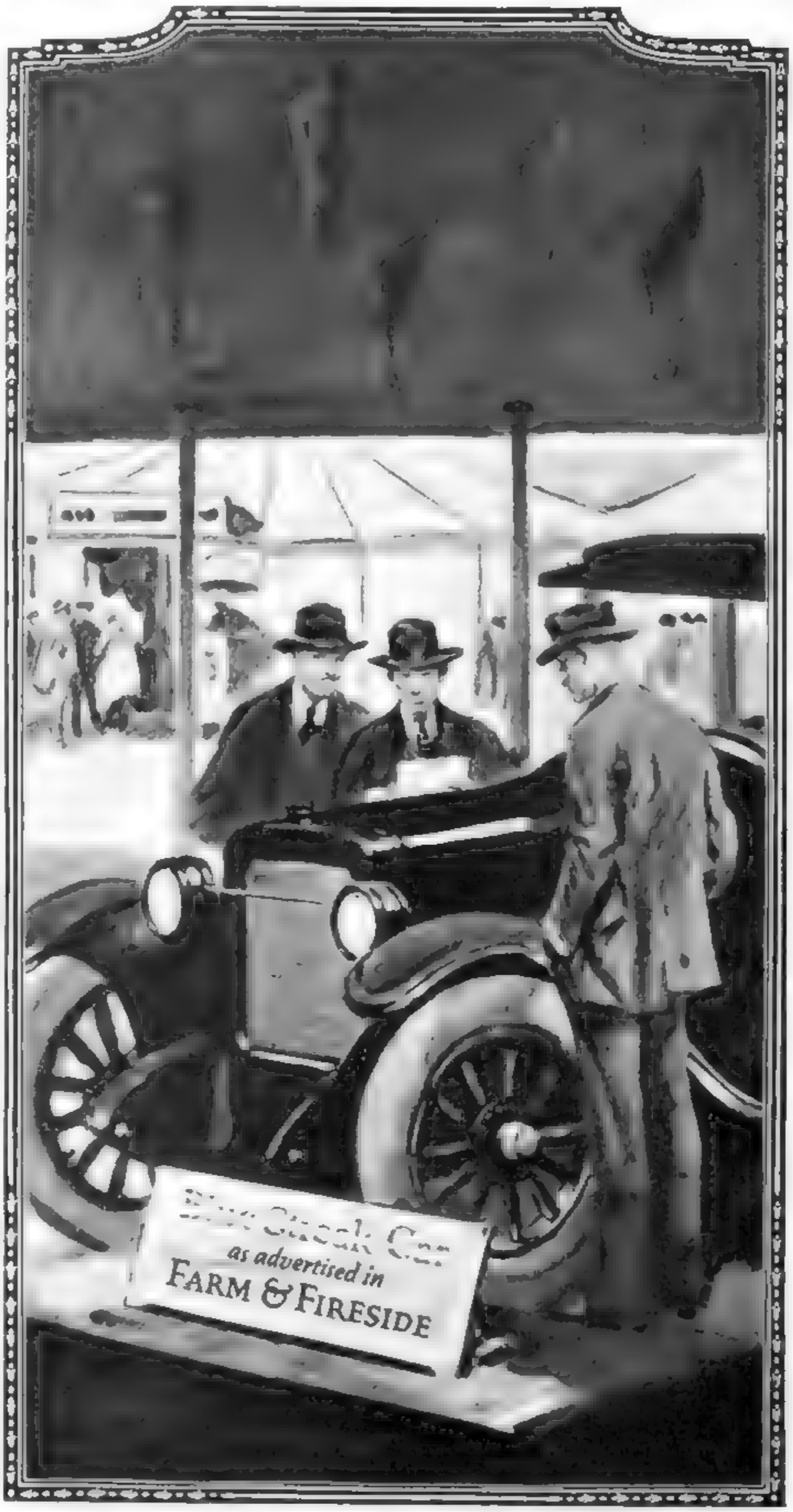
Send for this free book

Hundreds of merchants are increasing sales by taking their merchandise direct to the farm homes. We have compiled some of these experiences into an interesting booklet, "Projected Selling," a copy of which will be sent free to any merchant.

Learn the facts about Projected Selling—the new method of increasing farm trade. Just write us on your letterhead, "Send me 'Projected Selling'," and we will gladly do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Ave., New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine
Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, The National Weekly, The Mentor



FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
A. M. F. Sickle Bar
Anthony Fence
Barrett Everlastic Roofings
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Brown's Beach Jacket
Burpee's Seeds
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company
Champion Spark Plugs
Chandler Motor Cars
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Chevrolet Cars
Clark Grave Vaults
Clark's O. N. T. Crochet Cotton
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Talcum Preparations
Compton "All Weather" Corduroys
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Dodge Brothers Cars
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Du Pont Products
Duro Pump & Manufacturing Company
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Freezone
General Motors Corporation
Gibson Musical Instruments
Gillette Razors
Glastenbury Underwear
Goodrich Tires
Graton & Knight Belts
Great Northern Ry.
Hamilton Watches
Hess Stock Preparations
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hood's Canvas Footwear
Hosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hudson Cars
Hupmobile Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Iver Johnson Bicycles & Fire Arms
Jewett Cars
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kelly Springfield Tires
Lehigh Portland Cement
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
National Electric Light Assn.
Northern Pacific Ry.
Overland Cars
Papec Ensilage Cutters
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Pillsbury's Flour
Planet Jr. Implements
Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products
President Suspenders
Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Radak Radio Sets
Rat Nip
Red Star Timer
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Reo Cars
Resinol Soap
Royal Fence
Supolio
Semi-Solid Buttermilk
Shaler Vulcanizer
Simmons Beds
Smith & Barnes and Strohber Pianos and Player Pianos
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation
Swift Products
Union Carbide
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Viko Aluminum Ware
"Wear-Ever" Utensils
Willys-Overland Inc.
Wright's Rias Fold Toys

No search can reveal it—

But it's worth your while to be sure it's there!

One rainy day a man was buying a raincoat. He felt the texture—inspected the lining—examined the seams carefully.

"*Looks* as though it would keep me dry," he finally decided—and bought the coat.

How many men buy a raincoat just this way? Yet the astonishing fact is that *even an expert can seldom tell the value of a raincoat by appearance, texture, or feel.* The in-built quality that makes it really waterproof is hidden.

That is why all the skill and experience of the largest rubber company in the world have been used to make the name *Raynster* an unfailing guarantee of real raincoat protection.

Every inch of a Raynster is backed by layer on layer of highest grade rubber, cured to form a single waterproof sheet, yet light and flexible. Every seam is reinforced.

A complete line of raincoats

Raynsters are a complete line of raincoats. Every type is included—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Whether you want a waterproof coat for work, motoring, or business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Our little booklet, entitled "A Scotchman Started It" will help you distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X.

United States Rubber Company
1790 Broadway
New York City

Raynsters
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*A type for every need*

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Yes, rather," he replied untruthfully.

"I'm longing to hear all the marvelous things you've been doing—just longing. Mother's got a box tonight for the Alhambra; only succeeded by the most awful bribery of an agent's clerk, but I insisted she should. It's The Man from Down Under, you know."

"What is?"

"Why, the film, stupid! You must have heard."

"I've been away rather a long time," he replied.

"'Course you have. And, of course, in those awful outlandish places they don't know anything, do they?"

"No."

"It's too wonderful and he's too marvelous for words. He fights a shark, and in the burning-house scene, where he rescues the girl—but you'll see for yourself. I've been three times already."

"Then don't let's go," suggested Barton cheerfully.

"Not go? Why, you great silly, you're joking! He's going to be there himself."

"Is he, really?" said Barton with mock solemnity. "Then we must go, of course."

"You know, Barton," said Moyra with a wistful expression. "I'd give anything in the world to go on the films—just anything. Imagine being rescued by a man like that!"

Barton imagined a while in silence—a silence from which he was saved by a page boy shouting the number of his room.

A card was presented: Felton Sharp, Amalgamated International Press Bureau, Fleet Street.

"Asking for an interview," said the boy.

Barton twisted the card dubiously. In ordinary circumstances he would have refused, but somehow he could not avoid a slight sense of gratification. He handed the card to Moyra.

"Shall I?"

"Of course."

"Ask him to come along."

The boy retired and returned with a short, ferrety-eyed little man, who nodded and smiled.

"Mr. Barton Grover, sir?"

"Yes."

"The explorer, I believe."

"That's so."

"Good! Mr. Grover, you are in a position to render me a considerable service."

"Aha."

"If you would grant my agency the exclusive rights of your experiences during the next few days ——"

"I'm not much of a hand at the writing business."

"We should be pleased to offer any sum you ——"

"There's no question of that."

"We should be charmed. You see, sir, you are in a position to supply almost unique information ——"

"Well, I suppose I have seen a few queer things, one way and another."

"Precisely. Your room, I have ascertained, immediately adjoins Mr. Ray Duke's, and ——"

Barton Grover struggled to his feet.

"Look here!" he exploded. "What are you driving at, Mr.—er—Felton?"

"Just a few breezy impressions. I met Ray Duke on his way to the bathroom this morning and exchanged a greeting."

Barton Grover called a waiter.

"Show this gentleman out," said he, "and if he won't walk out, kick him out."

"Barton," said Moyra reproachfully, "I think you were rather horrid."

"Sorry, my dear," he replied, "but —— Oh, well!"

There was an awkward silence before they spoke again.

"Is your room really next to his?" asked Moyra.

During the ten-minute interval following the first three reels of The Man from Down Under—reels surcharged with excitement and perils of a terrific kind—Barton Grover did, for him, an astonishing thing. Without invitation, he proceeded to offer his own version of the sapling-cum-chasm episode and closely followed up the success achieved with an account of his swim across the crocodile river. To those who will blame him must be offered in excuse his love for Moyra. Lovers all the world over must seek means of bringing brightness into the eyes of their adored.

Moyra's remark at the conclusion of this hair-raising narrative was a little chastening to his *amour propre*, but doubtless she spoke without the will to wound.

"You wait till you see him fight the shark!"

Certain forces are too powerful for the strength of man to conquer. Admiration is one of them. Barton Grover retreated into the shadows of the box.

The second half of the film was of so tremendously stirring a nature and revealed Ray Duke in so many moods of courage, resource and daring that even Barton was spellbound. There could be no denying that on face value the man was superlatively plucky. A sudden realization swept into Barton's brain that to a great extent the shadow is more effective than the substance, the relation than the deed. Had his swim across the crocodile river been screened, it is reasonable to suppose it would have represented little else than a gentleman enjoying a bath; whereas Ray Duke's encounter with the shark, thanks to excellent submarine photography, appeared as the most supreme adventure a man could undertake.

Barton Grover piloted his little party back to the hotel in an injured and troubled frame of mind, across which ran a streak of genuine, if rather unwilling, admiration.

Moyra was too fatigued by the excitements of the day to respond to his invitation to supper. Wherefore, after a solitary drink, he ascended by the lift to his room and sat gloomily on the bed.

Just before they parted for the night Moyra had said, "Oh, darling, wouldn't it be wonderful if you did such things as he does?"

"I suppose it would," he answered.

"Oh, I know you've done wonderful things, too, but such a long way off. It isn't quite the same, is it?"

"'Course it isn't," he replied simply. "Good night, my dear."

"Good night," she said. "I love you very much."

Wherefore he sat gloomily on the bed and was sorry for many reasons that he was a modest man.

Poor little Moyra; she was not greatly to be blamed. Her romantic heart had but added its palpitation to the great surge of enthusiasm that was sweeping the country.

He crossed to the window, opened it and stepped on the balcony. In the street below a few of the faithful still lingered. As the man appeared who had walked half across a continent in face of the most appalling hardships and dangers, a wild cheer arose. From the roof opposite a searchlight, representing the enterprise of a pushful daily, blazed up and lit him from head to foot. Barton Grover stepped back into the room again with an angry gesture. To his astonishment Ray Duke was in the doorway.

"Your door was open," he said. "I couldn't help seeing what happened."

"Oh, that's all right."

"You didn't like it, Mr. Grover."

"Not a lot."

Ray Duke nodded

"It's the damn-silliest thing in the world," he said, "but the man doesn't exist who's big enough to stop it."

"Do you want to stop it?"

"Ask yourself," came the reply. "I don't say it isn't great advertising, but for pleasure ——" He left the sentence conclusively unfinished and started a new one. "Ever since I took a glance at the hotel register your name has been worrying me, sir. You're not *the* Barton Grover by any chance?"

"What? Oh, yes, I don't know another; suppose so."

"Explorer?"

"More or less."

"Gee!" exclaimed the lion of the movies. "It'd be worth boasting to have shaken hands with you, Mr. Grover."

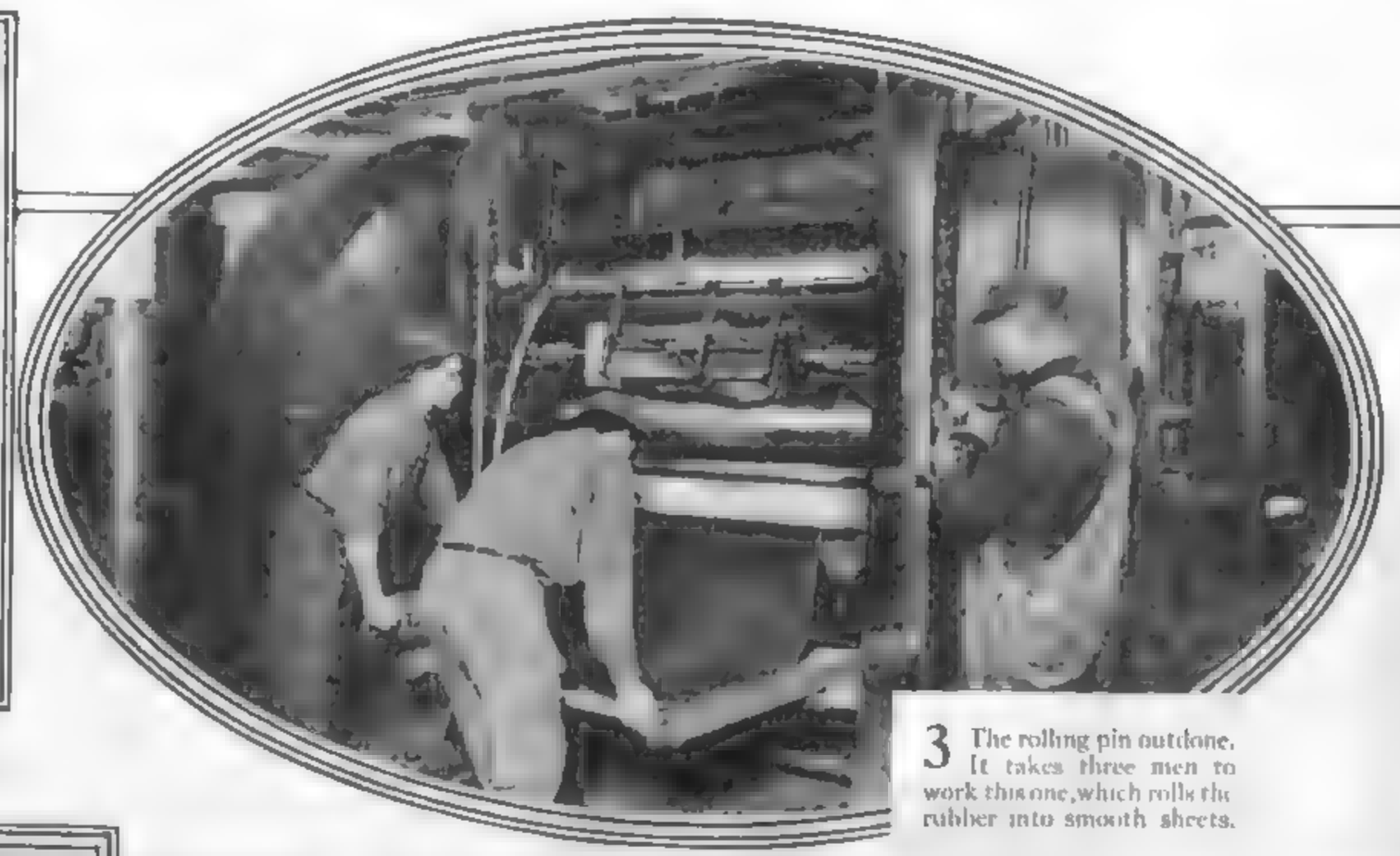
Barton shot a quick glance at the speaker. He had been stung too many times that day to be unwary. Ray Duke's face was a picture of sincerity.

"You're joking," he began.

"No, sir. It means a lot to meet a man who's handled the real goods." He flicked a couple of cheroots from his vest pocket, offered one to Barton and lit the other himself. "I've always heard you pioneer boys keep pretty dark on what's happened.

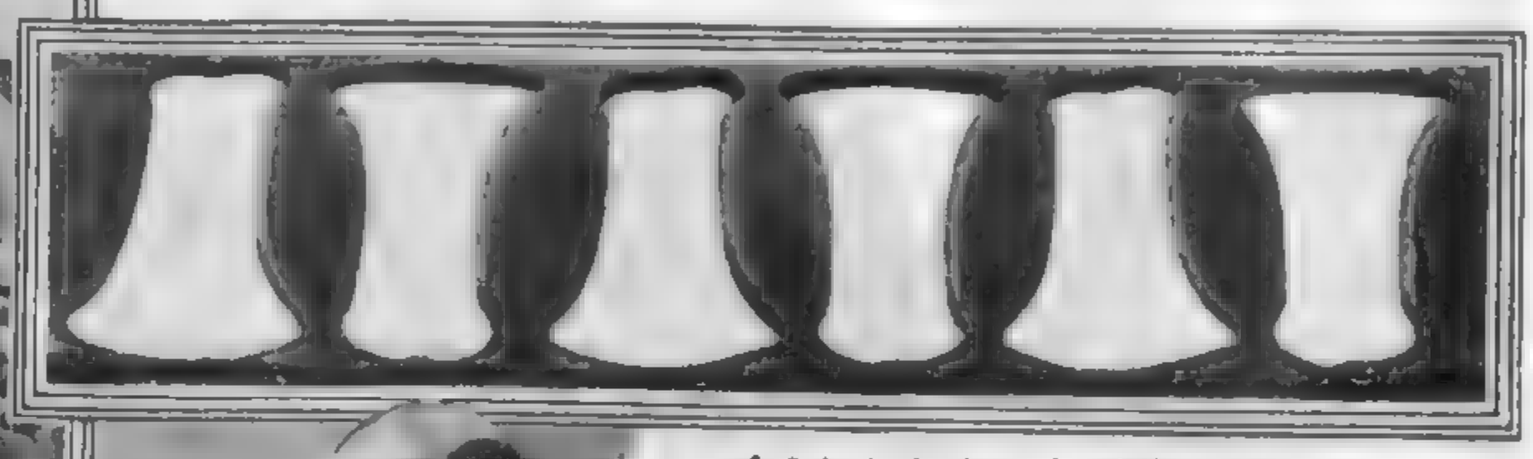
(Continued on Page 163)

1 Crude rubber. Looks like dough, doesn't it? Several kinds of rubber are used, and to get the right results these varieties must be put together according to a recipe.



3 The rolling pin outdone. It takes three men to work this one, which rolls the rubber into smooth sheets.

2 This machine combines the different kinds of rubber. The principle is the same as with biscuit dough—to mix the ingredients thoroughly.



4 Strips in the shape of a telephone receiver are punched out of the rubber. These strips, in pairs, with a mold between them, are then put into a closed baking pan.

5 Baking on a grand scale. The chef who puts the receiver forms into an oven. The heat there would scorch a batch of home-made biscuit, but it's needed to vulcanize the rubber.

6 The receiver case, baked hard to well protect the delicate mechanism it is to cover. It next goes through a finishing and polishing process to prepare it for your telephone.

Made to a recipe, baked like a biscuit

YOU may be interested to know that the process for making your telephone receiver case is for all the world the way Mother makes her biscuit.

The pictures tell the story—one of many curious sidelights in the development of Western Electric telephones.

A fascinating work, but an exacting one. It demands constant testing of materials and improvement in design and the methods of manufacture.

The result? A telephone that is the standard the world over.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

No. 3 of a series on raw materials.

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

TRADE MARK

The Best Feature of the Home

Any home will sell or rent more readily if it includes a Humphrey Radiantfire installation. Progressive Real Estate men have taken their cue from nearly 600,000 satisfied owners in every section of the nation. That is why so many Spring building plans specify this artistic and wonderfully efficient heating device.

If natural or artificial gas is available, you, too, can enjoy the comforts and economies of scientific, radiant heat. Savings in coal alone will be a revelation. The Humphrey line includes beautiful period models for the fireplace and portables for any corner of a room. Let your gas company or dealer show them to you.

We have prepared a very interesting booklet that is filled with hints for home builders. It contains a complete set of architects' plans covering fireplace installations. Send for your copy today

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

NEW YORK, 44 WEST BROADWAY SAN FRANCISCO, 768 MISSION STREET

PITTSBURGH BUFFALO CINCINNATI ATLANTIC CITY

"IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS—IT'S CLEANER"

(Continued from Page 160)

but"—his expression became wistful—"well, if you would talk I can respect a confidence."

Barton laughed nervously. He had a genuine terror of admiration.

"You needn't be afraid I'd make capital out of it, either."

"But, good heavens, compared with your daily exercise ——"

"Oh, shush! Film stuff! What's that, anyway?"

"To judge by what I saw tonight ——"

"Must have seemed muck to you."

"I wouldn't care to tackle it. The way you dropped from that plane to the express ——"

"Both moving at the same speed. Easy as stepping off a chair."

"That scrap with the shark, then."

Ray Duke blushed and nodded.

"I'll allow it's a great effect," he said.

A silence fell. After a while:

"Y'know, I puzzle sometimes how I'd figure in a real adventure. Guess I haven't the right kind of nerve to face the solid thing. One gets soft." He sighed.

Barton Grover mixed two whiskies-and-sodas.

"There must be a mighty fine story in the gold-stool business."

"It was hard work, but I don't know about a story."

Ray Duke smiled.

"Life's a matter of how one sees things. I guess yours is a succession of deeds and mine of records. It's all according." He swallowed his drink at a gulp. "That stuff is fine. Good night, Mr. Grover, this has been a real pleasure."

They shook hands. At the door he turned.

"You wouldn't eat luncheon with me tomorrow?"

"I've my fiancée and her mother here."

"The four of us."

Barton hesitated. He knew by refusing he would deny Moyra the greatest sensation of her life. He feared by accepting he would expose himself to a charge of tuft-hunting. The nation would expect Ray Duke to feed in public, a proceeding accompanied by unwelcome notoriety. With lightning intuition Ray Duke read his companion's thought.

"I've a private room," he said, "and one or two boys guaranteed to hold the doors against the newspaper gang."

"I'm sure we'd love to," said Barton.

"Say one o'clock?"

"Right—one."

A moment later a roar from below betokened that Ray Duke was bidding his subjects good night.

"But he's a big man," thought Barton, "and I like him."

His new-found liking was put to every kind of strain when at lunch next day. Moyra's every glance and every word was directed to Ray Duke. Proximity with the public idol caused the romantic Moyra to behave very badly, indeed. She even earned a rebuke from Ray Duke himself, Moyra protesting her ambition to reveal to the world latent talents as a film actress. She felt sure, quite sure she would be better than Mary Pickford and would confound the artistry of the Sisters Gish.

"Maybe you would," he said with a smile, "and maybe not; but one thing is sure, you'll register fine as the wife of one of the biggest men alive today."

When eventually the party broke up Moyra was confronted with two items of knowledge. Item One: That Ray Duke had become and would always remain her sublime hero. Item Two: That she had failed to excite in him any symptoms of admiration or even of interest. This latter realization was fruitful of a melancholy that touched despair. It was clearly evident that Ray Duke had left the table heart whole and obsessed with a silly conviction that he had been greatly honored by entertaining Barton. Of course, Barton was a very fine fellow and all that; but it would be idle to compare him with a man who was evidently one of the emperors of the earth and whose powers might hourly be proved at a modest expenditure varying from ninepence to five and nine.

It must not be imagined Moyra would have jilted Barton in favor of Ray Duke, for, although susceptible to emotional upheavals, she was of a fundamentally faithful disposition. Her love burned steadily for one man; but there was room in her nature for adorations, for crushes and for heartbreaks of another kind. She longed to be saved by Ray Duke from some tragic extremity; she longed to share with him a secret and noble understanding; she longed to speak the brave and trembling words of farewell, "We can never be more to each other than this," hands held for a moment, eyes brimming with tears and a figure turning sadly down a hill.

And who would blame her? In that crowd that struggled and swayed before the entrance to the Hotel Colossal were a thousand faithful wives and gentle maidens in whose breasts such thoughts and emotions were stirring. No doubt of it, else why had they gathered there? Why shone their eyes so brightly in the drizzling rain? In this man was chivalry, was daring, was resource—the great elements of human nature contained in a single being for the glory of the masses. One cannot blame an impressionable girl for falling a victim to a germ that infected millions.

But one does blame her for being disagreeable to Barton during the afternoon; for going up to her room on the eighth story and lying on the bed for an hour and three-quarters; for pretending she had a headache at dinner, and for staring at Ray Duke's table throughout that meal in an effort to effect a cure. And one blames her for declining Barton's invitation to dance at the Grafton Galleries, and for saying she would rather read a book upstairs, and for leaving him to worry through the evening as best a solitary man might.

"I hope you won't mind being alone," she said when he accompanied her to the lift.

"I've had plenty of practice the last few years," he replied a shade ruefully.

She resented the tone in that quick way that sometimes women will.

"He would never have answered like that," she snapped. "Perhaps you would rather be alone—for good."

"Moyra!"

The doors were flung open and the lift swallowed her up. Gone was opportunity of making things better or worse. So Barton stamped his feet in the smoking room for an hour, while Moyra cried on her bed and wondered why he didn't come upstairs and say he was sorry.

Mrs. Sorell was spending the evening with friends and was not expected back till midnight. Barton, therefore, was relieved of the responsibility of entertaining her. After a while he took his hat and went out through the south entrance toward the Green Park. The rain had stopped. The Duke Street end of Jersey Street was up—a barricade of poles and trestles flanked by a wall of wood blocks closing the way. The narrow pavements were crowded, and as he passed along many were the glances shot at him and many the exclamations of, "Surely that's him!" "Look, isn't that—it must be!" He was surrounded. Autograph books were flourished, handkerchiefs waved.

"I give you my word I'm not the man you take me for," he said.

They let him through. The Green Park accentuated his loneliness by the number of lovers it accommodated. His club was empty, save for a couple of bores. A dreadful evening. He returned to the hotel about half past ten, passed into the deserted courtyard, called for a drink, and, lying back in a wicker chair, looked up through the funnel of walls and windows at the twinkling stars.

Then a voice said, "May I join you?"

Lowering his gaze, he saw Ray Duke.

"Yes, do," said Barton, but without enthusiasm.

"I was dead sick of doing fool tricks before the multitude, and figured I'd turn in early."

"Doing the same myself."

Ray Duke looked him over thoughtfully.

"Anything amiss?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Wondered. Where's the fiancée?"

"What? Oh, headache."

"H'm!" A pause; then, "She's very young, Miss Moyra."

Barton looked up sharply but said nothing. Something in the look read, "Be rather careful."

"A very sweet girl. Would you mind if I said something?"

"I donno. I might."

"It's just this: These youngsters get a false notion of values sometimes, but it soon wears off."

Barton Grover began, "I don't quite ——"

Ray Duke held up a hand apologetically.

"I speak from a pretty wide knowledge of the subject, and I bank on a certainty when I say you won't misunderstand me."

"Well?"

"It's the way of youngsters to fall for a bit of slap-stick flash stuff, but there's nothing to worry over on that score. Why, sure, they're laughing at themselves before we've finished frowning at 'em!"

Barton smiled rather ruefully.

"I expect you're right," he said.

"Take it from me," Ray Duke nodded. "Mr. Grover, men like myself live on illusion, and through thick and thin we've got to keep that illusion bright and shiny, for once the tarnish settles—and the littlest thing'll tarnish it—we're done, finished. I say this to you because I'm proud to have made your acquaintance and because I'm afraid by making mine you've given yourself a small setback. . . . No, wait a bit. Women love illusion better than the solidest reality; that's to say, they love it for a minute or two, but while that minute or two lasts it's hell for someone. Now, when that sweet girl of yours was adulating me over luncheon table today, I give you my promise I'd have done anything in the world to have shattered her illusion once and for all. But there's a syndicate of three million sterling at the back of me, and it was a luxury I couldn't afford. Well, that's what I had to say, and I'll ask you to believe it hasn't been easy."

Barton was silent for a moment before answering. At the beginning he had felt a smoldering anger; but it came to him suddenly that Ray Duke had done a difficult and a splendid thing, and had done it with singular grace. Barton was accustomed to men who, when confronted with an awkward thing to say, ummed and ahed, missed the point and stumbled along. But here was a man who stepped in boldly and, risking an almost inevitable accusation of conceit and self-opinion, said in effect: "Your girl has got a penny-farthing crush on me, which I hate as much as you do. Be a sport and don't be down on her. She's only a kid and can't help it. I'm tinsel, anyway." And because this was a kind of courage entirely alien to his own, Barton Grover's admiration was stormed and won. He leaned across, seized Duke's hand and wrung it fiercely. He always felt a fool when he did anything like that.

"I realized when I saw your show last night you were a plucky man," he said; "but until this minute I didn't know you were a brave man."

"Oh, shucks!" said Ray Duke. "You make me kind of hot."

And from the air above them, somewhere in the region of the fourth floor, came a woman's scream and a voice that shouted, "Fire!"

In a modern Tudor hotel that makes a special feature of ceiling beams and constructional timbering, the severest measures should be adopted to preclude guests and patrons from washing their hair with petrol. True, the thoughtless lady who had been guilty of this practice perished almost at the moment her husband entered and struck the match that plunged the room into flames. In his endeavor to throw a blanket round her the unhappy husband sent the basin of petrol swilling across the floor and into the passage beyond. After that there was no stopping it. A gasping chambermaid threw a pail of water and the blazing stuff floated to the foot of a short staircase, which caught with a roar. Persons rushed out, smelled fire and panicked. Alarm bells sounded and the hall porter put in a general fire call. The mezzanine, the first and second floors emptied out their guests like water from a bucket.

The fifth to the eleventh floors, with the fire beneath them, had to rely for escape on the little corridors communicating with the northern, or Piccadilly, side of the hotel. In the center of each of these corridors was an iron door, automatically operated from the manager's office. It was never ascertained who was the fool who put down the crank that simultaneously shut every door in every corridor and trapped the unlucky remnant who had failed to get through in time.

When an effort was made to remedy this disastrous mistake it was found that the operating machinery had broken down. A gallant attempt to make use of the lifts was unsuccessful, the flames having destroyed the insulation on the wires with the result that every fuse on the circuit was blown. The majority of the fugitives bolted up the stairs with the fire pursuing them and scrambled through a trapdoor to the roof.

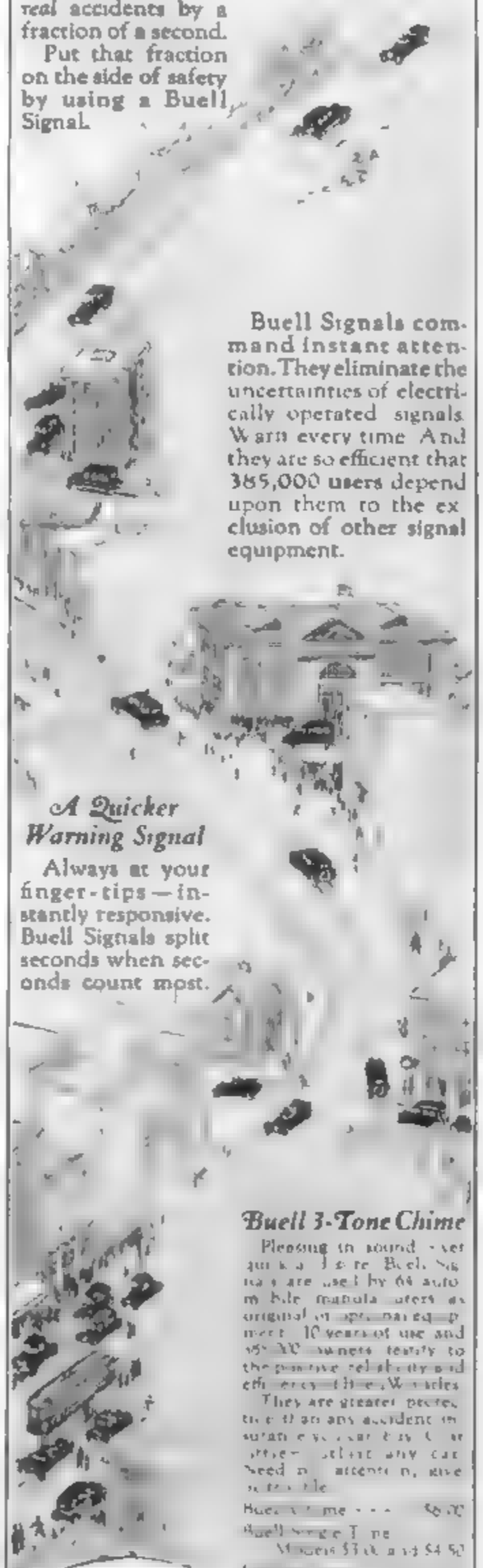
It will be remembered that the road was up at the St. James's end of Jermyn Street.

(Continued on Page 165)

How Many Near Accidents Do You Have?

Cut Down the Number and Eliminate Real Accidents

Most near accidents fall short of real accidents by a fraction of a second. Put that fraction on the side of safety by using a Buell Signal.



Buell Signals command instant attention. They eliminate the uncertainties of electrically operated signals. Warn every time. And they are so efficient that 385,000 users depend upon them to the exclusion of other signal equipment.

A Quicker Warning Signal

Always at your finger-tips—instantly responsive. Buell Signals split seconds when seconds count most.

Buell 3-Tone Chime

Pleasing in sound ... yet quick ... Buell Signals are used by 64 automobile manufacturers as original equipment. 10 years of use and 95.00 owners testify to the positive reliability and efficiency of Buell Warnings. They are greater protection than any accident insurance you can buy. Our offer—what any car need ... attention, give ... this

Buell Chime ... $6.00
Buell 3-Tone ...
Models 53 to 54 $4.50
Installed in a few minutes

Buell Turbo, the New Type Horn

Operates on new principle ... powerful ... quiet ... Buell Turbo Horns are used as original equipment on ... cars ... Tone Chime ... Buell Turbo Horn ... other ... the ... power ... easy ...

Buell Tone Chime

Buell Turbo Horn

YOUR DEALER WILL SUPPLY YOU OR WRITE US DIRECT

BUELL WARNING SIGNALS

Buell Manufacturing Company

Cottage Grove at 30th St. Chicago, Ill.

THE · STORY · OF · TOBACCO

Number Four of a series depicting "The Story of Tobacco"

(Actual size)
Robt. Burns
Perfectos, 2 for 25c

IT is harvest time in the tobacco fields. All day long the roads are crowded with crude, rumbling carts, carrying the choicest of Cuba's yield to the drying sheds. The sun and soil and climate of the world's chosen tobacco country have done their work. Two years from now the smoke of this tobacco will be curling upward in clubs, hotels and homes throughout the country. But in the meantime there are two years of work ahead.

* * * *

No two tobaccos grown by the hundreds of plantations whose outputs are used for Robt. Burns Cigars are quite alike. All are of the same selected Havana quality, but there is a variance in flavor that, unless it were corrected, would make impossible the uniformity of Robt. Burns. Hence the progress of "marrying" the tobaccos.

For months and years, if need be, the tobaccos of the various plantations are mixed and blended and allowed to age. Each plantation's leaf slowly but certainly absorbs the qualities of every other leaf. The result is a composite of the best that Cuba grows—tobacco that is rich with the flavor that only Cuba can produce —tobacco that is mellow with the mildness that only exclusive methods of curing can give.

More fine Havana tobacco is imported for Robt. Burns Cigars than for any other cigar in America. Have you tried one lately?

Nationally Distributed Sizes

STAPLES
10 cents straight
Box of 50—$4.75

PERFECTOS
2 for 25c
Box of 50—$6.00

INVINCIBLES
15 cents straight
(Foil-wrapped)
Box of 25—$3.50

All Robt. Burns Cigars are filled with the choicest Havana tobaccos, aged, cured and blended to a wonderfully pleasing mildness of flavor.

General Cigar Co.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

Robt. Burns Cigar is Full Havana Filled

(Continued from Page 163)

A ghastly mishap occurred at the other end. The East Lambeth escape, pelting up the short incline from St. James's Square crashed into the Marylebone escape, which had turned into Jermyn Street from Waterloo Place. Followed a moment of indescribable chaos. The two scarlet leviathans collided, locked and overturned, completely blocking the narrow thoroughfare with an inextricable tangle of smashed ladder sections, framework and brass-helmeted firemen. The southern wing of the Hotel Colossal, to which the fire was confined, was, therefore, by a series of unhappy events and accidents, entirely inaccessible.

The fire by this time had got a firm grip and was gorging itself on the beams and rafters of the fourth and fifth floors and eating its way down to the third. A strong southwest wind blew the flames clear of the southern façade and sent great twisting tongues up through the central quadrangle, which sucked at the fire like a flue. Overhead the racing clouds were flushed crimson by the horror beneath.

With the first alarm Barton Grover and Ray Duke made a dash for the glass door leading into the Piccadilly wing. There was no entrance on the Jermyn Street side. It was useless to attempt to reach the lifts, and shoulder to shoulder they fled up the stairs, arriving at the narrow southern corridor in time to meet the first wave of fleeing guests. To attempt to force a way through was to attempt the impossible.

"Higher!" roared Duke.

They tried the second floor with the same result; then the fifth, arriving in the connecting corridor as the iron doors slammed against them.

Back again. Down the stairs five at a time, Ray Duke leaping over the heads of a huddled mass of women and children on one of the landings and Barton Grover following suit. Out into the courtyard and across it, with bits of blazing woodwork showering down upon their heads. There was no exit save by the great studded door designed for the admission of the hypothetical coach and four. The door was twelve feet high and fringed with iron spikes. Barton was first over. He left a tail of his dress coat on one of the spikes. Ray Duke was a second behind, having paused to throw his coat away. The huge gathering of spectators raised a yell as their hero came over. It was difficult to recognize which of the two men was which, but that didn't matter. They yelled the name they knew.

On the pavement outside they halted an instant and saw the barricade of wood blocks and poles and the wreckage of the two escapes before racing up the stairs and through the circular door.

Their next appearance was on the balcony of Ray Duke's room. High overhead, on the eighth floor, was a white figure that looked down. The searchlight, thoughtfully supplied by the pushful daily, sprang to life and shed its beam upon them. The crowd and the fire roared. Up went the straight pencil of light to focus for a moment upon the girl on the balcony above.

"It's her, right enough!" said Barton, gripping the rail.

He was not the sort of man to call on his Maker in moments of extremity. He said prayers at night instead.

Then from above came a thin cry, "Save me, Ray Duke! Save me!"

Ray Duke made a megaphone of his hands and roared in a voice that controlled the legionaries of movieland, "Can't you make the roof?"

"Staircase on fire!"

"Anyone else there?"

"No! Save me!"

Barton Grover said nothing. He was staring at the bald face of the hotel. The façade was smooth and straight—unlike the Piccadilly façade, which was stepped outward. The only relief was a recess about two feet wide, resembling three sides of a square and rising from the mezzanine to the under side of the roof. It carried an iron rain-water pipe anchored to the masonry.

"Save me!" wailed the little voice.

"Sure! Don't worry!"

The crowd heard that and pandemonium broke loose.

Barton turned an ashy face to Ray Duke.

"Can you do it?" he gasped. "Can you?"

There were beads of sweat on Ray Duke's forehead. Ever so slightly he shook his head.

"Oh, man," he answered, "it can't be done!"

"And I thought ——"

"It can't be done! Why, the whole place would want fixing before a man could make that window'"

"But you ——"

"We're living facts now, not illusions. There's a week's work before that face could be scaled"

A crash, a tinkle of glass and a wreath of smoke. The fire had eaten through to the sixth story and was snarling angrily for more.

"We'll see," said Barton, and sprang back into the room, whipping off his coat and waistcoat, kicking away his shoes and tearing at his collar.

"Here, wet that towel!"

Ray Duke's eyes were burning with admiration.

"You're going to try?"

"I should think!" said Barton, as he knotted the wringing towel over the lower half of his face.

"My God, you're lovely! Here, take this belt! May be useful if your head goes. I'll have a shot through the house next door. Damn, but you make me cry!"

As Barton leaped out on the balcony, Ray Duke, tugging a cap on his head, fled through the door.

Beyond the first amazed gasp, the watchers below were silent while the frightful adventure was enacted under the blinding eye of the searchlight. They saw a man, presumably their hero, scale the balcony, tilt his body sideways and fall inward toward the narrow recess in the hotel wall. It looked like suicide, had every element of self-destruction. The crowd shut their eyes and waited for that dull thud that should speak the end. They opened their eyes and saw the man clinging to the rain pipe and bracing back and knees against the sides of the recess. Then the ascent began—the squirm and wriggle upward as a climber tackles a chimney of rock. Desperately slow, but sure—sure, with a foot gained for every bracing and relaxing of the muscles.

What the crowd never realized was the burning heat of the walls on the third, fourth and fifth floors. What they could not understand was why the human fly continued to climb after he had reached the level of the eighth floor. They did not realize the utter impossibility of getting out of that narrow recess. Barton Grover went up and up until the top of his head was touching the eaves of the roof. Then—it was horrible—he stretched out a hand for the iron gutter and found his arm was a few inches too short to reach it. There was only one thing to do. He wriggled his body outward holding himself in position with one knee and half his back, flung out his arm and caught the gutter with the first joints of his fingers.

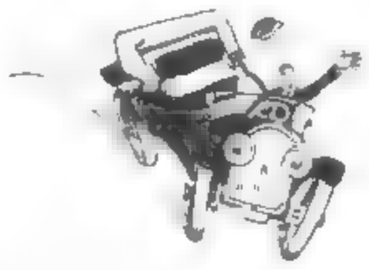
Came a terrible moment when he dangled in midair from a single hand. They were fainting in ambulance loads down below before his second hand fastened on the gutter. He seemed, after that, to be getting his breath for a while; then, hand over hand, he moved along until he was above the series of balconies upon one of which Moyra was standing. It so happened that the eaves projected beyond the balconies, wherefore he swung his body to and fro, let go and dropped like a cat on the wooden floor of the balcony. Many of the watchers declare that this was the worst moment of all.

The general opinion was that he had missed his mark.

Barton remained on the top balcony two minutes, looking down and working out the next move.

A glance through the window behind him disclosed a roaring furnace that was once a staircase. So that was no use. A glance to the left revealed a coatless figure struggling among the chimney pots of what looked like a pygmy house. The figure was hidden from the view of the street. It gesticulated fiercely, and Barton recognized Ray Duke and waved a hand. On the third balcony below lay Moyra. She had fainted. How to reach her was the puzzle. The puzzle was solved by Ray Duke, who made zigzags in the air, fork lightning gestures. Barton did not comprehend and the gestures were repeated. Then he nodded.

Every window in this part of the building boasted a little balcony. There were rows and rows of them. Barton climbed over the side of his and leaped crossways and down to the one on the floor below. He repeated the leap, this time jumping the



When Your Car Runs Wild!

Usually the trouble lies in your brakes They may need tightening, they may need relining

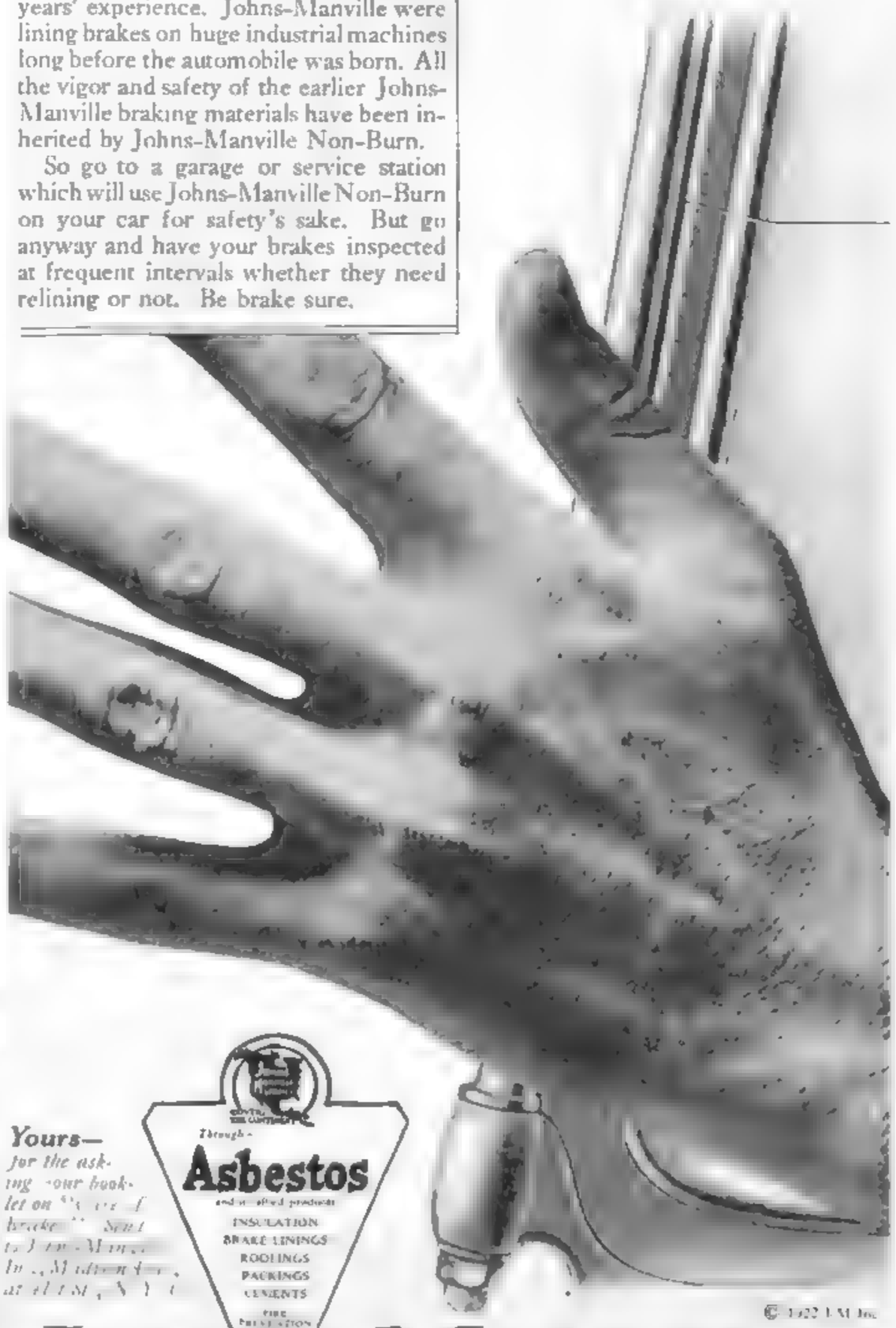
The best way to find out is to drive around to a service station or garage and get some expert opinion. But be sure that the place where you go carries "expert opinion" in stock. The worth of a garage, good or bad, is generally indicated by the quality of materials that they sell and use. Good places always use good materials. So when you have your brakes inspected go to a place that uses the safest and most durable brake lining made. That's Johns-Manville Non-Burn.

It is woven from the best asbestos fibre obtainable—and is backed by fifty years' experience. Johns-Manville were lining brakes on huge industrial machines long before the automobile was born. All the vigor and safety of the earlier Johns-Manville braking materials have been inherited by Johns-Manville Non-Burn.

So go to a garage or service station which will use Johns-Manville Non-Burn on your car for safety's sake. But go anyway and have your brakes inspected at frequent intervals whether they need relining or not. Be brake sure.

BRAKES !

are safer and last longer with Johns-Manville Non-Burn



Yours—
for the asking—your booklet on "Safety of brakes" Send to Johns-Manville, Inc., Madison Ave. at 41st St., N. Y. C.

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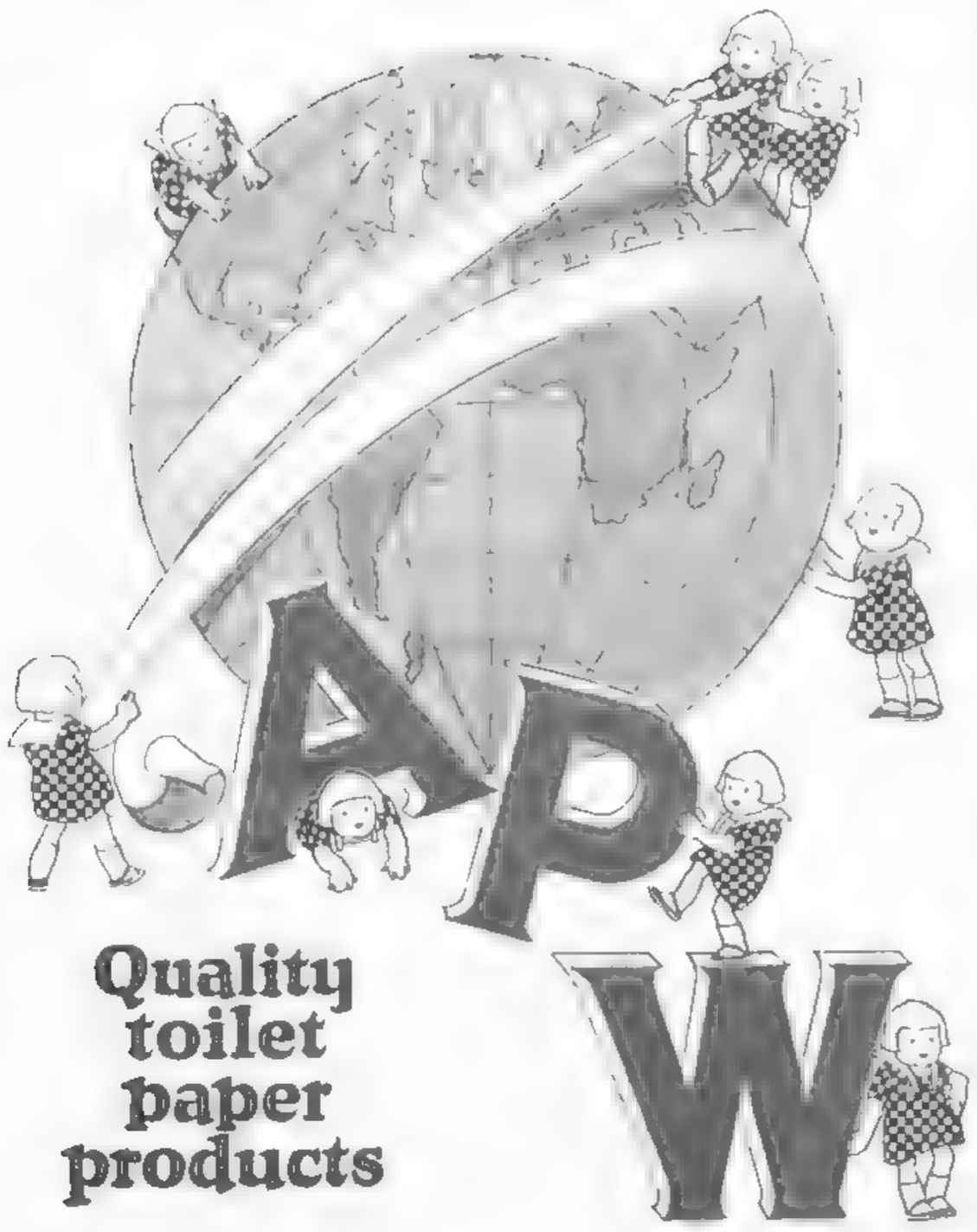


Quality toilet paper products

33,000 Miles a Day

An old-fashioned company.

The A. P. W. Paper Company has been called this—and perhaps rightly so—if by this term is meant the old-fashioned principle of sincere, honest manufacture and fair dealing. This guiding policy of the company was laid down over fifty years ago by Mr. Seth Wheeler, founder of the business and still its president and active head.

But modern to the last degree are the great A. P. W. mills at Albany, producing the largest volume of toilet paper and paper towels made by any concern in the world.

The great sun-lighted plants, spotlessly clean, are filled with marvelous machines, admitted to be the most efficient equipment in the paper industry.

From these come a production of toilet papers that if run in a continuous strip would encircle the globe at the equator one and a third times every twenty-four hours—33,000 miles.

Remember the letters A. P. W.

Specify any one of the several brands included in the A. P. W. line and you will be assured of a product made according to old-fashioned principles, but by new-fashioned methods and equipment.

Where can you find a more satisfactory combination?

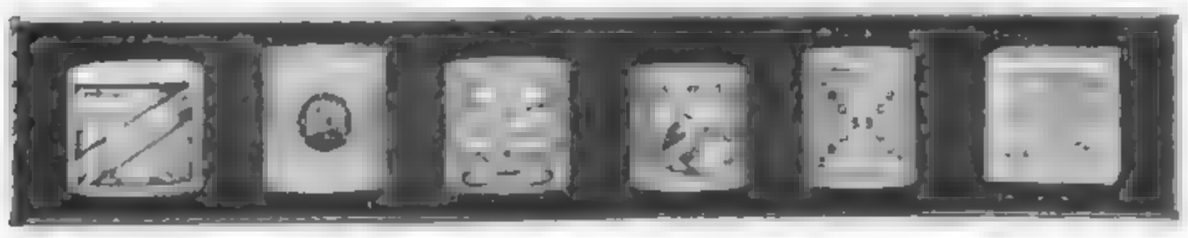
It's better to buy a year's supply —ask about it.

The A. P. W. Paper Company are the manufacturers of Onliwon Paper Towels and these brands of toilet papers: A. P. W. Satin Tissue, Cross Cut, Fort Orange, Pure White, Bob White and Onliwon

Prices range from 5c to 50c per package.

Insist on an A. P. W. brand. Sold by good stores everywhere.

A. P. W. PAPER CO., ALBANY, NEW YORK



other way; then again, until he had arrived level with the one upon which Moyra was lying. The last leap was the most spectacular, for he lacked the advantage of the drop. He took off from the rail—a thirteen-foot standing jump. The crowd went mad about it. The force of their cheering shook windows several streets away.

Being a very modest man, he did not take the swooning Moyra to his arms and kiss her before the enraptured gaze of the public. Instead he looked about him and wondered what the dickens to do next. A rosy light behind him betrayed the fact that her room was on fire. Retreat in that direction was cut off. Spurts of flame were appearing at windows above and below. The situation looked pretty hopeless. Then the window blew out and a smother of smoke enveloped him.

Torturers down all ages have realized the efficacy of fire as a means of developing an idea. It acted like magic with Barton Grover. There was a telephone cable immediately overhead that slanted across to a chimney pot on the other side of the road. It was within reach and modesty did not discourage him. He hitched round it the belt Ray Duke had given him, slipped his arm through, clasped Moyra to his breast and went across Jermyn Street as it may be supposed no other man has or will effect a crossing; and the ecstasy of the crowd touched a pinnacle hitherto unreached. Barton Grover, secure from observation, fainted on the flat roof opposite, and first to reach the spot was Ray Duke, whose shirt sleeves were badly burned and whose face was scarlet.

Barton looked at Ray and smiled, and Ray dashed the heel of a hand across his eyes because he was crying.

"This damned smoke!" he said. Neither of them seemed to be thinking about Moyra.

In the street below the name "Ray Duke, Ray Duke, Ray Duke!" swelled and swelled and swelled.

"Hark at that scum!" snorted the great man. "But they shall know if it costs me my last cent!"

Barton Grover shook his head.

"I don't want it," he said. "It isn't my job. She's safe, thank God!"

"They shall know!" was repeated. "There's a three-million syndicate at the back of you—don't forget that."

"Sure, it means ruin—and worse—laughter; but ——"

"Look here," said Barton violently, "I won't have it! D'you understand? I like you, and—I swear I'll deny it in every newspaper in the land!"

Ray Duke wavered.

"Sure there's the syndicate! But ——" He looked at Moyra. "Oh, man, it isn't fair to that kid!"

"That kid," said Moyra, opening unexpected eyelids, "knows." And she rubbed her cheek against Barton's shoulder. "And she's satisfied with what she's got."

A trapdoor flew open and a flood of firemen, policemen and reporters surged onto the roof. Barton Grover was the man who met the tide.

"Mr. Ray Duke positively refuses all interviews on this subject," he said, "and so, for that matter, do I."

"May we ask the name of the gentleman who is addressing us?" said a polite little reporter. "I happened to see you rescue a number of children from the roof opposite, and would be glad ——"

"Here, chuck that!" said Ray Duke at the risk of being misunderstood.

In a private room at the Piccadilly Hotel some hours later he observed: "Well, if you insist. I guess you're not a man to be shaken from his purpose, but I've a confession I'd like to make here and now."

"Aha!"

"That fight with the shark."

"Yes?"

"There was a sheet of plate glass between us."

"But how about those children on the roof, though?"

"Oh, nix!" said Ray Duke, coloring.

In the newspapers the following morning was praise in pæana. One of the lesser journals was kind enough to say that Mr. Barton Graver [misspelled] was also concerned in the work of rescue.

He, however, was a modest man and didn't mind.

Whether his modesty was strong enough to be proof against the fabulous offer to enter into an acting partnership with the firm of Ray Duke, Inc., an offer that was dispatched from Los Angeles some weeks later and arrived in London while Barton was in distant parts enjoying his honeymoon, is a problem that only time and his ambitious and adoring wife would decide.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1923.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF	POST OFFICE ADDRESS
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company	Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None	
Business Manager, P. S. Collins,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
Coralee Tarr Boyd, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
GEORGE H. LORIMER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of February, 1923.

[SEAL] W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1923)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

Painful Burns and Cuts

Unguentine stops the hurting—starts the healing

HOW many little accidents happen in the kitchen! You know them. Sometimes to little fingers—more often to mother's or the cook's.

A stove burn or hot-water scald today—a knife cut or a gash from a can tomorrow.

How they hurt! And sometimes how *slowly* they heal—*if you don't know what to put on.*

Do this: Keep a tube of Unguentine—"a friend in need"—in the kitchen. At the next accident put Unguentine on the throbbing burn or cut—bandage it cleanly and in a few moments it feels so much better. Soon the injury will be well and you, too, will have learned the great value of this "friend in need".

For thirty-one years Unguentine has been relieving and healing burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, windburn, sunburn, frostbite, chapping and irritations.

For its purposes it is unsurpassed.

To keep a tube on hand is wisdom.

Get it at your druggist's—he knows what Unguentine will do. Price thirty-five cents.

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY

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OTHER NORWICH FRIENDS IN NEED

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Norwich Milk of Magnesia—An [illegible] for children. Also useful for acidity of stomach and mouth.

Norwich Dental Cream—Pleasant, cleanses thoroughly. Night and morning use, preserves and beautifies the teeth, aids health and gums.

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Norwich Glycerin Suppositories—Certain and safe in action. Their shape, —narrow and tapering—makes them desirable for children.

FOR more than a third of a century the Norwich Pharmacal Laboratories have produced and originated the highest quality pharmaceuticals. These have been placed at the service of the medical profession, dispensing pharmacists, and the public.

The name "NORWICH" on a pharmaceutical preparation stands for purity of ingredients and extreme accuracy in control of preparation.

The Great Group of Fisk Factories at Chicopee Falls, Mass

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Back of These Tires of Known Quality

Is an immense plant with the most up-to-date equipment and methods of manufacture to build mileage into tires—

—An organization complete and national in scope, with a justly earned reputation for its broad interpretation of what is due the consumers of its product—

—A trade-mark known everywhere, to everyone, to stand for quality tires, and for an individual interest in the man who uses them.

This background of Fisk Tires explains their increasing popularity and why you see so many more of them each year.

There's a Fisk Tire of extra value for every car, truck or speed wagon

BEATING THE NEW YORK GAME

Continued from Page 8

I won't be tempted to buy so many things! And there are such nice people here—we've met half a dozen perfectly lovely couples already on the tennis court. Why, it's almost like a village!"

I went to school learning to beat the New York game from my Scotsman, and by the time I brought my bride east New York was charted in my brain far more clearly, and I felt confident at least that it couldn't master me. That was progress, for I've since learned that the detractors of New York are mainly sufferers of the inferiority feeling. They bleat because they feel that they're driven sheep, at the mercy of the strident forces which are rife in the metropolis if you don't watch out. They sense defeat, and so turn bitter and virulent. Yet they love New York even while they hate it.

Companioned by my Scotch friends, we set about to side-step the pitfalls of the New York game. First the rigors of the rent situation. We soon saw the Gargantuan folly of everybody trying to live on poor Manhattan Island. We lived with our friends in the Bronx for a couple of years—until the tennis court and the pine trees and the country lane to Drake's grave were turned into apartment streets. The tennis court was the community parlor, and no friends we cultivated in later years on a much wider plane of social contact were any more worthy or intelligent than these.

When the poor sheep who run away from New York talk about high prices in New York, it is to laugh. The blunt fact is that New York is, everything considered—and excluding rents on Manhattan—the cheapest place to buy in the whole country. The East Side knows that perfectly well. The East Side eats strawberries in February or March at thirty cents a box, when almost everybody else in America—including the snobbery-bound New Yorkers—gazes mournfully at them, but won't buy, at one dollar a box. The East Side eats casaba melons, ripe and juicy, for a quarter apiece, while the pretentious folk in other parts of the city pay seventy-five cents or one dollar. Nor do you have to go to a pushcart to buy, either; all you need do is throw off your spiked collar of pride, your dog, and visit the Queensboro Bridge and other market places. You'll see many of the discriminating few do it in limousines; the kind of people who aren't so downright uncertain of their social standing or so inoculated with the pitiful virus of the New York game that they can't stand going to market.

New York is a beautiful spider web to catch the naïve flies who pay ten prices for one. Of all the spots on the globe cunningly rigged up to entice the vanities, cater to the snobbery and play upon the sterile pride of those who don't know any better, New York is the cat's necktie. Millions upon millions of dollars are invested in flunkery and mirrors and gilt and pseudo art to create an atmosphere most favorable for extracting the highest price for merchandise—if you choose to be such a goop and a simp as to fall for it.

Shops for the Snobbish

And make no mistake, it is equally the out-of-town visitor and the parasitic overrich New Yorker who support this mystic maze of shops for the snobbish. These out-of-town people come to New York virtually expecting to be stung, and expecting to go back home and boast about it—and grimace at awful New York. You can't sicken them, no matter what you do or what you charge. They love the thrill of being overcharged; it makes them feel they belong—to what, God knows!

But do you suppose the East Sider or the discriminating few are gulled by all this? They're disgusted with it, amused by it—yes, they often cynically profit by it; but never are they caught in such sticky, obvious molasses!

Clothes! New York is the world's clothing center. The ordinariest shopgirl or stenographer has a lively eye for style and a canny idea of values. She knows where, down on Grand Street or elsewhere, they make the hats that Fifth Avenue shops prate about so ceremoniously. She can buy for four dollars and ninety-five cents what you'll rave over at twenty-five dollars or more. She knows where on Sixth Avenue she can get dresses and furs at from one-half to one-third the prices the poor driven sheep pay. She knows what stores have sales, and when, on the precise kind of articles she knowingly wears.

Is it any wonder, then, that the stenographers and the shopgirls of New York are the astonishment of all who come to Gotham because they simply can't be told from the expensively dressed females who put somebody's money away in a usually pitiful attempt to attain class? Of course not. Paris offers precisely the same spectacle, for precisely the same reason—the shopgirls are wise to the game. If you know where and when to buy clothes in New York you can buy far cheaper and better than anywhere else in these broad United States.

And that holds for men's clothes too. The male counterpart of the waster who keeps alive the snob shops of New York is less numerous, but he exists in very large numbers. One of the leaders of the so-called younger generation wrote very bitingly not long ago about the absolutely stereotyped manner in which certain coteries of young New York blades flocked perennially to certain particular tailors and fitted themselves out as uniformly as peas in a pod, and bragged about what it cost them—meaning, of course, their daddies, who no doubt still wear plain clothes of sensible tailors. They flock to the same restaurants, clubs and social and sporting events, and think and talk in the same way, and pester the same chorus girls.

Poor Little Rich Girls

Are these beating the New York game? Not they! They are the poor fish of the Great Pond, and this big whale of a city is going to swallow them leisurely when they develop just a little more flesh on their shallow fins. There are no such pitiful victims of the New York game as these, for they are invariably mastered by it and are the sacrificial offerings to Molech. Poor little rich girls and boys! To the credit of some of them, they are putting up a fight; struggling off their perch and learning to master the New York game, like one of the discriminating few or one of the East Siders.

The *nouveau-riche* classes in New York are possibly the worst of all victims of the New York game. They are stung at every turn—by cooks and chauffeurs grafting their percentages, by the shops, by dizzy Wall Street finance and by their own children and relatives. The East Siders and the discriminating few—who, let it be grasped, love New York, run New York and own New York in every true sense—do not envy the rich of New York—the four or five thousand millionaires, for instance, who wallow in their twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year apartments and Fifth Avenue castles. They rub elbows with wealth daily. It doesn't make them envious, but it does make them think. As Dr. Percy Stickney Grant found when he opened his church forum, the East Side thinks more fundamentally than do the rich and conservative classes, and can defend its ideas more logically than can the representatives of the rich. The East Side scorns the rich of New York, mocks them, caricatures them. "What," an intelligent East Sider would say, "have the New York rich on us?"

By intelligent constructive cooperation the needle trades—the East Side's predominant occupation—are fairly emancipated and independent. The East Side is not the arid, destitute waste land it once was. Crowded, yes; but the East Side is enormously sociable, and there are many model apartments, playgrounds, piers and other mitigations, with Brooklyn's wide spaces just across the bridges if desired. As for education, the East Side has not only plenty of the best public schools but it has the City College of New York and New York University, settlement classes and libraries galore, and such notable institutions as Cooper Union. Nowhere in the world, probably, are the millions of the lower strata of a city better served in education, art, science, music, medication and settlement help than on the East Side. The typical East Sider is a perpetual seeker, and inclined therefore to restlessness; he will admit all this only if pinned down, for he has a limited perspective on American life; but the facts speak for themselves. He lives on the best. Down on East Side shopping streets, on picturesque pushcart streets, little shops still do a good business in silk

Ford Owners!

Does Your Ford Shiver and Shake When You Want to Stop?

It's Not the Car's Fault—It's the Brake Lining

THE Ford is better made than most cars. If it chatters and shivers don't think "it's just built that way." You're using the wrong brake lining. Ordinary brake lining doesn't meet the needs of the Ford—it gets hard, flinty, charred. It grabs and slips—causing your car to shake and shiver bolts and nuts loose. Why let your Ford rattle itself into a repair shop? Why pay for rear axle and transmission repairs? It isn't necessary. When your Ford chatters, blame yourself—not the Ford. Get a set of Feltbak and you'll have the sweetest acting brakes you ever put your foot on. Insist on Feltbak—it's different from any other lining ever made. Buy a set today and get real pleasure out of your Ford.

How FELTBAK Works

Feltbak has a cushion of felt between the band and the lining—the new, correct principle in Ford brake lining. Joined with this new principle is the tried and proved idea of cork for friction—with 21 oil holes in each band for lubrication to prevent burning.

Lubricates Itself—Softens Brake Action

The feltbacking absorbs and holds oil like a wick. When pressure is applied oil spouts through the oil holes onto the surface of the lining. More pressure forces out more oil. Thus the braking surface gets oil during braking action, right when needed to prevent burning and glazing. Feltbak eliminates the cause of the chattering vibrations in Fords.

The felt cushion backing equalizes and softens the contact of the lining with the drum—smooths the braking action—gives perfect control of the car.

Feltbak holds corks securely in place. They can't come out. The wonderful friction value of cork-in-fabric brake lining is well known. Add to this the felt cushion backing and the automatic lubrication to prevent burning and you have the correct brake lining for Fords—FELTBAK.

Use the correct brake lining in your Ford and stop that car-killing, nerve-racking vibration. Feltbak saves repair expense and adds years to the life of your car.

Feltbak is carried in stock by wholesale houses in every section in the United States. Every dealer who is sincerely interested in making your Ford car operate perfectly and in saving you unnecessary repair bills, carries Feltbak or will get it for you from his wholesale house.

Insist on Feltbak and you'll have the safest, smoothest, most responsive car in the world.

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In the emergency: clean cuffs

A "clean turnover" is now a fashion term among men wearing Wilson Bro's smart shirts with Special *reversible* Cuffs. They turn 'em for luncheon, dinner at the country club and in those emergencies where soiled cuffs would be embarrassing And the crease is even, the fold smooth, and the cuff immaculately neat

Wilson Bro's

Shirts tailored to fit by Wilson Bro's reflect an intimate knowledge of what discriminating men are wearing in Paris, London and New York, and are distinguished, as well, by a craftsmanship that has been the hallmark of all Wilson Bro's furnishings for almost sixty years. Wilson Bro's shirts have the Special *reversible* Cuff—with an even crease and a smooth fold.

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

shirts at a really fair price; while an official of a great silk house has personally told me that the same silk knitted ties sold in the fancy Fifth Avenue haberdasheries are sold on the East Side pushcarts at a few cents above cost.

Figure it out for yourself. Most of these East Siders work in the thousands of apparel factories of Gotham, and they are in on the ground floor of job lots, surplus stocks, and so on, at prices that would make Western buyers' mouths water. These things are dumped upon pushcarts, and the turnover is so rapid, the overhead so negligible, the rent so nil that the result is astounding bargains—if you know values; for of course these tradespeople are no John Wanamakers—they are hagglers, late of Oriental bazaar experience.

And do they starve? It is to laugh! The East Side lives not alone on the fat of the land but on the titbits of all lands. Go down on Delancey Street or Second Avenue some night about midnight and stray into a restaurant. Every chair filled as if it were lunch time. The East Side eats four good meals a day! Get a thrill from the menu. Yes! Russian caviar with sliced egg, chopped onions, sliced tomato and stuffed olives! And Russian sprotten; Swiss Gruyère cheese—the kind Clemenceau adores; Italian anchovies, smoked sturgeon on lettuce; Greek salad, Astrakhan Celdie; cheese kreplach, fried in butter; sliced Maryland turkey; strawberries and sour cream -twenty-five cents on February second; filet de harengs; Knubel braten with Ramsouh potatoes; Rumanian broils; and roast Boston goose, compote—all these and a hundred other items on one menu card, in a restaurant down in the heart of the Ghetto, for the people of the Ghetto—not for visitors!

The East Side dines well and often make no mistake. Match its diet with the menu of your average small-town restaurant with its barren, limited fried potatoes, ham and eggs, overdone steaks and chops and pork and beans and railroad-station coffee, and it will seem as if you're comparing it with a Fifth Avenue menu until you look at the prices. This is real cookery and perfect nourishment down in the so-called slums of New York, where working people live; whereas in the average town, unless it boasts that rare thing, a good hotel, you have no choice except indigestible poor food, no matter whether you are workingman or opera star or millionaire. The East Sider is almost sure to be plump and to look well fed. It is a matter of official record that the children of the East Side are better nourished than the children of the wealthy on Riverside Drive.

The Standard Wail

The East Sider, I repeat, has the New York game beat to a fare-you-well. Better and more cheaply clothed, better fed, with plenty of social life, the world's best in music and art, with free clinics with high-priced doctors; visiting nurses, plenty of libraries, trade schools, playgrounds, free kindergartens, good wages and plenty of work, and control of the city government through Tammany.

Pretty soft -eh, what?

The standard wail, it will be recalled, of the New York deserters is the coldness of New York; its unneighborliness. You know the old saw—how you may live for years next door in an apartment house to someone and never know his name, or speak, and so on. True, true—thank God, it's true in New York, even if nowhere else! Of all the many emancipations New York represents, this is its finest monument to independence and individuality. The born villager never gets the point of view—he comes to New York and chokes on it; works himself into purple rages over the very flower of New York's social perfection, as seen by those who have mastered the New York game.

Just approach the thing with a little calm. New York has teeming millions of inhabitants. It's a mathematical absurdity to apply to this huge city the village standards of Bill and John and Sally and Susie. In a village you are neighborly because the town is small, you see everybody constantly and you are more mutually dependent as human beings. In New York your identity as a sheer human being means nothing. There are too many in the same close proximity and they shift around too often. In Gopher Prairie you live in the same street for years—and it's always just around the corner a few blocks, wherever you move. In New York a complete severance is possible of yourself as a mere common human unit on the one hand, and of yourself as an individual with special interests, on the other hand. Here lies the great revelation that marks your true graduation as a New Yorker: you discover that the fact that you are Bill or John or Sally or Susie means nothing in New York. Nobody cares—and why should anybody care? But if you are Bill, interested in music, or John, interested in the chemical business, or Sally, interested in art, or Susie, interested in the advertising business—then you've only got to plug in at the right place, and many friends, almost ready-made, will await you. Music clubs galore would welcome you to their circles, chemical clubs and coteries, art classes and clubs, advertising clubs and circles—they are looking for you! No coldness—gates usually wide open—and then it's up to you. What could be fairer? What could be more desired by anyone than to find people of common interests?

Small-Town Noseyness

But just try to talk, Montana or Arizona wise, to your Subway or Fifth Avenue bus neighbor or the person across the hall in your apartment. Glassy eyes and arched eyebrows, ice and hauteur! Exactly! Good for them! You deserved it. What right have you to break into the privacy of another individual—that privacy which, as a New Yorker fully master of the game, you'll come to regard as precious, if not sacred. The small-town noseyness into everybody's private affairs, the assumed right to break you into being a neighbor to Tom, Dick and Harry—and, be sure of this, also to censor your goings and comings, your ideas and actions, morals, religion and clothes—is a New Yorker's idea of nowhere to live. He wouldn't want to be caught dead there!

Out in the sparse country, where human beings, as such, are dependent on one another, it is a fine grace, if not a necessity, to treat everyone as a neighbor. But let's kill this moss-grown stuff about New York's coldness, once for all. The crushing propinquity of New York's millions demands choice of acquaintances on an interest basis alone; while the emancipation of spirit resulting from this mentalized basis of intercommunion is one of the great secret springs of the happiness of the New Yorker on to the game. Only in this manner can he be truly free, truly himself, or herself, and work out his life in the full spirit of the Declaration of Independence. The so-called suffocating atmosphere of the small town is nothing but the lack of this New York achievement of unhampered individuality, and let it be recorded that other large cities are serving the same ends, and explain partly, no doubt, the trend of population to the cities. People with any spirit will no longer stand for the tyranny of mere neighborliness, too often only a cloak for busybodyness.

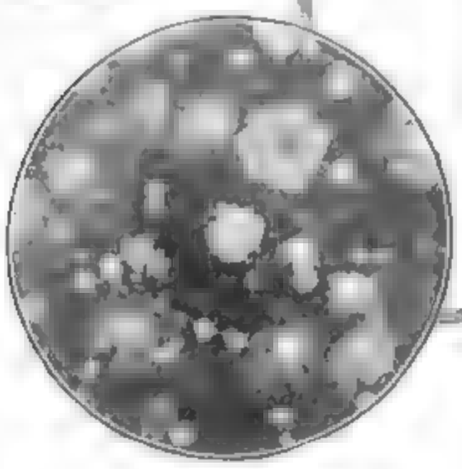
Great numbers of New Yorkers, as I have said before, are not yet masters of the New York game, but its slaves. To illustrate this, take the so-called suburbanite—of whom there are more than 40,000 in New York. There are certain groups of them who are not suburbanites for the expression of their own individuality or the suburban air or space, but are frankly social camp followers and bounders. They are consciously or unconsciously insincere. Your East Side type lives his life on the basis of sincere self-expression; so do the discriminating few. But the others are New York Babbitts and snobs. They pursue social opportunities for social climbing or business purposes. They cling pathetically to the tradition that big business deals are closed on the golf course and around the suburban bridge table. They are either very young at the New York game or they are hopeless bounders.

Often it is a provincial wife who nags a man into it against his better judgment. She longs to stage herself as a local social power or a high-finance intrigueress, as a friend of mine calls her. It is only kindness to say that the realistic truth is that more business deals are spoiled on the golf course or at the suburban bridge table than are made. More wives bungle business deals they try to mix into than otherwise. Remember Dulcy, the play? Every seasoned New Yorker puts thumbs down on any deal in which suburban entertainment, with wifey in the center of the stage, starts to figure. New York is the home of not a few

(Continued on Page 172)

This laboratory test was made by emptying the dirt, taken from a rug by the Royal, into a large glass jar of water. The fine, gritty embedded dirt sank. The light surface litter floated. Note the much larger proportion of dirt embedded in your rugs—and how thoroughly the Royal removes it

Note these colonies of bacteria (and fungi). These dangerous germs are always found in embedded dirt. Such germs spread contagious diseases. This test was made by the [illegible] Research Laboratories, Chicago



Look for these seven features in the cleaner you buy

1. Patented adjustment screw which produces maximum efficiency from powerful air suction.
2. Scientifically designed nozzle—carries dirt directly into bag; goes easily into corners and under furniture.
3. Convenient trigger switch on handle, saves stooping to turn current on or off.
4. Light weight, very easy to carry or roll around, will never tire you.
5. So simply and sturdily built it lasts a lifetime with ordinary care; *every part* guaranteed.
6. Cleans hardwood floors, linoleum, concrete, etc.
7. Powerful-suction attachments clean upholstered furniture, drapes, mattresses, pillows, registers, automobile upholstery, etc.—a complete housecleaning plant.

Is your rug a DANGER ZONE *for your child?*

Remove the menace of *embedded*, germ-laden dirt with the Royal Electric Cleaner

"HOW," you ask, "how can my *clean* rugs be dangerous to my children?"

"Clean"—yes. But do you know that from even your cleanest *looking* rug the Royal Electric Cleaner will extract large quantities of dirt—*embedded* dirt that no other cleaning method can remove?

And this dirt, scientific tests prove, swarms with living bacteria—germs that in many cases are the cause of serious children's ailments.

Are you sure, then, that in your so-clean looking rugs there is not this danger to your children—this embedded dirt? Dirt that, with its harmful bacteria, is being constantly stirred into the air by draughts, footfalls, thumps, etc.

There is only one way you can thoroughly remove it from your rugs—and that is the Royal way—

With powerful air suction scientifically applied.

Along the entire 14-inch nozzle the powerful suction of the Royal Electric Cleaner is applied directly to the rug surface. This is done by two things: (1) the scientific nozzle design, (2) the patented Royal adjustment screw. The rug is lifted, the nap opened up, and the embedded dirt as well as surface litter sucked into the bag.

No other cleaning method can get the dangerous, embedded dirt, *as well as* the surface litter, so easily, quickly and thoroughly as the Royal.

Yet, powerful as it is, the Royal is absolutely harmless. It cleans by air alone.

We ask you to make this test. Clean one rug in any manner you wish. Then have the Royal dealer send a Royal Man to clean this same rug. (No obligation on your part whatever.) Note the amazing results!

For the sake of your children's safety and the health of the entire family, see for yourself how the Royal gets the dangerous, germ-laden, embedded dirt out of your rugs.

If you don't know the Royal dealer in your vicinity, write us and we will put you in touch with him.

DEALERS: The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information.

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES: There are numerous opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada
Also manufacturers of Royal Vibrators, Royal Hair Dryer and Hair Cutters, and Royal Clothes Washer

The Royal Man

He is an expert in housecleaning and in those too many interesting labor saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate. You need never hesitate to ask him for a free demonstration in your home. Without obligation on your part, he will be glad to clean a rug for you and let you judge for yourself the superiority of the Royal cleaning method.

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ROYAL Electric Cleaner

Cleans By Air Alone!

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

To wear FLORSHEIM SHOES is to enjoy the best there is in shoemaking—comfort—good looks—long service. No shoe can give you greater satisfaction.

Most Styles $10
Look for Name in Shoe
BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers - CHICAGO

The Beverly Style M-113

Quality, without a Compromise

The Kaynee Company
Cleveland Ohio

THE very feel of a Kaynee blouse tells a mother of a fundamental quality promising unusual wear. In cut and fit it sets a boy off as smartly well dressed. Kaynee patterns are the latest—nifty checks and stripes and solid colors—joyously boyish and distinctive. If she has ever bought Kaynee's before she knows they are sun-fast and tub-proof.

Better class stores, everywhere, carry the Kaynee line.

Kaynee *Blouses for Boys*

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY FAST COLOR

(Continued from Page 170)

clever people, and this game is an old one. There may be enough freshly arrived suckers who are thrilled when it is played on them, but the New Yorker, master of his game, is rarely a victim. As a matter of fact this type of discriminating New Yorker is a bear on society anyhow—high or low. New York society, in the old ultra meaning of the word, is obsolete. Not all the United States seems to grasp this. The days of which Edith Wharton wrote in The Age of Innocence were well named. New York society folk today are too bored, too discriminating. Society leaders are going into business to find something useful and entertaining! Suburban society is rather boresome to sophisticated New Yorkers, and though men are often cajoled into it for their wives' sake or get caught in it via the golf club, they never relish it.

Wifey often argues this point; it is her reason for living in the suburbs. She says it's for the children; often it's at least equally for herself. But—to apply more New York cynicism—the frank facts are that the vaunted social advantages for one's children, in the suburb, are illusory. If they grow up in the suburb and know all the young people there, the psychology becomes precisely like that of the village—they usually seek friends and mates elsewhere. They know one another too well. The suburban young folk—young men and women—usually go to New York to work or away to school. In either case they find most of their best friends elsewhere than in the suburb.

I know a bewildered father who for the sake of his two daughters had, years ago, emigrated to a suburb, so that, as his wife insisted, they could have a normal social life. The daughters poke fun at and criticize or otherwise mark "N. G." every young man in the place, and are in the big city from morning until midnight three or four nights a week, and even drive the car ten miles to another golf club if they want to play. The local social life, so conscientiously built up by papa and mamma, is a useless appendage. New York City—not the suburb—is the Mecca of the young people; and quite naturally so, for the modern Gotham courting parlor is the business office, the restaurant and the theater—to say nothing about the rear seat atop the Fifth Avenue busses! The old social machinery for young people creaks and rusts with disuse.

The New Yorker onto the game likes theater and dinner parties, dancing and his clubs. He can't be dragged out to much else. You are suspect at once if you try to mix society and business. Such a sophisticated New Yorker is a hardened old salt, and you get from him none of the hail-fellow-well-met palaver that Western business men encourage you with. Cold, businesslike, decisive, courteous, hard to get at, but open-minded and keen on facts—that's your best-type New Yorker. Many times I have been received heartily by business men in the West, even taken home to dinner the second time I met them, and found myself kidding their wives and families; but when it came to doing business with them it was too often a hopeful promise but a tardy performance. In New York you may meet blunt short treatment—but you get a decision.

Suburban Drawbacks

These are very broad generalizations, probably only half true—but they are real, as any Western salesman suddenly transferred to New York or New England, or vice versa, can verify. The social game is played still in certain financial circles, but I suspect it is rapidly declining even there.

The last word in snobbery and climbing is therefore reflected in some of the suburbs of New York—in Jersey, Long Island and Westchester. You see there an actual merger of all the evils of the small town plus all the evils of bourgeois New York—a highly stimulated and exaggerated growth of the least attractive and least sound parts of both types of life.

That is what my wife and I discovered when we had bought our coveted suburban lots and were ready to build. Having by this time absorbed a little of my Scotch friend's canniness, we decided to rent a house for a season in the suburb where we had bought lots, to see what life was like there before we built a house.

We were ready learners and we got our learning after one year. First we realized to the full that in moving to a suburb you must renounce all the superb advantages of the city apartment, with its central heating system and its other cooperative advantages; and we began to see why so many women refuse to be suburbanites. They don't want a whole house to clean and look after and worry over the furnace and the ashes and servants—with the emphasis on the last. A woman can manage without a servant in an apartment if she must, but a house in the suburbs is usually too much for her. The servant situation in the New York suburbs is desperate, whereas in New York City there is much more flexibility. They can sleep out, and you can hire and fire without a great to-do over it; whereas in the suburb you must let them live with you, and their whole psychology hangs heavy on your spirit—their beaux, their entertainment, their church, their morality, and their breakfast temper!

Then there is the school question—not always satisfactory; and the transportation question. You're ten blocks from the station, let us say. Even if you have a car, wife isn't keen to drive you to and from there except in good weather, when you'd just as soon walk; and the station jitneys are unreliable. The net result is that you have not only the train journey but an uncertain sort of time to and from your home in winter and bad weather; caught in heavy rain without umbrellas; plowing through the snowdrifts; collar wilted before you get to the office on hot days.

The Life—If You Like It

Socially we quickly became blasé. The suburb narrowed and limited our social life, not improved it. We found ourselves socially embarrassed, in fact, by our location there. We were expected to play the social game, and we didn't want to: at least not to the extent desired. Just as we would be snugly fixed for the evening, ting-a-ling would go the telephone. Oh, that suburban telephone, what crimes it connives at! Jim telling you there was a meeting to protest about this or that or organize a this or that; your duty as a citizen to go. Two nights ago it was your duty to go to something else, and you're already on two committees. Or it's Nellie, our good friend, who has some friends from the city whom we simply must meet. So with a sigh we go and do our duty by Nellie, talking to a chap who at midnight, as you edge yourself away from him, says he's going to call on you at your office and continue his monologue—and does. Your wife gets into a jam with one of the ladies of the suburb, and her husband, your business friend, is thereafter cool to you. One of your other lifelong friends who lives there, evidently expected, now that you're living there, to spend two or three nights a week with you, but you don't quite agree with him, and a strain appears. Oh, it's the life—for those who are looking for something to occupy their mind!

Bluntly, village or suburban life is not for individualists. It's for folks who thrive on incessant sociability; need it three times a day, like food. The average New Yorker, however, is an extremely busy individualist. That is why New York suburban life is not fifty times as great as it is. There are thousands of individualists in New York's suburbs, but they frankly avoid suburban society. They carry the New York individualistic standard to the suburb, which is one way of beating the New York game. Of course the typical, born-to-the-life suburbanite tends to call such individualists snobs and scores them for not playing the game, but I have yet to learn why that particular game is important.

But others of the discriminating few have still another solution. They move right out into the country, within commuting distance. Years ago New York's discriminating wealthy got on to this solution—and they preëmpted beautiful spots on Long Island, in Jersey and in New York State. They made homesteads that are very dear to them and their families. They are permanent domiciles; home-tradition makers; places for worthy sentiment and memory to cling to. Roosevelt's Sagamore Hill is a good example; there are thousands of them, not necessarily pretentious, but open spaces with water and hills. They shatter completely the notion that New Yorkers have forgotten what a home is or that they migrate constantly from flat to flat, and do not root themselves anywhere. Many such men and their families, rich and poor, have gotten close to the soil in spirit and in actuality in this way, and their

children have become emancipated from the unhealthiness, the devastating snobbery and artificiality of New York life. It is amazing how far some of New York's well-to-do men commute daily, except Saturday, very many of them the entire year around. Fifty, sixty, seventy miles is not at all uncommon. They see no hardship in it and they are fully aware that they have the absolute ultra solution for beating the New York game. It will not be long before aeroplanes will transport the wealthier classes; some now travel to and fro in yachts, a few in motors, but the commuting trains carry many thousands of them; mechanics and bankers, professional men and business men. In fact, I know a Wall Street secretary, a woman of thirty-five or so, who has a little hog and chicken farm thirty-nine miles out, and commutes every day, walking two miles to the station no matter what the weather. It's hard to see how she figures on beating the game, but she says she does.

Realizing that this was the great solution, already discovered not only by the wealthy but by many artists, actors, writers, and so on, my wife and I were ready ten or twelve years ago to make our master stroke in beating the New York game. We bought a few acres thirty-seven miles out on Long Island, and built a house. The whole place, house and land, including an automobile, didn't cost very much more at first than we had paid for the four fancy lots in the suburb. We grew by degrees; today we have our own gas and electricity—though we are a mile from the village; and a steam-heating plant and many other of the best city comforts. At first we moved to town each October, as so many thousands do; then in November, then in December, then we stayed for Christmas—but soon we much preferred to stay out the year round. Several years ago we topped the whole scheme off, as a last fillip at beating the New York game, by leasing a little two-room kitchenette-and-bath apartment within the Thirty-fourth Street district in New York, and here several times a week I stay in town to work or attend dinners without making premature exits from the banquet hall for the suburban train. My wife comes in for a few days' change every week or ten days, and we sip the honey of New York as we will.

Long-Distance Commuting

Realize this little kink: Our thirty-seven miles of distance immunes us from undesired visitors, petty telephone calls and irksome rounds of social obligations, even though our week-end country-house parties are prized by our friends. As for the one hour and five minutes' commuting, which some of my suburban friends look aghast at, I always have a little fun with them by pulling out a pencil and doing a little cool calculating. The Jersey suburban-town commuter's schedule is something like this: Ten minutes to Hudson Tubes, twelve minutes to Hoboken, forty minutes to his village, fifteen minutes to his house; total, an hour and seventeen minutes. Which is exactly my total time from house to office; and then I ask, "What do you get?"

He arrives at a house on a paved street in what is really a small city, only by courtesy a suburb, with his home only a few feet distant from his neighbor's home. I arrive in the country, with woods and fields and complete quiet and radical, refreshing change. I carry a bag with magazines or books and I actually prize the time spent on the comfortable train, and my wife has less servant trouble than the suburbanite has.

I am convinced that this country type of living is an even deeper appeal than suburban-town life, which is excellent enough in its way, but is too redolent of the petty faults of village life. "The whole hog or none" is the attitude of many sophisticated New Yorkers about suburban life, and for almost one hundred miles on all sides of New York this class of New Yorker is digging in—taking over deserted farms, unappreciated knolls and water-edge places regardless of whether they're a quarter of a mile or four miles from the station—which he can do, thanks to the auto—and making them into homes with more meaning to that abused term than anything the New Yorker ever knew before.

And here's a significant thing: The well-to-do are getting fed up on the mere impressive country-estate idea. True, the multimillionaires still build huge palaces in the country; but the great bulk of well-to-do folk are much less ostentatious than a generation ago, when they desired huge show places, a retinue of servants and flunkies. Their wives don't want the mental strain of so much house to look after, for no matter how many servants you have you can't evade the burden or the responsibility. We have entertained a few very rich men in our modest-size house who were sincerely envious of the infinitely greater coziness and simplicity of a ten-room house than a twenty to fifty room house such as they had, to say nothing of acres that surround it. It is far more expensive today to operate a show place in the country—which is another strong deterrent.

Still another group of the discriminating few are Greenwich Villagers. I will present them from the mental side in a moment—but first their sheer physical solution of the problem of living. The artists, writers, and so on, who went to this quiet region of old homes and saw their possibilities deserve a great deal of credit. Many a beautiful simple piece of architecture in the Village has been saved from decay, and it was the individualistic discrimination of these Villagers that has regenerated a byway of New York that well deserves preservation and well repays it. Greenwich Village, as New York has come to shape itself, is a perfectly logical residence district of real convenience. The perfervid migration of society from this section, years ago, was due to snobbery, not to natural reasons of locale. Today Greenwich Village is nearer to everything—uptown and downtown—and reduces Subway travel to a quiet residence district in greater degree than any other location in New York, not even excepting the East Side.

Wisdom in Greenwich Village

Anyone who has visited the homes—yes, real homes—of some of the discriminating Village folk can agree that perfectly delightful places to live exist there. It is ridiculous to generalize about the Village as though it were made up of dingy, luridly painted cellars and garrets. It was only when the crush arrived, when the demand for living quarters there became greater than the supply, that the ingenious hard-pressed ones began to utilize garrets and cellars; and how remarkably some of these much-mooted stables, and so on, have been transformed is appreciated only by seeing. The general run of Village quarters is today improving under the demand impetus, and high-class modern apartments are being erected.

Not long ago there was strong protest that people who were not artists were renting studios, and that real artists couldn't find studios within their means. Just how people can be prevented from living in studios if they want to I don't see, no matter how I can sympathize with artists. Personally I believe that it is a most hopeful sign that many people should appreciate the studio type of home architecture, particularly the French studio style, with large living room, high ceiling and balcony. Apartment houses of expensive types are being erected now in New York with such studio apartments.

The studio type of small home induces a psychology of æsthetic appreciation that would not be present in the older forms, and is one more of the indications that a growing class of New Yorkers, whether business or professional, is arriving at a sense of the æsthetic, which is a long step toward emancipation from the suffocating, arid provincialism just complained of in America, New York included.

I have the keenest admiration for the Greenwich Village standard—the authentic one, and not the spurious one. This type of Greenwich Villager belongs; he's a sophisticated New Yorker, and nothing is being put over on him. He buys cheap and he gets big value. He disdainfully side-steps the gilded pitfalls of the New York game, and has the stamina to flaunt his differentness in the very face of the bourgeois New Yorker who is still a victim of New York-itis, and actually to excite envy and imitation.

Even society folk are trying Village life—probably as a fad, but in some instances sincerely. They realized that they were being beaten by the New York game. Greenwich Village is a sturdy and healthy protest against the New York game. Its lusty growth is a fine sign that the worms are turning in great number.

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IN your living room should be a Royal Easy Chair. Slip into its comforting luxury between your household duties. Let yourself sink into limpness. It's amazing how quickly it refreshes you. You owe it to yourself to resist the tell-tale marks of fatigue.

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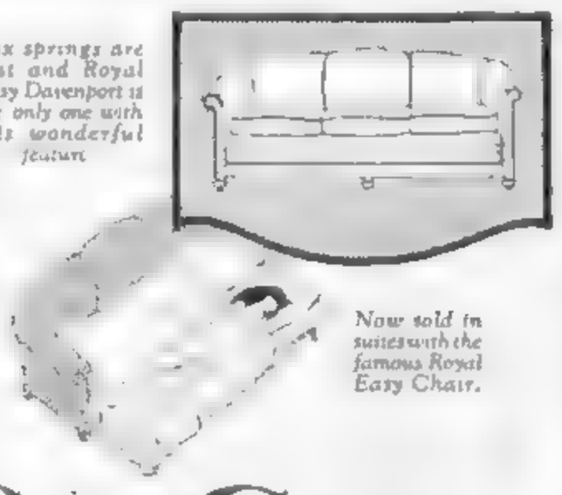

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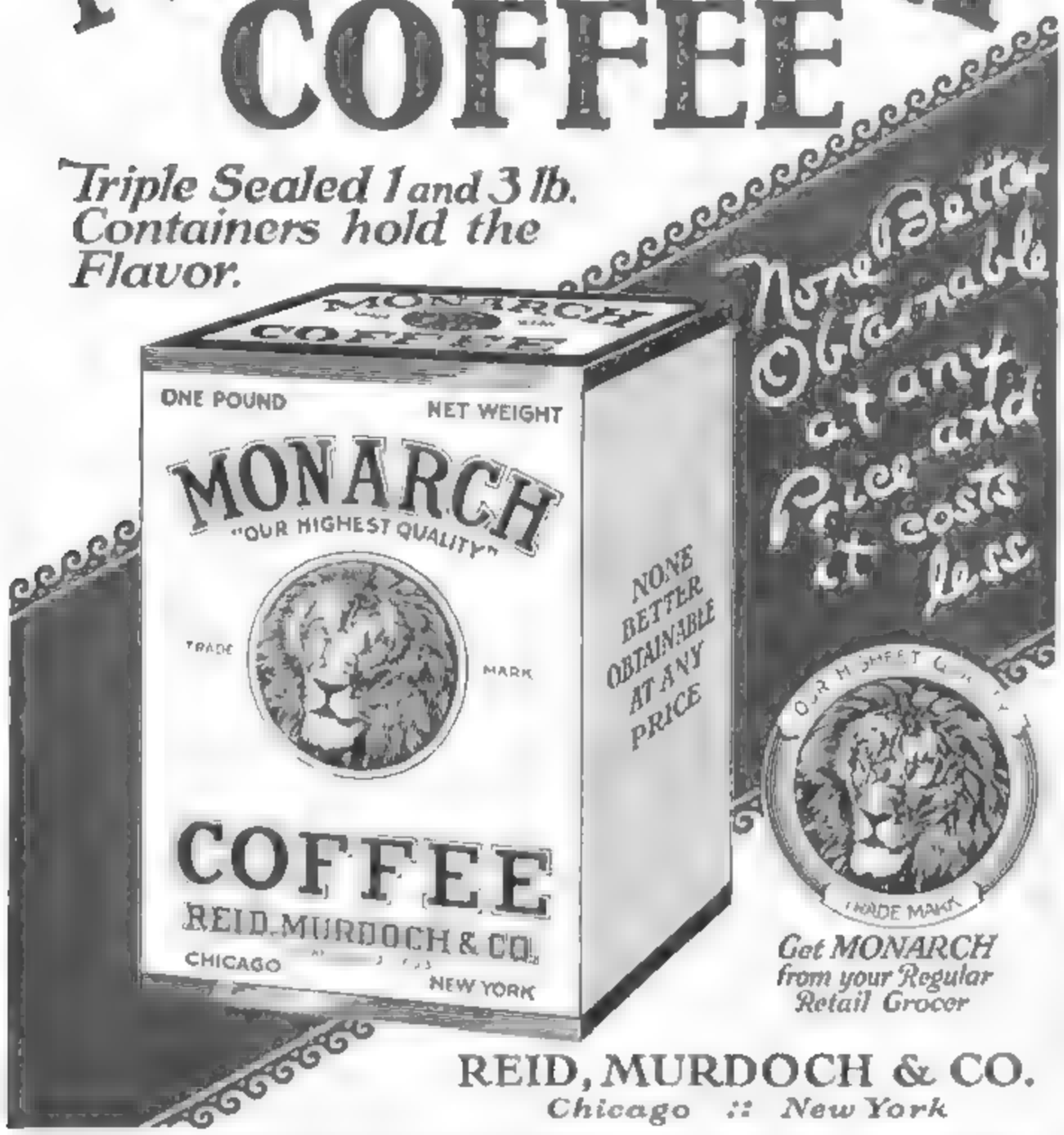

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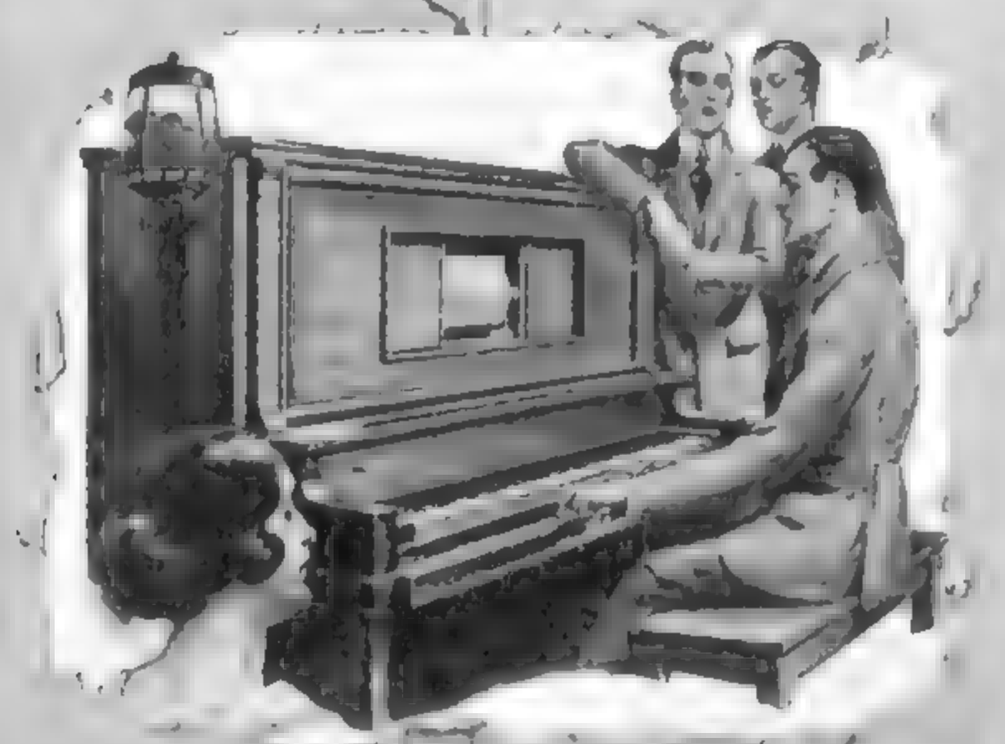

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I have never taken very seriously the radicalism of what is regarded as the typical Greenwich Village crowd. They have a streak of romance and adventure in them, these artists and writers and all the other miscellany that makes up the tribe. Why spoil it for them by insisting that they school themselves sufficiently in practical economics to know that their views, which they enjoy so much, are unsound? They live on a plane of emotionality; their work is not very directly related to life—they deal in the symbols of life, not in the hard concrete materials that are life itself. They are daringly individual in their own work, and take the liberty to be daringly individual in all subjects, since there is nothing to discipline them rigidly. An artist can draw what he pleases; a shoemaker must make shoes that fit people. They live on the law of contrast, most of them, and if the world turned Bolshevist they'd turn Tory for the precious sense of being something that everybody else isn't. They simply can't endure following a pattern or a mold; and really that is something to be encouraged.

They are very penetrating in criticizing some aspects of the American or the New York scene from the point of view of fundamental values; but of course when they try to construct programs they are too often naïve; out of their *milieu*.

Yet they get more out of New York, mark you, than anyone except the East Sider. They buy their food exceedingly cheaply in the Italian quarter; they have their own coterie of scores of restaurants where very well cooked food is served in an atmosphere of easy informality and color and some art, at very modest prices. They have even their own theaters, where art of so unquestioned a value is presented that the uptown theater public clamors for it. They absolutely eliminate the competition over possessions, clothes and pomp. Their social system consists of great masquerade balls and informal visits, squatting in every conceivable position in your place, with no scandal to you if you haven't chairs enough, and hiding nothing from you about their life, so that you may gossip about them to your heart's content, with their blessing.

Village Visitors

It's a remarkably simple relaxation into a life of fewer strains; which significantly illustrates what Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, said recently—that most of us lived in a world of complicated civilization to which we were poorly adjusted. These Villagers are renegades from the cruel harness and the thousand pressures of an almost overpowering mechanistic culture—of which New York is the very crux and inner crucible. The Villager is simply another version of the New York discriminating few—one who makes a grand gesture of open, complete heresy to the whole system which fosters the New York game, and all the lesser games that lead up to it. So far I am with him; he's a real individual and he has the courage of his convictions. But of course when he talks economics and politics he is usually romancing or rationalizing brilliantly but unsoundly. He can think, but not from steady premises. As an economist he is usually—an artist!

The ridiculous side of the Village is, of course, the neat little places for providing lurid adventure to eighteen-year-old stenographers who live in Brooklyn or Stamford and who when caught in a police raid—prompted by the real Villagers—faint in court and their papas take them home and spank them. It is sadly true that many an otherwise quite circumspect little Mamie or Dora, who has told father and mother that she's going to a party at Hattie's, is down in the Village somewhere, at some perfectly frightful place, smoking a cigarette and being persuaded to take a swig at a hip flask—both of which she cannot stomach, but bravely hiding the fact, even from herself. The shipping clerk who is with her carries himself, of course, like an abandoned Village roué. All of which is most ancient preliminary stuff for a nice tender little wedding in Flatbush next June.

The New Yorker Who Wins

The Village, please note, is the present-day courting parlor for a wide aggregation of perfectly normal young folk; and let it be whispered discreetly, they belong to the discriminating few also, for this Village courting is a most welcome relief in its low cost from the outrageous formalistic courting of other days, or other classes, one dose of which often completely smashes a shipping clerk's pay envelope. The young people of the discriminating few have largely dropped the ruinous idea of courting as if they were scions of Wall Street millionaires. Taxi a girl home from Times Square to the outskirts of Brooklyn some night and guess why. The girls of the discriminating few don't want to be Ritzed, as they put it; they would consider it four-flushing. They know perfectly well what young men of twenty-five are in the habit of earning, for they are secretaries to business men and often make up the pay roll.

All of which illustrates a hardening, a tempering that the discriminating New Yorker acquires, which permits him to see values straight. Give him full credit for this tempering, for he is daily subjected to the most grilling trials of his or her strength. Just consider Fifth Avenue—the display window *suprême* of the world for everything that could tempt to spend money and acquire expensive tastes. Consider the magnificent equipages that flow up and down this avenue. Consider the huge daily broadsides of advertising in the newspapers. Consider the great palaces, restaurants and hotels that beckon by every possible device to pleasure and snobbish standards. Consider the thousands of rich women who parade themselves on this Avenue. Then consider the thousands who see all this daily, nightly, right before their eyes, in all the most alluring, glamorous setting known to ingenious man. It takes strength of character and steady appraisal of relative values in order to find equilibrium. It takes philosophy, shrewdness, analysis, self-study to ripen yourself to contentedness on your own level and in your own chosen field—in this city of open doors of opportunity. This is the achievement of the New Yorker who can honestly say he has the game beaten, or at least well in hand; and to class him with the human molecules who are the driven prey of the New York game, as it is rightly despised by critics of New York, is to do him an injustice. New York is chock-full of those who have the New York game under foot and thoroughly licked, and who love New York, their New York—with a fine, understanding, open-eyed love.

Cerulean Lake in the Northwest Part of Glacier National Park, Montana

"The School of Hard Knocks"
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WHAT was "good enough for your father" doesn't *have* to be "good enough for you"—not in this, the Twentieth Century.

Most men try to advance in business thru daily attendance at an institution we all know—"The School of Hard Knocks."

It's too *slow*—too *uncertain*—question-marks stud every step of the way.

Then too, as the years roll by—slowly at first, then faster and faster—the gray creeps up around our temples.

Within the last two decades there has been made available a direct, undeviating road to success in certain highly specialized and lucrative branches of business.

Let's start at the beginning—

—picture your present measure of success by the small letter "s."

—and let the *capital* letter "S" symbolize the larger Success you want to attain.

Your problem, in a few words, is to get from the small "s" to the big "S" with as little lost motion and time waste as possible.

There are two routes. Compare them.

One way is uncertain—slow—devious and wandering—often obstructed, and difficult at every turn.

This is the way unthinking men take. It's the way you'll take if you *prefer* to do the laborious pioneering yourself—to toil unaided thru the forests of perplexity; and—if your span of life is *long* enough—eventually you may arrive.

But the road of routine experience is mighty hard and mighty slow.

The other path is the straight line—the shortest distance between two points—the route of *organized training*.

Following this route your road is wide and clear and plain ahead. Pathfinders—generations of practical business men who have won recognition as outstanding authorities in their special fields—have gone ahead of you. And the result of their work and research and toil gives to you the priceless heritage of their experience—organized training which makes the short, sure route from the little "s" to the larger "S" of real Success a certainty.

Your progress is *sure*, for you follow the identical path which has carried hundreds of thousands of other men to the goal of their dreams.

"The greatest men in the country secured their education thru the basic correspondence school principle—home study. Many of them have done this without the direction of effort and supervision which correspondence schools give. This being true, certainly it is possible for the average student to do as much under a staff of skilled instructors.

"The faculties of correspondence schools of national standing compare favorably with those of the universities. Their influence penetrates to the remote quarters of the country. That means the open door to the *best* instruction for everybody."

The two paragraphs above are the words of one of this country's most respected educators, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, university president, who is known internationally thru his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds."

It is well worth while to go back and read them again.

* * *

All fair-minded men rebel instinctively against injustice. The greatest injustice of all is that which a man works upon himself and his family when he fails to take advantage of a tried and proven method whereby he may enhance the cash return from his working hours by increasing his value to employer and self.

And the man who has been staking his future—all his hopes and dreams—on "The School of Hard Knocks" can do no wiser thing than to investigate the shorter route—the straight line road of organized training as exemplified in the courses of this institution.

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President
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They explain why Barreled Sunlight is now being used everywhere

LOOK at it through the microscope—and you'll find why most white paint collects dust and dirt!

Examine Barreled Sunlight under the same conditions—and note the difference!

In the column on the right, this and several other remarkable paint experiments are shown. They explain why Barreled Sunlight is being used everywhere today.

A white surface so smooth that it resists the smallest particles of dust and dirt. A paint that can be washed clean as you would wash white tile. A paint that produces a lustrous finish without the glare of enamel—yet costs less than enamel and requires fewer coats!

Home-owners are finding that it means white woodwork without a fingermark. Bathrooms, kitchens, laundries as washable as tile.

Factory, hotel, shop-owners—owners of buildings where walls that *remain* white without frequent repainting are necessary—have found Barreled Sunlight in a class by itself. *And more economical than any other paint!*

Barreled Sunlight is made by our exclusive Rice Process. It contains no varnish and is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight is easy to apply. It flows freely without a brush mark. Where white is not desired it can be readily tinted any color you want. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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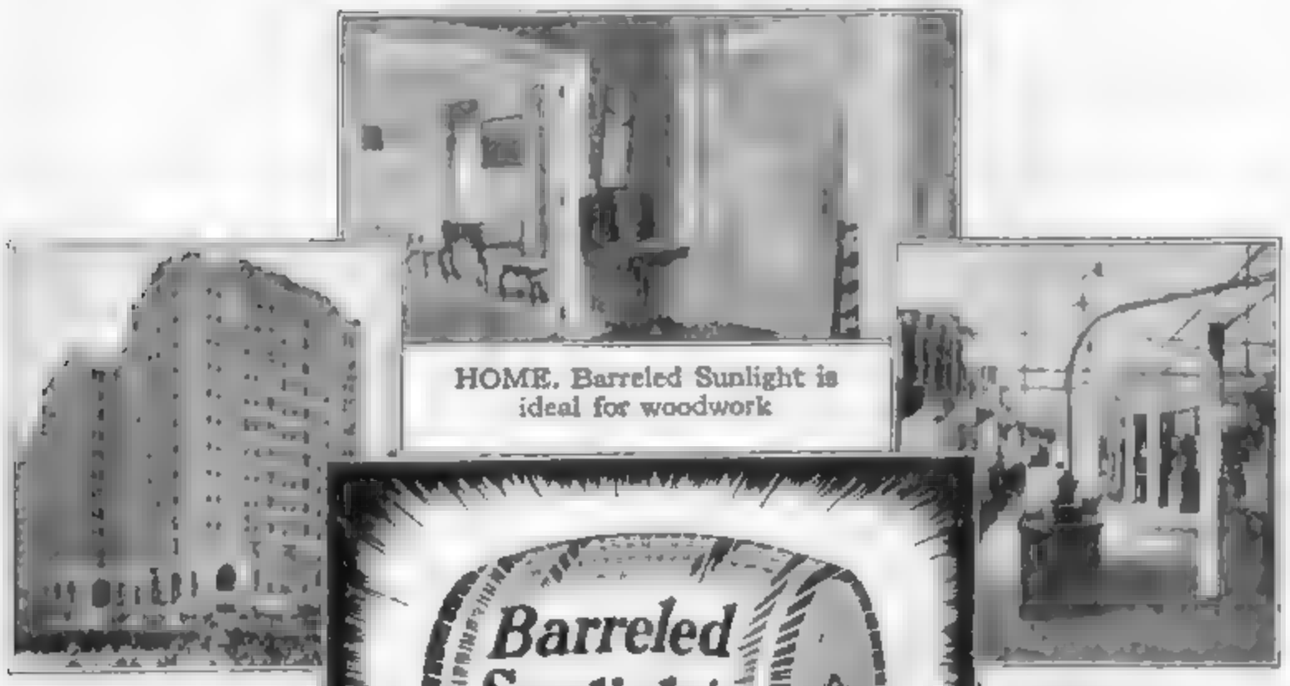
HOME. Barreled Sunlight is ideal for woodwork
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FACTORY. Carter Underwear Plant—showing use of Barreled Sunlight
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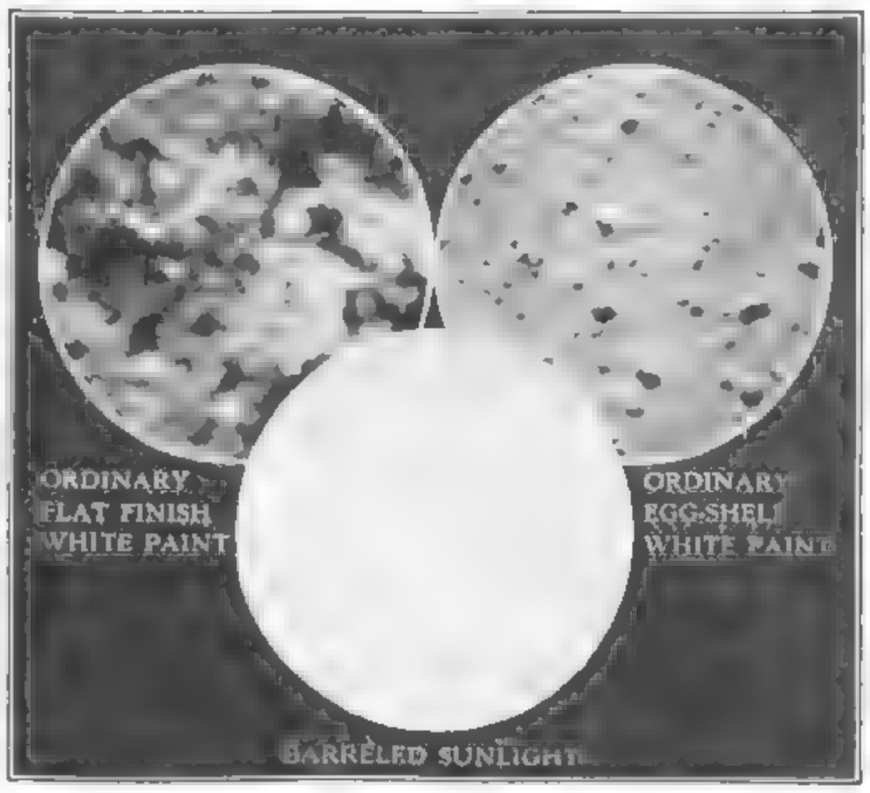
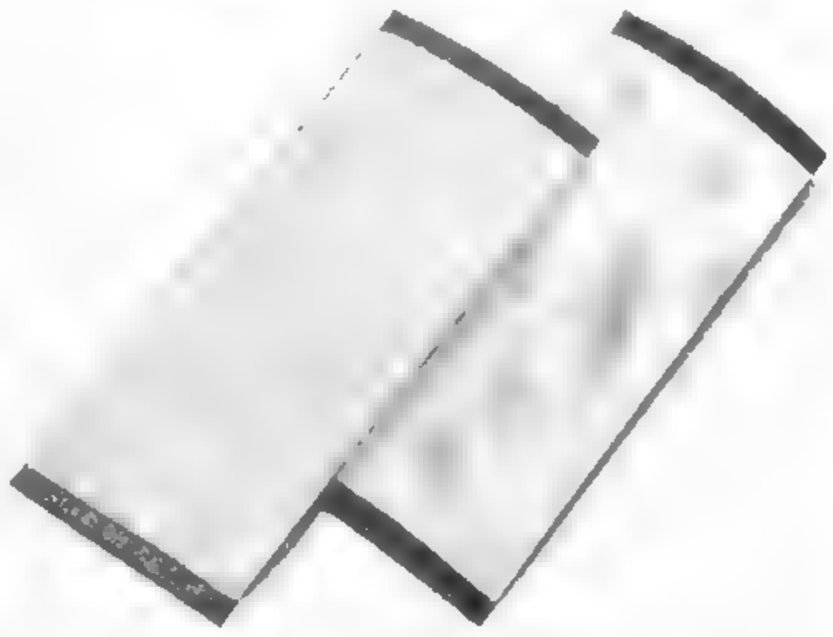
THE RICE PROCESS WHITE



These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each was magnified to the same high degree.

They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.



The board on the right was painted with a high-grade flat-finish paint—that on the left with Barreled Sunlight. Both received an equal amount of "handling." At the end of a week—notice the difference!

The black board on the right was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the left with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight. Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight. A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over *any* painted surface.

THE JONAH FISH

(Continued from Page 21)

"Goat, you dog-gone fool," he called out, "how come you stumble into de whale's basement?" He waved the ax at Lily. "Git 'long up heah befo' I gits down dere wid you."

Lily looked up, and on her face was supplication.

The Wildcat relented. "I 'spect you craves to come up, but kain't." He looked at the steep side of the well. "Wait whilst I gits me a rope."

The Wildcat slid down the slippery deck of his rolling captive. He checked his career against the pike pole and began hauling in on the hand line which stretched from his weapon to the fishing boat.

The boat had drifted twenty feet away from the whale's side, and the Wildcat hauled in on the hand line, seeking to drag the boat nearer to him.

With the first pull on the line the boat's engine coughed once. The Wildcat disregarded the warning and hauled heavily on the line, and then it was that a quick succession of exhausts told the marooned fisherman that the tangled rope had led around the fly wheel and across the throttle of the gasoline line.

Running light, the craft headed away from the whale and the whale's boarding party at a ten-mile rate.

A realization of his predicament came to the Wildcat. "Lawd, Lady Luck! Heah us is, lonely an' driftin', on dis Jonah fish!"

He hauled on the line, which had come over the side from the truant craft. With the hand line he retrieved a snarl of fish hooks and cordage, together with a landing gaff. He stored this gear against the pike-pole harpoon and then, giving only a moment to his new problem, he resumed his original campaign of rescue.

Over the coping of the whale's basement he fished a while for his mascot. Lily failed to rise to the bait. The Wildcat knotted a loop in the end of the hand line and attempted to snare the mascot. He failed in this, and then on his knees, leaning over the edge of the cavity cut in the whale, he swung his lasso at Lily in one final attempt at roping his four-legged companion.

Lily ducked her head and bleated her objections, and an echo of her bleating was the Wildcat's startled cry at the discovery that he had overreached himself. His knees slipped over the slick edge of the whale's basement. His flight ended with his floundering in two feet of water which slushed around in the hold of the whale.

The Wildcat stood up, intent, now, on the single business of capturing the cause of his trouble and administering a well-deserved chastisement.

Erect now, and with the whale's bilge water around his knees, the Wildcat started after Lily, only to be checked in his campaign of retribution by a sudden realization that here in a fish fabric that should have been meat and bones was a substantial floor of wood.

He paused for a moment and looked at Lily. "Lawd, goat, how come all dis solid pavement inside dis Jonah fish?"

He plunged his hand under the waters about him and his fingers contacted with the smooth surface of pine planks. "Huh! Dis sho beats me! I neveh knew whale fish wuz 'quipped wid wood floors just like a house."

The Wildcat got busy with the mystery of the wooden pavement in the whale's basement. He felt around beneath the water's surface. "Mebbe us kin find de hasp an' staple on a trapdoor an' git down into some cellar whah it's dry. Neveh kin tell about dese Jonah fish. Seems like dey is built queer."

His exploring fingers found a crevice in the wood pavement, and a moment later he managed to get his hand down to the underside of a heavy box. He hauled on the box and stood upright with his cargo. "Huh! Looks like some likker," he said to the mascot goat, who was enjoying a gratifying bath.

With the heavy heel of one of his discarded shoes he hammered a corner of the top from the box and an instant later his hopes were confirmed. "Case goods, Lily! Hot dam, us is hit a gold mine!"

He got one of the bottles out of the box and cracked the neck off of it with a well-aimed blow of his ax. A twelve-inch drink, the diameter of his throat, gurgled its way downward to where it could do a lot of good. "Whuff! Dat sho' is noble likker! Mebbe dis whale ain't got no prize aroma, but nobody kin say nuthin' about de likker whut dis Jonah fish carries. Sho noble likker. Comes right when us needs it mos'. Needs all my strength to git dis ol' whale baled out so he won't sink."

The Wildcat began needing his strength for drinking and baling purposes when the sun was midway of the heavens. He used his strength and his battered hat to such good advantage that within an hour the whale's basement was comparatively dry.

The floor of the basement was made up of a mosaic of bottle goods in cases, and on this bed of ease, reclining intimately against the whale's inner nature, ornamenting his oration with right-handed gestures, at one o'clock the Wildcat explained their predicament to his mascot goat.

"Heah us is, wid fish lines an' bait hooks." He stood erect and made an inspection of the horizon. "De ol' fish boat is too far gone to ketch by swimmin'. Dis heah whale is 'quipped wid fish bait an' likker. Goat, whut mo' does you want?"

"Bla-a-a!" In Lily's reply was a something that suggested the fate that awaited the Wildcat when his Italian employer should overtake him.

"Goat, you is mistook. Us ain't gwine back. Chances is did dat fishman ketch me now, wid de boat lost an' no fish caught 'ceptin dis pussonal whale fish whut belongs to me, de boy might ra'r back in his rage an' barbecue me loose f'm my health an' strength. Like as not he wouldn't see de right an' wrong of whut us done. Like I tole you befo', it ain't so much whut you sees as how you looks at it. Naw-suh, goat! Us is sailors f'm now on, an' wid dat fish boy ragin' in San Francisco us heads de otheh way. Might as well git goin' whilst de goin' is good. Whut fo' is dis ol' whale tail 'ceptin' to steer wid? How come Lady Luck boons us wid a mast an' plenty rope 'ceptin' she craves to see us sail? Whut fo' is de ol mate warm 'ceptin' so us kin use dese oilskin clo'es fo' sailin' purposes so de breeze kin blow us 'way f'm whah at dat ragin' fish boy is? Answer me, goat!"

Lily's answer seemed to confirm the Wildcat's belief in his own schemes, and forthwith the whale-sailor retrieved the long pike pole; and after he had pointed it with his ax he rammed it deep in a vertical position into the highest point of the whale's forward deck. He drove a stake, made from a section of the cover of a whisky case, into the whale's back a few feet from where his improvised mast had been stepped. Between the masthead and this stake he rigged a short length of his hand line, and from this line, using half a dozen barb hooks from the tangle of gear that had come overboard from the fishing boat on the end of the hand line, he rigged his oilskin coat as a makeshift sail.

Against the edge of the ax he slit the legs of his oilskin pants and in a little while the sail area was augmented by the full expanse of these subequatorial oilskins. Another section of hand line, rigged to the upstanding flipper of the whale's tail, served as a jerk-line tiller rope.

When this was done, the mast, bending low under the stress of its straining gear and the breeze that filled the sails, was righted and stayed with three light guys, which the Wildcat made fast to a trio of whisky-case pegs driven into the whale's deck.

With his motive power established, the navigating officer drank the last heavy slug of hooch from his bottle and leaned back with a deep sigh of satisfaction. "Heah us is, Lily, sailin' south. Plenty to drink, middlin' warm, an' a long ways to go."

He threw a fragment of wood overboard and checked the progress of his craft. "Us is travelin' as fast as a man kin walk. Chances is us lands somewhah sometime. Just now de main thing is suppeh."

The Wildcat baited a hook with a fragment of whale meat and trailed a twenty-foot fishline over the side. A six-pound fish answered his invitation almost immediately. He hauled the fish on board. "Hot dam, Lily! Look at dis heah halibrute whut Lady Luck sent fo' nutrifyin' purposes. Us ain't got no mo' troubles dan dis heah whale; only us knows it, an' he don't."

He fumbled around in his pocket and produced a waterproof shotgun-shell matchbox. He chopped half a dozen slivers from a wet piece of pine that he broke from the top of a whisky case, and in a moment, on

Oh don't say, some ink!

You go in to buy some ink.
You: "Bottle of ink, please."
The clerk: "Black or blue?"
You: "M-m-m-m black, please."

The clerk wraps the first bottle of black ink that comes to his hand. You pick up your change and pat yourself on the back for having remembered to buy ink.

But you've forgotten—to call for Carter's.

Don't just say "Bottle of ink." You want ink that takes hold of the paper, that doesn't all come up with the blotter—ink that is free from sediment—that will not build on your pen—ink that will remain clear and bright as long as the paper that it is written on lasts. You want Carter's Ink. Ask for it by name.

And for your fountain pen, ask for Carter's Fountain Pen Ink. It is scientifically made

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
BOSTON MONTREAL
NEW YORK CHICAGO

Call for CARTER'S

Writing Fluid
Fountain Pen Ink
Cico Paste

Carbon Paper
Typewriter Ribbons
Stamp Pads

"Play Ball!"

Sand lots are calling and red-blooded boys the country over are bursting with eagerness to "swat 'em a mile."

How about *your* boy? If he's lagging behind the procession, look to his food; it may be lacking in a single element the youngster needs to build upstrength, energy and firm, healthy tissues.

Yeast Foam Tablets—a pure, tonic food—are the richest known source of a substance essential to digestion, growth and strength.

Have your boy eat these wholesome tablets along with his other food, and watch how he picks up.

Yeast Foam Tablets are made of whole, selected yeast; they keep and they don't cause gas. Hence they are *safe* for children and adults. Sold by druggists and made by the makers of the famous baking yeasts, Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast.

Yeast Foam Tablets
A Tonic Food

SEND FOR LARGE FREE SAMPLE

*Name*_____

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Mail Coupon to Northwestern Yeast Co.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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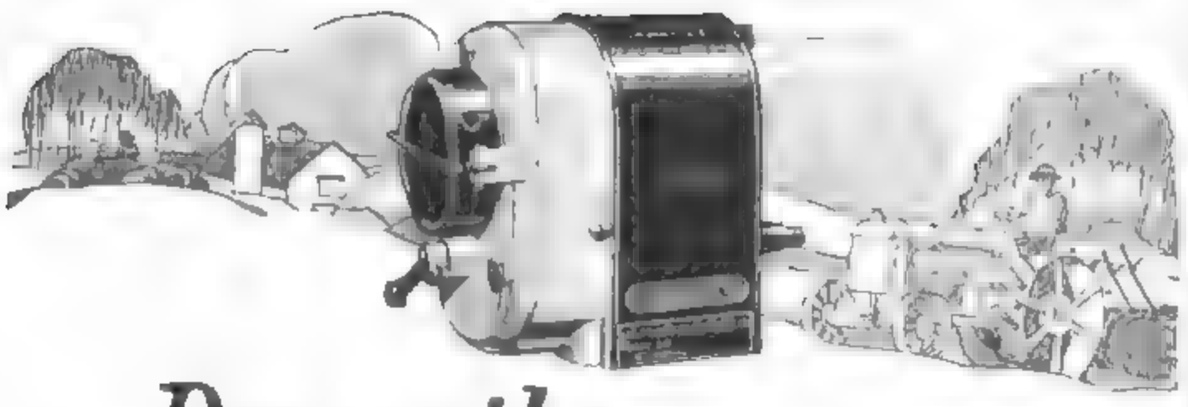


Pep up the POWER of your motor

THE hot, fat spark of the *new* Splitdorf Magneto—a self-contained unit for ignition only—will INCREASE the power of your motor so much that you will wonder how it is possible to get such results for the limited cost.

Your garageman, or the serviceman in charge of your fleet, knows—ask him.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY
98 Warren Street, Newark, N. J.

The Green Jacket Spark Plug—the plug with MICA insulation and heavy electrodes which you will need for the intense spark of the Splitdorf Magneto.

There is a type of Splitdorf Plug for every engine. Get the type suited to YOUR motor.

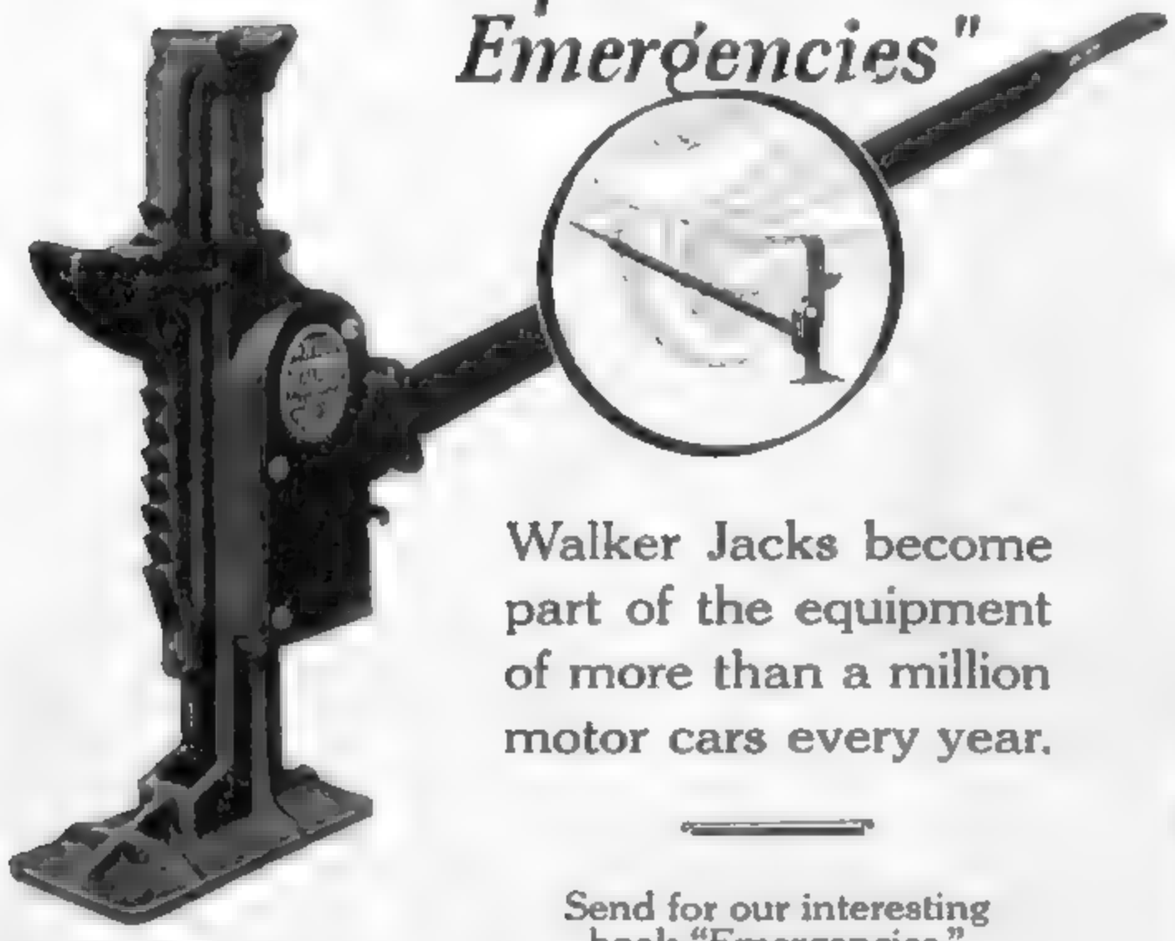
TRADE SPLITDORF MARK ESTABLISHED 1859

New MAGNETO

Ask your jobber about special offer for Fords, Dodges, etc.

Walker JACKS

"Dependable in Emergencies"



Walker Jacks become part of the equipment of more than a million motor cars every year.

Send for our interesting book "Emergencies." It explains why.

No. 116 with foot lift and 36 inch handle is designed for cars with hard-to-reach rear axles. It is one of our sixteen models.

Walker Manufacturing Company -- Racine, Wisconsin

an insulating rug of whaleskin which he spread in the whale's basement, he had a fire over which within ten minutes the halibut had been sufficiently cooked to enable a hungry sailor to dull the edge of his appetite.

"Now did us have a five-cent seegar I'd leave de proud world drift by. As is, de best us kin do is one mo' gratifyin' slug of likker follered by a hearty bite at dis heah eatin' tobacco."

The Wildcat acted on his own program. He broached the second bottle from the open whisky case and with his after-dinner likker he indulged himself with a mouthful of eating tobacco.

Thereafter, sailing south into the clutches of whatever reception committee Lady Luck might have at some unknown rendezvous, he sat pretty and talked politics at his mascot goat.

At midnight, forty miles south of his noon positon, about all that he required to complete the perfection of the situation was a gallon of drinking water, and this was supplied by the bountiful Lady Luck in the form of a gust of rain which condensed from the midnight fogs and which made of the oilskin sails a watershed from which ran twice as much drinking water as a thirsty southbound sailor could consume.

Bulging with food and drink, asking no questions of the future, the Wildcat addressed his mascot goat just before both of them went to sleep. "Eat all dat seaweed you craves, goat, den git yo'self rested. I eats when I kin git it, I sleeps mos' all de time, I don't give a dog-gone if de sun don't neveh shine."

"Blaa-a!" Lily made it unanimous.

"Dat's me!" the Wildcat returned. "Yestiddy is gone. Us is all right now. Tomorro' is Lady Luck's trouble. Only thing whut kin hurt us is a train wreck."

II

BULGING with victory and filling the air with garlic-flavor snorts of triumph, Frank Manzanni, nominally a humble Italian fisherman whose entire crew consisted of one faithless Wildcat, journeyed south from Seattle, where with the assistance of his patron saint he had put over the biggest bootlegging deal of his skyrocket career.

In San Francisco Grandpa Manzanni, the Manzanni children and a fringe of nieces and nephews and cousins listened with wide eyes while the new prince of bootleggers related the nontechnical details of his illicit enterprise.

"Of the finest case goods, fifty dozens, delivered in the open sea. Calculate if you can the profit. The cost—less than a thousand dollar. The value, sold to the retail trade, seven thousand dollar. And this is but a beginning!"

"Viva Garibaldi!" Grandfather of Manzanni clicked his two remaining teeth together in an ecstasy of anticipation. "The law of Volstead—ritzi! What care the Manzanni for law? Pass the red wine! Drink deep to this son of the house who has accomplished this whale-sized victory over the tyrant's code which would forbid the enjoyment of life, liberty and alcohol!"

III

AT EVENING, on board the Grayling, swinging at anchor out from the white sand beach which fronted the seaside house owned and enjoyed by Mrs. Craven-Waite, Sir Rennygade Wye-Flynch gargled his conversation into Mrs. Craven-Waite's pink and eager ears.

Festivities on land and sea, running neck and neck, had taxed the social engineering abilities of the yacht's owner and the queen of the country place, until now, with their fifty glittering guests nicely cheered on the tenth cocktail, the responsible parties enjoyed the momentary lull that preceded the dinner bugle.

Mrs. Craven-Waite complimented the host on his ability to create delightful parties out of more or less raw human material.

"You flatter me," Sir Rennygade demurred. "Cocktails, ragtime radio and the ground swell that's running ought to bring Christmas cheer to a convict colony. If this breeze freshens perhaps the brutal bevy would better go ashore after dinner. Health and strength of the dear old guests, nausea, and what not."

"Right-o!" Mrs. Craven-Waite agreed, speaking English as best she could. And then when her gaze sought the steady horizon in a personal effort at stabilizing a more or less unsteady world—"What is that away out there, Renny?" she asked.

Sir Rennygade Wye-Flynch, following Mrs. Craven-Waite's gesture, blinked his uncertain vision into the west. "Looks like a bull-nosed submarine. Not responsible for visions, though. Bacardi, you know—and the old optic nerve."

A steward interrupted Sir Rennygade's inspection of the strange craft to the westward, and while Mrs. Craven-Waite and her companion devoted their attention to the business of dining on the swinging yacht it left the bull-nosed submarine free from curious eyes save for those of half a dozen personal revenue officers perched on a rocky headland half a mile down the coast.

Under the battery of inspection the Wildcat navigated his likker-bearing bull-nosed submarine to a position abreast of the Grayling off the white sand beach that fringed the stretch of sea fronting Mrs. Craven-Waite's home.

At high tide, when the wind had died with the day, the Wildcat's craft, moving shoreward now under the gentle urge of the insistent surf, grounded on the white sands.

To this gray area on the silver crescent of the beach, intent on seeing what was what, the eyes of the law focused in selfish anticipation born of long experience in the profit-sharing possibilities of strange craft that now and then enjoyed the overtaxed sanctuary of the local harbor.

Confronted by the spokesman of the personal revenue crew, the Wildcat, sensing the situation, denied all connection with superior officers, bootleg rings, men higher up and illegal syndicates of the up-country coast. "Cap'n, naw-suh! Dese heah two animals is mine—de whale an' de goat. Me an' Lily been travelin' togetheh round an' round. Me an' de whale met up some time back!"

The chieftain of the personal revenue officers asked the Wildcat one more direct question.

The Wildcat hesitated only an instant in replying, and then he invested all his immediate financial future in one sentence. "I'se able to deliveh right heah an' now de finest case goods you eveh tasted!"

"How much a case?"

"Dese is quality goods. Dey costs you a hund'ed dollahs."

Action followed acceptance of the Wildcat's offer, and three hours after midnight, in the fading moonlight, the basement of the liquor-bearing whale was cleared of its cargo.

In the white light of an electric lantern the Wildcat saw a series of hundred-dollar bills counted out to him. "Fo'ty-eight, fo'ty-nine, fifty! Dat's right, cap'n! I hopes you doubles yo' money."

The chief of the personal revenue officers grunted his belief in his ability to profit by the transaction, and then, following the route taken by his assistants over toward two waiting motor trucks, he walked out of the Wildcat's world.

The Wildcat walked down to the water and looked for a while at the beached whale, high and dry now, fifty feet from the edge of the sea.

A little apart from him, indulging her appetite for seaweed, the mascot goat enjoyed the feel of the firm sand under her feet. "Wait dere, Lily," the Wildcat ordered. "Eat heavy whilst I 'cumulates dese human things off'n dis heah Jonah fish."

The Wildcat clambered aboard the whale and retrieved the gear and the pike pole and the ax with which the seagoing transport had been rigged. He stowed his equipment away under a mass of driftwood farther up the beach and then, burdened with nothing but a clear conscience and five thousand dollars, he curled up in the shelter of an overhanging sand bank and slept himself forty ways from earthly cares.

Beside him, nibbling on a dessert of seaweed, Lily gave thanks unto the gods of the goat world for the termination of the unpleasant career of a seagoing bootlegger and followed the Wildcat into dreamland.

An hour after dawn the Wildcat was awakened by Sir Rennygade Wye-Flynch and Mrs. Craven-Waite and half a dozen of that lady's guests, who were bound for an early morning dip in an effort to eliminate the mental cobwebs which had been spun during an evening devoted to hooch and hilarity.

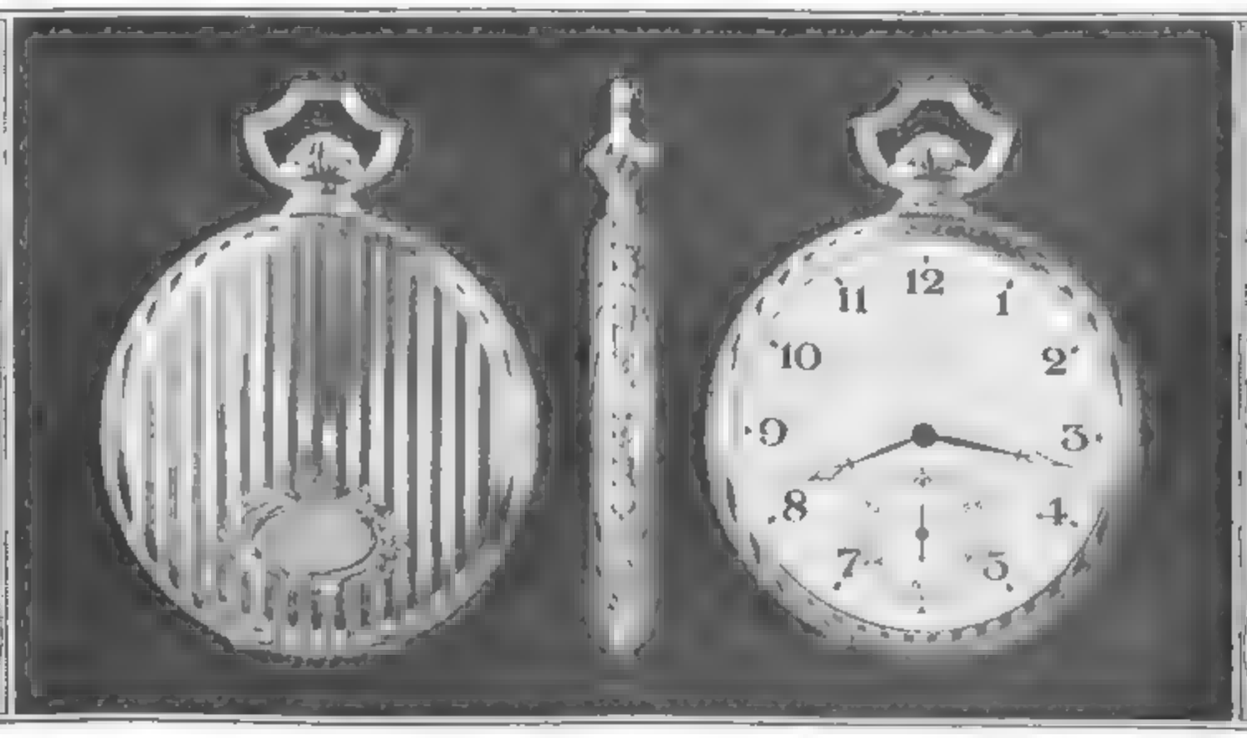
The Wildcat sat up and batted his eyes until he was half awake, and then he agreed heartily with Sir Rennygade's opinion of the whale.

"Yass-suh! Sho' does! Neveh seed no worse smell no place."

(Continued on Page 180)

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



The new WADSWORTH SALEM *designs*

Interpreting in watch cases the spirit of Colonial art

AFTER careful research into New England Colonial art, the Wadsworth artists have produced a striking series of watch cases in the new Salem designs.

Faithfully interpreting the spirit of one of the richest periods of American design, these cases hold a beauty and distinction seldom attained in men's pocket watches.

Study the illustrations in the panel above and you will discover the touch of some of the greatest artists of the eighteenth century.

In the Urn design in the bow of each case is reflected the genius of the brothers Adam, famous English architects and designers who were the source of much that was beautiful in the art of early New England. And in the delicately traced flower patterns on back and edge you will see the chaste simplicity of the Louis XVI period.

Beautiful in themselves, these new designs take on a brilliance as of full-cut diamonds when fashioned in Wadsworth white gold.

Unsurpassed for service and workmanship, these cases offer you the highest protection for your watch movement.

And yet the price remains within the reach of the man of moderate means.

Ask your jeweler to show you any standard watch movement dressed in one of the new Wadsworth Salem Cases.

The watch—a product of two industries

After constructing the movement, the watch manufacturer looks to Wadsworth for a case of such design as will make the completed watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

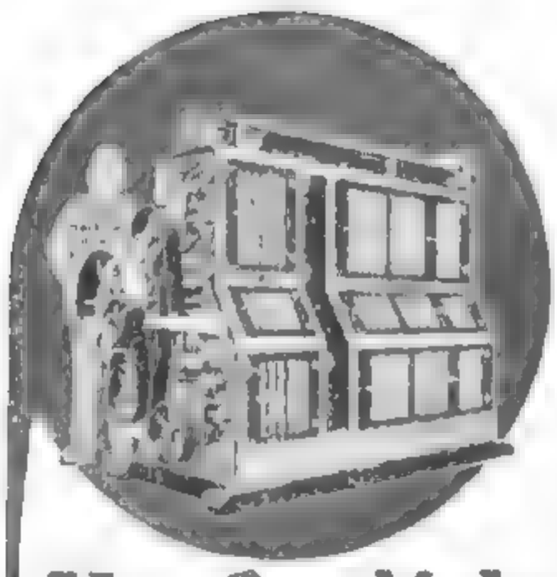
Wadsworth Cases have dressed and protected the movements of leading watch manufacturers and importers for more than thirty years.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth Case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.
Dayton, Ky., suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

The new Wadsworth Salem Cases are made to fit any 12-size standard watch movement

ON SALE BY LEADING JEWELERS THROUGHOUT THE U. S. AFTER APRIL 1ST



You Can Make $500.00 to $1000.00

a Month Milling

"Flavo" Flour

in your community on this New Wonderful

A North [illegible] $500.00

A [illegible] show a gross [illegible]

A [illegible] with [illegible]

My [illegible] net profit the first eight months.

Be the Master [illegible] permanent business that will earn you [illegible] Grind the home-grown [illegible] in your own [illegible] community with flour [illegible]

[illegible] the freight out on the wheat and on the in- [illegible] take the regular milling [illegible] When [illegible] a Master Miller from us you have the right to use our nationally advertised brand

"Flavo" Flour
"Famous for its Flavor"

[illegible] independent [illegible] according to the [illegible] so with comparatively little [illegible]

[illegible] at the free "Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill" and full particulars. Do it now before [illegible] vantage of this wonderful money making opportunity in your community.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MILL COMPANY
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LEVERAGE in the SandS

Shock Absorber protects your car and relieves the passengers of the personal discomforts of rough roads

Simplicity, durability and efficiency are the distinctive features of the S&S Shock Absorbers, automatically adjusted to work correctly with either empty or loaded cars

The S&S Shock Absorber (upper illustration) is [illegible] of semi-elliptic springs—SPECIAL DODGE AND FORD designs shown in lower illustrations.

Use this advertisement to your local Dodge and [illegible] and instruct them to order you a set [illegible] 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

Distributors and Dealers—Territory available

STARKWEATHER-SNOOK CORPORATION, Mfrs.
Moline, Ill.
Owned an Factory
Ontario S&S SHOCK ABSORBER Sales Company, Lincoln, Ontario

S&S Shock Absorbers

(Continued from 178)

There followed an offer of twenty dollars if the Wildcat would pile enough driftwood about the whale to burn up the discouraged-looking wreck.

"Cap'n, suh, dere ain't enuff driftwood in de world to burn dat whale. Only way you-all kin git rid of him is wid daminite. I seed de San Framcisco folks try to burn up a ol' whale whut landed on de beach; neveh seed such a stubborn whale! All dey done wuz scorch his pinfeathers wid all de wood an' oil in de world. Naw-suh! Daminite and blow him into fish bait is de only influoence dat soggy ol' Jonah fish might listen to."

After negotiations covering three highly scented minutes the Wildcat became party to a verbal contract to do the best he could in the matter of removing the objectionable visitor from the vicinity where nostrils quivered in disgust and then curled in surrender to the invisible halo that emanated from the permanent-looking Jonah fish.

"Cap'n suh, I gits de daminite in dis Monterey town right off an' mebbe late dis aftehnoon de ol' whale takes his last leapin' dive into de ocean."

IV

FRANK MANZANNI, prince of bootleggers, having exhausted his superlatives in his verbal efforts in the bosom of the Manzanni tribe, realized that he would do well to make good before he became the laughingstock of cousins and nephews, children, grandparents and neighbors who had listened to his reports of anticipated profits.

When he missed his rendezvous with the whale ten miles out of San Francisco he forthwith dispatched a set of cryptic telegrams to Canadian headquarters.

The answer to the third telegram was an absolute statement that the whale had been delivered at the designated point in the open sea, according to contract, and that by an explicit clause in the same contract responsibility for delivery ended therewith.

It was then that the Italian set forth in a borrowed boat in search of the sidetracked whale. Before him, as his hunting ground, was a long expanse of the Pacific Ocean. The whale detective, figuring tides and winds and currents, pottered down the coast.

Now and then his remarks fulminated high above the exhaust of the boat's engine.

In the late afternoon of the second day of his search, black against the white sandy beach fronting the seaside home of Mrs. Craven-Waite, the whale detective sighted his prey.

Immediately to his mind, lately schooled in several branches of the law's technicalities, there came a question of riparian ownership, three-mile limit, seaside property and the title to salvaged drifting property. He decided that a reasonable proof of ownership might convince the owner of the land on which the whale had stranded that title to the whale, and contents thereof, rested in the original promoter of the bootlegging enterprise.

Into the sound of revelry at evening, where out-of-doors were fifty of Mrs. Craven-Waite's guests, with Sir Rennygade Wye-Flynch and his yachting party well up in the front rank, there prowled an outsider whose name was Manzanni and whose business was the reclamation of a hooch-bearing whale.

Mrs. Craven-Waite, annoyed by the Italian's insistent misuse of the English language, summoned counsel.

The bootlegger, confronted by overwhelming numbers and social superiors, augmented the broken rhythm of his speech with gestures whose vigor made up for what they lacked in meaning

At a moment when the bootlegger had sworn by fifty ancient saints to invoke the law of the land, the law stepped into the game

It was a new brand of law, cloaked with chameleon authority, for now it seemed that the law's agents sought the arrest of one Frank Manzanni as a party to a series of violations suffered by an act to prohibit the manufacture, transportation or sale of hooch.

The sound of revelry died out and its place was taken by argument and oaths, hearty base threats from the throats of male guests, giggles and low screams and silvery feminine voices.

Upon the troubled waters of human affairs at that moment came a sudden gush of the verbal oil which Sir Rennygade Wye-Flynch had used with marked success in India and the Sudan.

Sir Rennygade, striding to the center of the stage, delivered himself of the first gargling phrase of a measured oration that promised to be the diplomatic triumph of a long and successful career. He rumbled back into the early ages when Babylon was a pup for his preliminary authorities. He followed the thread of the laws of property through the corridors of time as far as his third deep breath.

Expanding his chest, across whose expanse of immaculate linen gleamed a crimson product of the silkworm's industry weighted with half a dozen glittering examples of the tinsmith's art, he thundered along until his eloquence had backed the other animals out of the corral of oratory.

He came to a place where supplication to the high heavens dovetailed into the act, and here with a sweeping gesture he raised his hand toward the rising moon.

The gesture got results.

Rising above Sir Rennygade's words the sharp crash of an explosion down on the beach was followed by a roar which bloomed in the garden of eardrums

Then, out of the dark sky came the first elaborate patter of minced whale meat which preceded a cloudburst of the same substance.

Lord Rennygade, considerably annoyed, bowed his lionlike head before the tempest of whale meat and brushed from his gleaming chest a decoration of the Order of Hamburger Steak.

Mrs. Craven-Waite, screaming the call to retreat, led her guests in a wild flight from the scene.

Midway of her gallop toward sanctuary she stumbled over a meteoric fragment of seagoing whale. The fragment was one of fifty that had landed on the green expanse of the lawn fronting the house. It was about the size of a faithful dog.

From his safety station behind a rock down on the beach the Wildcat observed the phenomenon of the whale-destroying explosion.

When the sky-bound cascade of whale meat had fallen he jerked quickly on his mascot goat's leading string. "Come 'long heah, Lily! Seems like us aimed dat whale meat wrong. Chances is dem white folks won't crave li'l' lumps of dat ol' smellin' whale no betteh dan they liked dat complete Jonah fish. Foller quick wid me. Looks like dis minute was made fo' leavin' purposes!"

Sunset on Loon Lake, Near Spokane, Washington

There are 1825 hours in every year in which people like to look in lighted windows —to choose quietly the things they wish to buy quickly —*if* the lights are on

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Install *me* instead of the ordinary switch that *anybody* may forget to turn

It is easy to get complete information about me. Simply address the place I come from

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GENERAL UTILITY MODEL
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Garages, machine shops, contractors and [illegible] find that this Drill is sturdy enough to drill a [illegible] to most advanced engineering practice. Price including socket, chucks, etc., only $55

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We make [illegible] types of Portable Grinders, [illegible] etc. Send for our catalogue on these models saving [illegible]

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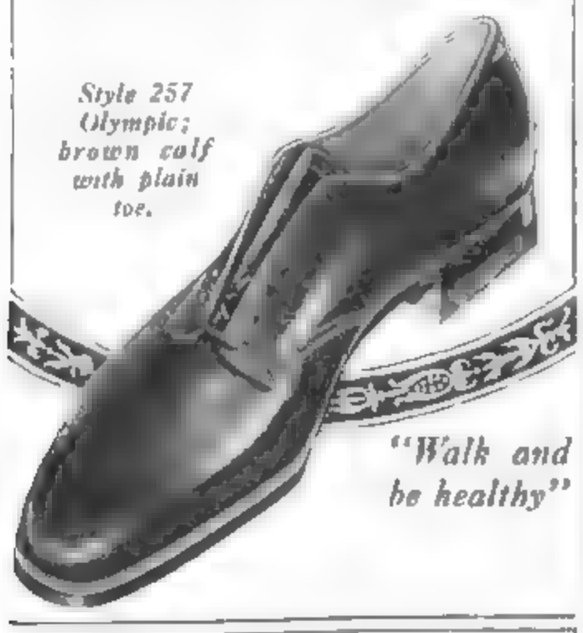
963 Main Street, Brockton, Mass.

Style 257 Olympic; brown calf with plain toe.



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Anybody Can Keep House With
ADIRONDACK WOODEN PLATES

6 for a Dime

OVAL WOOD DISH CORPORATION
Tupper Lake, N. Y. CHICAGO

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

(Continued from Page 4)

today merely the larger replica of what transpired in the early period of the republic. What John Fiske calls the Critical Period of American history—that is, the era between the end of the Revolution in 1783 and the adoption of the Constitution in 1788—established the precedent.

Once more you have war and its aftermath revealed as the prize perverters of the human and administrative instincts. The colonists emerged from a bitter battle against adverse odds with a new freedom that dazed and even threatened to destroy. So with a Europe which today wages peace as relentlessly as it waged war.

These pioneers of ours had rebelled against a taxation without representation, to find themselves taxed by a misunderstanding that almost impaired the fruits of victory. Curiously enough, we Americans have a taxation with representation in which misrepresentation appears to be regarded more as a virtue than a vice. This, however, is in passing.

The important point to be developed here, for the purpose of parallel, is that the thirteen states were projected in a tangle of bloodless conflict after the Revolution. In a single paragraph Fiske gives a vivid and diverting picture of what went on. Here it is:

It was not simply free Massachusetts and slave-holding South Carolina, or English Connecticut and Dutch New York that misunderstood and ridiculed each other, but even in such neighborly states as Connecticut and Massachusetts, both of them thoroughly English and Puritan and in all their social conditions almost exactly alike, it used often to be said that there was no love lost. Such stupid and incompatible local antipathies are inherited by civilized men from that far-off time when the clan system prevailed over the face of the earth, and the hand of every clan was raised against its neighbors.

The conflict went further than social and political divergence. Fiske has called attention to an impasse that is curiously reminiscent of Central Europe just now. Back in those turbulent days the city of New York got its firewood from Connecticut and its butter, cheese, chickens and garden truck from New Jersey. So deep-seated were the jealousies of the people that a protective tariff was set up. New London suspended commercial intercourse with New York City, and everybody suffered inconvenience. So it went. There was an era of rag money that is duplicated in Central Europe's debauch of the printing press.

Washington's Legacy

Since we are raking up the troubled past to show that there is nothing new in the widespread international dislocation of the twentieth century, it may be worth while to refer to Washington's historic circular letter, which has so often been described as his legacy to the American people. In this letter he outlined four things that this country must observe to maintain its freedom and its unity. They are: The indissoluble union of the states under a single Federal Government; the organization of a militia system on uniform principles; the payment of debts incurred by Congress for war purposes to the last farthing; and finally that people must be willing to sacrifice, if need be, some of their local interests to the common weal, and discard their local prejudices and regard one another as fellow citizens of a common country with interests in the deepest and truest sense identical.

These words of wisdom, written by the Father of the Republic, are as applicable to storm-tossed Europe as they are to us, although considerably more than a hundred years have passed since they were set down. Incidentally, they may cause some reflection among the advocates of debt cancellation and serve to emphasize the verity that obligations incurred for war are no less sacred than those necessitated by peace.

As a final evidence that American history is still duplicating itself, let me present a sentence written by Thomas Jefferson to a friend at the American capital. He was the forerunner of that large body of present-day American citizenship which, regardless of political affiliation, condones our lack of coördinated national legislation and its effect upon the average man.

In this letter Jefferson said, "Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should want bread."

What concerns us mainly, however, is the economic development of the country in its relation to the present time. For this purpose let us divide the history of the United States into epochs with reference to production and prosperity. Roughly they are:

The era of growth, in which the nation found itself through sheer youth, energy and boundless opportunities.

The era of expansion, which was the period of intensive industrial development, including the formation of the great trusts.

The era of world power when, after the annexation of the Philippines, Porto Rico and Hawaii, we took the final plunge with our participation in the Great War.

The era of flux, which is today, and which finds us, like the rest of the universe, more or less at sea and literally groping for a definite policy.

From this disorganization we must look, if we are to prosper, to the next period, which might be termed the era of coördination, in which all these loose threads of scattered thought and aimless direction must be bound up for a domestic and likewise a firm and unsentimental international procedure.

Amid the din of international tumult we seldom pause to realize that our world complications are comparatively recent. Until the war with Spain we were not only more or less economically self-contained but, like England, we were practically wedded to aloofness. We had the added value of distance, which instead of lending enchantment only enhanced safety.

Natural Advantages

Where England had her insularity bulwarked by those storied waters that were at once her domain and her defense, we developed a corresponding asset no less potent. We had immense and growing stores of raw materials, an expanding network of rails and other communication, no appreciable conflicts of nationalism, despite the alien tide that was beginning to beat upon our shores; and what was vastly more important, when you survey disrupted Europe today, no armed frontiers. The bristling border has caused the Continent more trouble than anything else, because it is like a chip on the shoulder of a nation.

Thus, until 1898 it may be said that our development was almost purely American. In a larger sense the Revolution really did not complete itself until 1865, when we became a unified entity. The real epoch of reconstruction began with the Spanish War and the blending of the blue and the gray, while the last roots of our isolation were torn up when the American flag was unfurled on the battlefields of France. These are some of the milestones of our progress. Each one has in turn imposed new obligations and brought about fresh complications.

There is no need of entering specifically into the epochs that I have indicated. Everybody knows that the winning of the West led to an agricultural expansion that was in turn followed by the industrial boom. We became the great dynamo of productive energy. Through cycles of alternate panic and prosperity we made our way to a near-economic stewardship of the globe in which only Britain and Germany figured as competitors. Reversing the Copernican theory, the world began to revolve around the American dollar.

With all this material prosperity there came a deadening of the moral sense. Here we get the first real link with the problems that this series of articles must touch. It is astonishing, but nevertheless true, that with the accession of every conspicuous aid to business and commerce there came an abuse. The railroads afford a notable example of the grip that the corporation fastened upon the lawmaking machine. They owned states and legislatures, and the so-called special interests, which came into being with the recapitalization of American industry as expressed in the great trusts, camped in Congress.

Most of this perversion of power grew out of the fact that American politics became a definite and highly organized business. It was as distinctive a feature of our national life as the making of shoes or

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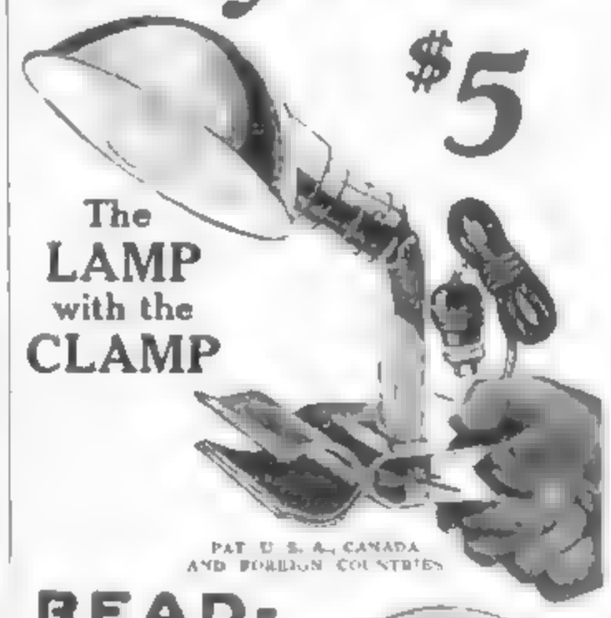

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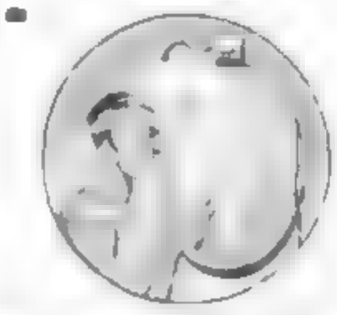

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clothing. It debauched public life, thereby lowering the standard of citizenship, with an ease that was equaled only by the flagrancy of its acts. The fact that the greatest period of industrial concentration and absorption the country has known came after the enactment of the Sherman Anti-trust Law is merely one commentary upon the subservience to the political autocracies. The natural consequence was a discontent that proved to be pliable material for the unassimilable alien who had been nurtured in protest. It was not until the Roosevelt period that some teeth were put into these statutes, which had been framed as Magna Chartas of the small producer and shipper.

Through the expanding years—and the rest of the world seems to have overlooked this fact—America was blazing the path for the comfort and convenience of civilization. In twenty years, for example, we have developed four major activities the ramifications of which would have made our forefathers sit up and wonder if the millennium had not arrived.

They are the automobile, motion-picture, electrical and chemical industries. They afford a livelihood for nearly twenty million people, but their benefits are enjoyed by all mankind.

While all those American cycles of boom and depression worked in their several mysterious ways to elate or cast down, the nation was inexorably marching, like the action of a Greek drama, to a climax. This climax was reached when we aligned ourselves against the Central Powers in 1917. Just as all Europe's contemporary travail was born of that stupendous disaster, so American uncertainty of thought and action began when we went in.

From our own point of view the Great War accomplished much more than to project us into the whirlpool of international events. It set in motion economic and political forces that loom large in any program for the American tomorrow. They will continue to menace our whole commercial future if they are not combated with sanity, courage and an appreciation of the fact that self-preservation is not only the first law of Nature but of nations as well. We must strip away the purely sentimental aspects—in our postwar attitude towards Europe we have been more influenced by sentimentality than by sense—and get down to what in the plain American vernacular is the brass tacks of the situation.

It is almost unnecessary to say at this late date that the war did three major things to American business. The first was the absorption of billions of dollars of accumulated wealth in the form of labor and commodities, and much of it was waste.

The Cataclysm of 1920

The second was the derangement of our productive machine. Not only were millions of men and women diverted from their normal tasks but a whole new engineery of output had to be devised to meet special needs. The business of destruction demanded agencies that, when the peacetime deflation ultimately arrived, became industrial Frankenstein monsters. We have today the same excessive wartime capacity, without the markets for consumption, and it is merely one of many similar by-products of an era of distortion.

The third detail in the category of costs was the abuse of the agency that is the basis of all business—in other words, credit. As one shrewd onlooker remarked, "We became drunk upon credit, and we are still suffering from the consequences."

What happened after the Armistice is such familiar history that it is scarcely worth repeating. Everybody knows that in the haste to restock the shelves left bare by more than four years of war we rushed full tilt toward an inflation that, but for the prompt action of the Federal reserve system in curtailing credit regardless of cost, would have plunged us into a terrific panic. As it happened, we had all the symptoms, but none of the usual drastic consequences, of a real cataclysm in 1920, although prices collapsed and unemployment became a nightmare. Through remorseless liquidation we were able to keep our heads above the waters, and we have continued afloat ever since.

In other words, we had the good sense to deflate; but unfortunately our example has not been followed by Europe. We met the issue and got some of the virus out of our system. Europe is still distended, not only economically but temperamentally and politically as well.

Now we get to the meat of the coconut. The United States liquidated in 1920 and 1921, but this economic house cleaning was not accompanied by a kindred liquidation of other ills, such as unrest, radicalism, an undigested immigration and general inability to deal squarely with fundamentals. It is with these maladies that frustrate the shaping of a definite national and international policy that we must deal if the integrity of American life and American business is to be maintained.

The more you examine into the present situation the more convinced you become of the truth of the statement that "the striking characteristic of a business depression and afterward is not the niggardliness of Nature but the inactivity of men." This far from masterly inactivity is precisely what has been going on throughout the United States ever since it had such a close shave from nation-wide disaster in 1920. The mistake has been that people have put the blame upon every cause except the real cause, which is themselves.

America Poorer for the War

I know no better way of concluding this summary than by reproducing what a hard-headed observer said to me when I asked him what was wrong with the country. His answer was:

"The trouble with America is that most Americans do not realize that as a result of the war we are poorer instead of richer. They think that because we have an abundance of money we are prosperous. They forget that money is not an end, but a means to an end. We have no ill in the United States that cannot be cured by hard work, close economy and right thinking.

"All that is necessary to our prosperity is the legitimate utilization of our stupendous resources. We can produce practically everything that we need, and have enough left for other countries when they are deficient. The greatest obstacle to our prosperity is that there are too many tinkers and too few experts."

The tinkers have been the trouble makers; but there are others. No man can make such an investigation as I have been pursuing without discovering that since the war a grouch has gripped America. It may be the result of a nation-wide attack of neurosis, which is part of the backwash of the struggle that shook the world; or perhaps it may be the morning after a deep draught of hooch, the stimulant being the aimlessness that develops from lack of real incentive, personal and national. Nothing is so disconcerting to the morale of the people as the failure of constituted authorities to have a definite goal. Once more you get back to the indecision that is the prevailing American malady. Much of it grows out of too much talk and too little listening. Likewise, there are too many long words and not enough long hours.

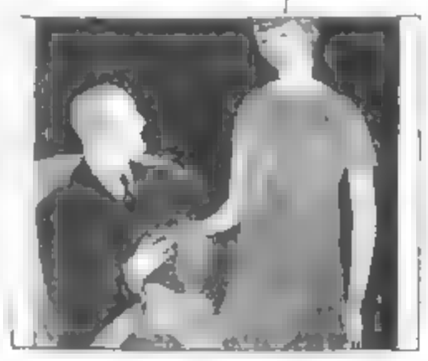
One manifestation of the uncertainty that holds America lies in what appears to be a growing contempt for American traditions, a deprecation of the things that have been the backbone of the republic. With this type of mind it is often a case of "Lo, the poor American," whose sadly untutored mind, to paraphrase Mr. Pope, only sees the dollar in the wind and with it the glorification of his own prosperity. It has come to be the fashion to maintain a pose of superciliousness about our institutions and our relationships.

Yet these denatured mentors overlook the splendid heritage that is theirs. They forget an ancestry that snatched liberty from a royalist tyranny to create, in turn, an empire of production out of a wilderness no less unyielding. They ignore a span of heroism that reaches from Valley Forge and the Delaware down through the shell-swept stretches of the Meuse and the Argonne. They are dulled to the recollection of a Washington at prayer in the snow-clad forest and a Lincoln poring over some tattered book at a cabin fireplace. These are a few of the fountainheads of inspiration that should stimulate an America, still in the making, to its larger world destiny, but first of all to the more immediate obligation to itself.

A Bolshevization of perspective is really responsible for the distortion of the American mind, and the only cure for it is the right kind of occupation, social or otherwise, with a penalty for deviation from it. I make this statement, because wherever I have

(Continued on Page 185)

It's somebody's birthday today



A write-hand combination with features that can't be copied

It's a happy birthday that brings to the owner of an Eversharp a Wahl Pen to match it. It's a doubly happy birthday that brings both these improved writing instruments to the person who still uses the old-fashioned kind.

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The Wahl Pen, with its all-metal barrel, is indestructible—there's no limit to its length of life. It holds more ink. All parts fit as perfectly as the parts of a watch. No leakage in the pocket. No twisting of threads or cracking as with rubber.

Eversharp and Wahl Pen are made in gold and silver, in designs that match, and in various sizes, for pockets, purse, ribbon or chain. Eversharp, $1 to $10. Wahl Pen, $4 to $10. Solid gold at higher prices. Look for the name on the pencil and the pen.

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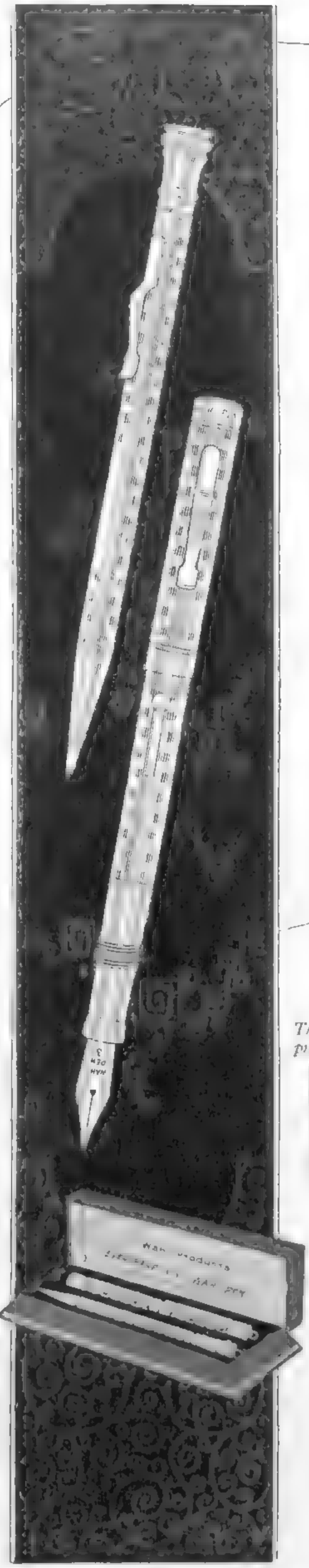
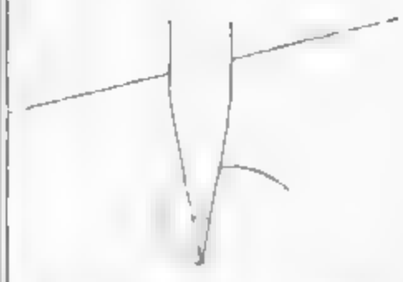
Remember!
You can't have a good pencil unless you have good lead. Don't refill your Eversharp with any old kind. Also Eversharp Pencils and Eversharp Leads are made to fit each other. You can't be sure of the same results with any other combination. Two hundred million Eversharp Leads are sold per year. 15c in the red tube box. Seven grades, from very soft to very hard.





This Eversharp patent prevents a wobbly lead.

The Eversharp pilot tip is made like the point of a pencil barrel. It cuts tiny grooves in the sides of the lead and holds the point like a vise until you are ready to use it. No wobbling, no wabbling. Eversharp loads at the breech like a rifle, and carries enough lead at one time to write 240,000 words.

"...couldn't get by, it was brakes or...?"

". . . just ahead a farm wagon straddled the road. No getting by—it was brakes or . . . ? Down went the old pedal till she groaned—back snapped the emergency, and we skated 20 feet.

"*But the locked wheels never budged!* When stopped—my lights were nosing his hub! A tight squeeze, believe me!

"I'm mighty glad my brakes were lined with Thermoid."

"Tight Squeeze," or "Fatal Crash"?

With ordinary linings, it almost certainly would have been the latter. But Thermoid grips surely and evenly—from the first day on. Hydraulic pressure—2000 pounds of it—makes it dense and compact, one solid mass. This tremendous compression takes out the "give" and "squeeze" which you have to compress out by long, steady braking in other linings.

Thermoid *wears* down slowly, instead of *mashing* down quickly—because it is so dense. And it grips evenly—every inch of it—until worn thin as cardboard. Thermoid never wears down in spots, or "grabs" in an emergency.

That's why the difference between "tight squeeze" and "fatal crash" is often no greater than the narrow width of a strip of brake lining.

Thermoid's 40% more material means a big saving to you

Here is another thing—the 2000 pound compression does more than eliminate all trace of further "give"—it enables us to put *40% more material* into every square inch of brake lining! This extra material—found *only* in Thermoid—means

Fewer adjustments

Approximately 40% more wear.

The cost of brake adjustment over a period of three years mounts up. Thermoid—dense and firm—seldom needs taking up. You can chalk up a definite saving right there. Thermoid has *always* been a safe brake lining—it is now known as the most economical.

A brake lining which absorbs moisture or becomes glazed with oil will slip and take hold in "jerks." This means that your brakes are apt to fail you when a real emergency arises. It means that your car will jump and swerve in a series of nerve-racking bucks instead of coming to a sure, steady stop. Thermoid cannot swell, slip or snatch because of a special treatment applied in its making.

This treatment is called *"Grapnalizing"*—it was invented by our own engineers—it is found *only* in Thermoid. It makes Thermoid Brake Lining absolutely proof against oil, moisture, and gasoline.

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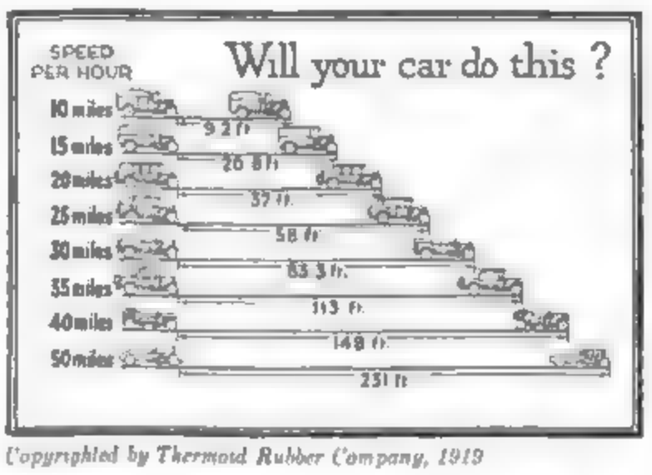

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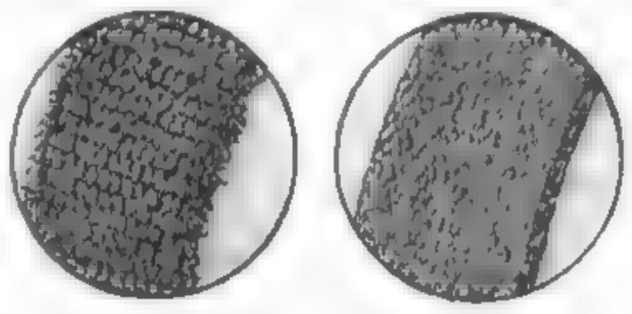
Famous Thermoid Standard Chart—shows distances in which car should stop if brakes are efficient. Brakes lined with Thermoid meet these standards



Left: steady wear soon squeezes out "ragged edge" on ordinary soft brake lining. This means poor wear and frequent adjustment. Right: Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Lining is too compact to squeeze out. Wears down slowly, grips when worn wafer-thin. Needs fewer adjustments.

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

(Continued from Page 182)

gone men have said to me in substance: There is nothing fundamentally the matter with the country, but there is something radically wrong with the people. They act like square pegs in round holes, and the result is friction. If they were undergoing the hardships of the peoples of Central Europe they would have something to fret about.

Though dangerous optimism is a destructive force, there is an equal menace in the prevailing pessimism that has swung to the other extreme. A considerable body of American opinion resembles the attitude revealed in a story that concerns the editor of a scolding New York newspaper. A new city administration had just gone into office and a Boston man inquired how it was faring.

The editor replied, "Things are going all right, but we are hoping for the worst."

You need only two elementary illustrations to prove that basically our course has been onward. At the moment the American farmer is in the dumps because he has been suffering from what he considers an excessive overhead and a reduced income. Yet nowhere in the world is the agriculturist so well intrenched as in the United States. For years men planted corn on the same hillsides because their fathers before them did it. The farm was isolated and rural life was almost a tragic monotony. Today the era of the clodhopper is past, and with it, to a large extent, the old hand-to-mouth existence. The automobile, the telephone, the radio and the movie have brought the city to the farm, and existence is all the richer for it.

In 1912 there was one telephone for every eleven persons in the United States, while today there is one to every eight. Ten years ago there were only nine hundred and forty-four thousand motor cars in the country. This number has grown to nearly twelve million, which means that there is one motor vehicle for every nine persons, compared with one for every hundred during the preceding decade.

Take a more abstract thing, like foreign affairs. Before the war with Spain we had scarcely loaned a dollar to foreign countries. Today they owe us more than eleven billion dollars. All that this obligation has netted so far is an education, but it is almost worth the price. The reason is that more of our people are thinking in international terms than ever before. There is scarcely a farm or fireside from one end of the country to the other without some direct or vicarious link with Europe. It may be a Liberty Bond, an empty sleeve or the memory of stirring days.

Thus, from complete isolation and a self-sufficiency born of dire necessity we have run the gamut of decades of varying experience until we share the common international lot of anxiety and uncertainty. As with Europe, it has brought us to a crisis in our fate.

Issues to be Met

With this brief survey of the situation we can now go on to an enumeration of the issues that must be met and mobilized if we are to formulate a policy for tomorrow. At once you encounter an embarrassment of problems only equaled by the diversity of opinion about them. Even the mental background is obscured, because the times are abnormal. Morale is still unshaken as the result of the war, and the nervous state of mind of Europe is matched in America by a general aimlessness of purpose. Moreover, every point of view is more or less influenced by self-interest, prejudice or ignorance.

Even when you get into the concrete subjects you at once discover that they are all interrelated, and it is difficult to put your finger on any one pressing question. Labor, for example, is inseparably allied with immigration; and immigration, in turn, is linked with foreign policy. This is full mate to overseas trade, while behind it lurk the shadows of taxation and the railroads. Yet all lead to that universal objective which is the meal ticket, whether for individual, corporation or nation.

Somehow everybody seems to want the comfortable physical status and the approximate economic balance that existed before 1914. They are sick of inquietude. It means that what the country needs more than anything else is rest from the demi-statesmen and the demagogues. It is a toss-up as to which of these two species is the greater evil. The hysteria of lawmaking has begot an orgy of lawlessness that merely adds to the general disruption.

There are certain underlying facts—one in particular—that must be disclosed before we analyze the subjects. At Washington I asked a certain high-placed official, whose devotion during and since the war has been animated solely by an unselfish ideal of public service, what was the greatest need of America at the present time. His reply was:

"To get good and efficient men to hold public office."

"How is this to be accomplished?" I queried.

"Heaven only knows," was the answer. "You have only to look around here at Washington to find disillusion and discouragement among men in office, many of them having made distinct sacrifices to serve the country. Ignoring the matter of grossly inadequate compensation, which goes without saying, the only returns are rebuffs and rebukes. They are all due to the fact that blind political precedent, and not the larger national good, is the measure of value in office. What this country needs more than anything else is a course in public service in every institution of learning, and the most drastic standard of efficiency in public service."

Undigested Immigration

What are the vital problems that must be solved? Again it is necessary to get back to a fundamental, and that fundamental—in the simplest and briefest language—is the Americanization of our own American people.

We can have no program and no progress until there is assimilation of the conflicting nationalistic elements that glut our life. No mirage has been more misleading than that which revealed the much-vaunted melting pot. It is a theory and not a condition. If such a utensil ever existed the fire under it has gone out. To lapse into the talk of trade, one primary American task, upon which all agree, is to sell America to Americans.

It cannot be achieved through conversation or political side-stepping. We have had too much blatant oratory by self-hypnotized speakers about America as the asylum of the oppressed. The trouble is that the oppressiveness merely continues in another form. There can be no diluted Americanism.

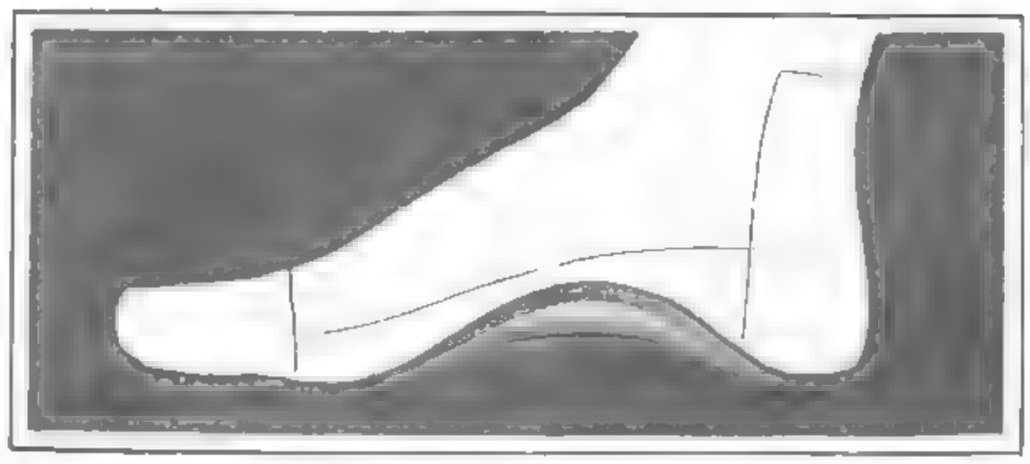
As a result of undigested immigration, most Americans do not realize that we have had a sort of a Europe here at home. Instead of a group of bickering nations regarding each other with distrust, suspicion and malevolence—most of it the result of misguided nationalism and an impotent attempt at economic self-determination—we have the whole bag of tricks within the confines of a single country.

Thanks to laxity or sentimentality, or both, at the ports of entry on this side, and the reckless competition of steamship companies abroad, we have had dumped upon us a horde of races whose most dangerous elements refuse to become assimilated and who are the chief mischief mongers. Through them we have radicalism and all the other by-products of what someone has aptly called the indigestible alien survivals. It is no exaggeration to say that had we not clamped down the lid on unrestricted entry of foreigners we might have had a dose of Balkanization.

One reason why the imported radical has been able to stir up trouble is that he has done precisely what the Germans and the Turks have been doing for the past few years. These brothers of the Great War have persistently capitalized Allied dissension and got away with it. There is nothing new in the spectacle, because for four hundred years the Turks in particular have profited by the divided councils of the other powers. If from the Armistice there had been some degree of Allied economic and political solidarity, the German reparations would never have reached the point where the French were forced to invade the Ruhr. It is no secret that until the French were actually on the march the Germans were convinced that England would raise a restraining hand because of the breach in the Entente over indemnity. Discord is always a favorite target.

This digression bears directly upon immigration, because the European radical who has been permitted to exploit the soap box and printer's ink in the United States has practiced a kindred capitalization of our own social and political differences.

If immigration is to be unrestricted, are we prepared to harbor a definitely labeled



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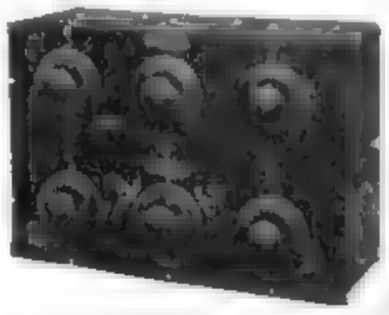

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coolie class with all that it implies, or can a larger influx of aliens be assimilated, first through selection abroad, and by a judicious geographical distribution here? What is the remedy for the so-called shortage of common labor, and will Americans do the pick-and-shovel work? These are some of the questions that many types of Americans will discuss in a succeeding article, which will deal with immigration and all its ramifications that reach to farm and factory.

To erect another signboard, we must turn to labor, which, like taxation, has the power to destroy. Is labor getting anywhere, and if so, how is it arriving? What is the fate of the closed shop? Is there a permanent cure through arbitration or otherwise for the strikes that, like periodic panics, impoverish the nation? That labor, as such, is seeing the light is evidenced by the entry of an organization such as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers into legitimate banking and the planting of its capital within the purlieus of its ancient bogy, Wall Street.

When you analyze labor you discover that the same fear that has paralyzed European initiative has worked harm in its councils. The last coal strike, for instance, was not due to any really fundamental differences between the operators and the miners, but because of the suspicion that each side felt for the other, and the apprehension that in some way somebody would put something over.

Upon the vital importance of one subject as a potent factor in our national existence an astonishing unanimity of opinion was disclosed. It concerns the railroads. Furthermore, even among their most accomplished baiters, is held the view that the great transportation systems, like the country itself, have reached the crossroads. The big question is, will continued drastic regulation drive the roads into out-and-out government ownership, or is there a likelihood of a return to something like private possession? This and many kindred queries will be answered by every shade of opinion.

The Crushing Weight of Taxes

Less spectacular but equally basic is taxation, which, like prohibition, has in some quarters inspired contempt rather than respect for the law. With discussion of prohibition the element of so-called personal liberty has become a piece of platitudinous bunk, but in taxation as at present constituted there is a real menace to fiscal freedom.

A considerable degree of American progress will depend upon a revision of the tax statutes. Tax-exempt securities, for example, are merely endowing the nonproducer and putting a premium on extravagance. Shall the present system, which penalizes industrial initiative, persist, or will we devise a more equitable distribution of the burden that will once more raise the hope of fortune in the youth of the land? We shall stand or fall by whatever is done with taxation.

Since this article is merely a prelude—a sort of advertisement of the goods to follow—there is space only to reveal the remaining topics. They must include the problem of the farmer, and especially his need of a more elastic short-time credit; prohibition, foreign trade, disarmament, the tariff, and particularly its relation to the conditions resulting from the fact that we are a creditor instead of a debtor nation. A large body of intelligent opinion demands that the tariff be taken out of politics. European chaos has largely resulted from the conversion of practically every economic problem, including reparations, into a political issue. So much for the purely local, or American, aspects.

Ten years ago such a task as now engages me would have been completed with this enumeration. Today it is only part of the picture. We have become part and parcel of the vast fabric of international affairs, and endless complications are the result.

All Europe owes us money, and with the exception of England, most of our overseas creditors have been lying awake at night trying to evolve ways and means of evading their obligations. The funding of the rest of the Allied debt is only one of the many European nuts to be cracked. A considerable portion of America, and especially the North Atlantic seaboard, insists upon our intervention in Europe, either with a loan to stabilize the battered German currency or by participation in an association of nations. Ask any agricultural leader what is America's most urgent problem and he will say "The peace of Europe," because the farmer needs the foreign market for his surplus. On the other hand, the back-to-isolation idea has a wide following.

Out of it all emerges the necessity for some definite foreign policy that will salvage our financial stake abroad and at the same time give us a position compatible with peace and honor. In the matter of relationship with Europe, it may be well to keep in mind John Hay's admirable admonition:

"Love your neighbors, but choose the neighborhood."

Such issues as are embodied in the railroads, taxation, immigration, the tariff and a foreign policy are what might be regarded as conventional themes to enlist attention and provoke controversy whenever a national program is in view. There remains another question, ignored for many years, which should be grafted into the education of every American. I mean a knowledge of economics in their practical relation to everyday life and finance. Children are taught geography, mathematics, history and foreign languages, but they get no conception of the mainspring that underlies it all.

Perilous Possibilities

Economics is not only a dull word but it conjures up still duller vistas of statistics and technicalities that repel rather than invite. It is largely because few people have taken the trouble to translate economics into simple language and, what is more important, into popular action. Most institutions of learning have chairs in commerce and banking, but they do not reach the average person.

If America is to find herself through a fixed domestic policy, it should include a wider range of education in what, for the want of something better, might be termed popular economics. This does not mean domestic science, but a course in every primary school on the value, use and employment of money. If the child is taught that investment merely means putting money out to work it will not only inculcate a real sense of thrift but also set up a permanent safeguard against the get-rich-quick delusion. Likewise, it is a real contribution to an Americanism that will falter unless it is reared on prosperity. The empty stomach is the immemorial inciter to revolt.

But people seem to shy at education because it involves mental effort. It is much easier to wave the flag, talk platitudes, and on occasions sing the national anthem. Even this last performance needs some revision and rehearsing, as most Americans who have taken part in Fourth of July celebrations in foreign countries can attest. Not one out of a thousand Americans apparently knows the words of The Star-Spangled Banner. Let me illustrate.

At the usual ship's concert on British transatlantic liners the passengers sing the British and American anthems. The British invariably get away with theirs, but the Americans usually fall down after the first two lines of their own stirring song. Knowing this, a man with a sense of humor once amended a concert program on a bulletin board to read like this:

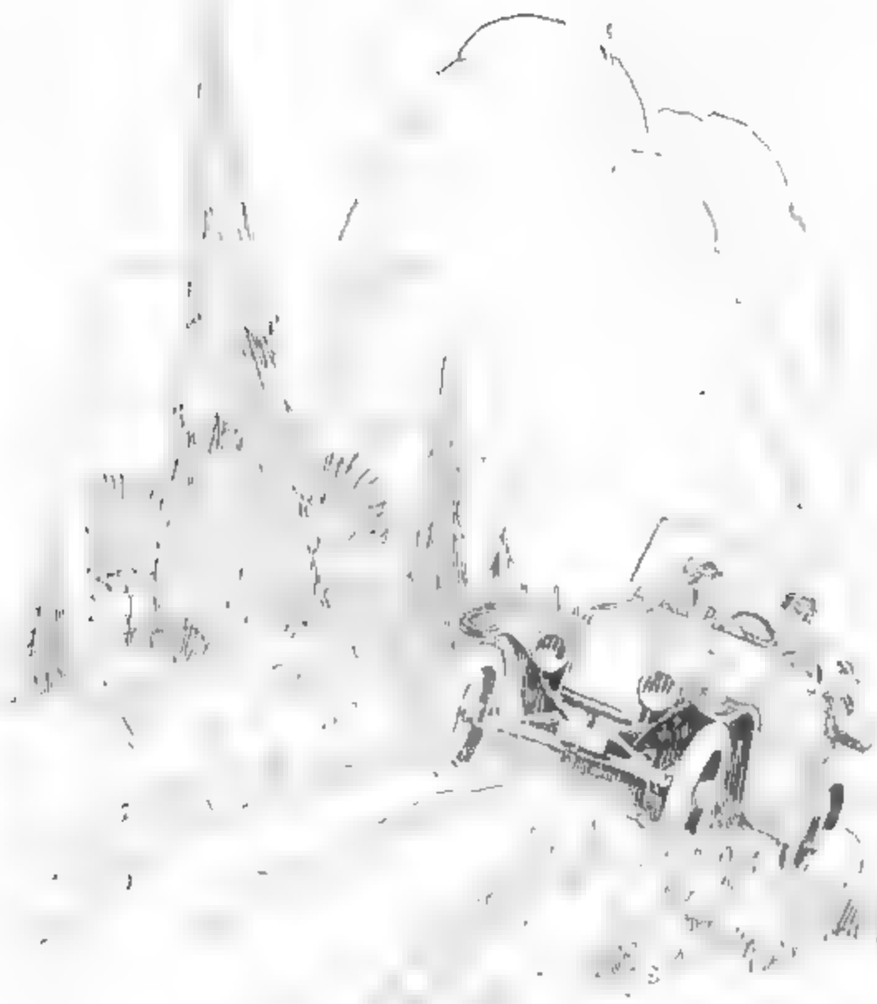
"God Save the King, sung by the English; God Save the Star-Spangled Banner, as sung by the Americans."

Here then is a bird's-eye view of America in transition. The unrest and uncertainty lie deeper than these peaks would indicate, for they repose in an impotent individualism, apparently content to let indecision take its costly course. The national conscience seems to be stupefied.

The present hour is packed with perilous possibilities. It is up to us to decide if we are to increase the hazard that threatens to engulf the European peoples or to become the masters of our fate.

Safety and self-preservation lie in a coherent program for tomorrow.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of American articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will appear in an early issue.



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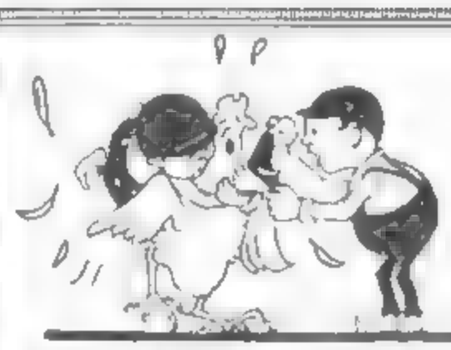

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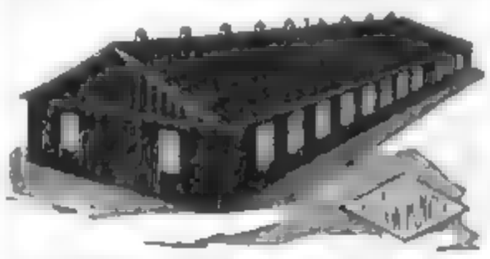

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NORTH OF 36

(Continued from Page 27)

Rudabaugh and his outfit right here, and that'd of ended the whole business. Courts! They own the courts; they'll all be out and at it again inside a week. Ef they meet up with us again I shore hope there won't be no rangers. When come it a cowman can't take care of his own cows?

"But come on, now, Del, push 'em over to the new pens; we got to work this Noah's-ark right now."

Nabours and Del Williams slowly edged out a string of cattle, making a point. Swing men rode gently somewhat farther back; others pushed in the stragglers. Quietly, efficiently, with the long skill of men who all their lives had "savvied cows," they broke the compact mass into a long-strung-out line, traveling quietly in the direction laid out by the leaders. The herd submitted itself to guidance. All went well until they reached the raw new lines of the crude branding chute, when a few of the old mossy horns began to stare and then to roll their tails as though about to break away; but trouble finally was averted.

The swing men crowded and cut the front of the herd to one side of the others. Back of them others began to circle the long procession. In a few moments two herds were made on the flat near the branding pens. In half an hour three irons of the Fishhook road brand, made by Buck, the cook, were getting cherry heat in the fire near the chute. Men pushed a thin line of animals out of the smaller bunch, heading them for the fences. Once in the wings, they were crowded into the V till a row of a dozen or twenty stood in single file back of the rising gate. Then, amid swaying that strained the rawhide lashings of the new fence, and to chorus of bawls of the creatures as the hot irons sizzled into their hides, the Fishhook began to appear above the T. L. holding and owner's brand.

"Tally one T. L. four! Two T. L. four! One T. L. yearling! One T. L. yearling! One T. L. two!" Sometimes a man would grin as he came back to the fire. "This here T. L. is the only thing I kin see on ary cow so fur!" quoth Len Hersey, top hand. "If it wasn't put on right good we kin fix it some with a runnin' iron. Keep about two straights in the fire."

"Tally one three!" came a voice. "Say, Del, this here Fishhook is the plumb catchinest road brand ary feller ever did see! Does my eyes deceive me?"

Laughter and jests, dust, noise, lowings and groanings, the clack and clatter of cattle moved into the wings, the smell of the herd blending with the odor of singed hair—all the old-time flavor of cattle work in the open—went on now, the thin wedge of tail-twisting, surly brutes pushed out of the chute gate increasing steadily. The nucleus of the Del Sol trail herd grew steadily, until finally the red sun fell below the distant screen of the live-oak groves.

"She pops!" said Del Williams.

"Shore she pops!" assented Nabours. "We'll get the boss up a herd if we have to make 'em out of red dirt, way God made old Uncle Adam!

"Hello!" he added. "There's the boss a-coming!"

Indeed, through the dust, wind-carried up the flat, there showed the white feet and front of Blancocito. Taisie Lockhart, again in her range clothing, stained and worn, her hair once more clubbed between her shoulders with a shoe string, rode up soberly, trotting close to the pens.

"How are you, Jim?" said she. "How are you all, men? Where've you been three days back?"

Jim Nabours wiped his face on the dirty kerchief he pulled around his neck.

"Where we been, Miss Taisie?" he answered. "Why, we been strolling around with our light geetars amid the cactus, a-rounding up the finest road herd ever put up in Texas."

"But, Jim, we said maybe beeves—fours or long threes! Look yonder in the chute, man! There's two fours, that's all! The rest are twos and calves!"

"I'm Noah, ma'am," said Jim Nabours gravely. "This here, now, is my ark. Don't you come horning in. Of course, ef we do got a lot of she stuff and mixed ages along of the others, how could we help it? Reckon it's cheaper to iron 'em when you got 'em, ain't it?"

"But you're ironing everything, and all in the road brand, calves and all!"

"Ma'am," said Jim Nabours solemnly, "ef we wasn't short of hands I'd shore fire my segundo, Del Williams. He's the onthoughtedest man I ever did see. Now look what he done, him being in a dream! I expect he done run our iron on a dozen or so that ain't beeves a-tall! And it won't come off in the wash! Now, how can we get it off? Miss Taisie, as the daughter of the best cowman Texas ever seen, what would you segest fer me do to with Del?"

The girl turned aside to hide a smile that made her cheek dimple.

"Well, I've got a pair of eyes," said she.

"Shore you have, Miss Taisie, and fine ones, too. I wish they was different. But any good cowman has got to have two kinds of a eye—one to tell a brand fur as he can see a critter and t'other not to see no brand that he don't want to see. Now you go on back to the house, Miss Taisie, and leave us alone, and we'll turn in up to Aberlene, ef there is ary such place, with the damnedest, evenest, finest bunch of beeves you ever seen, every one in the T. L. and Fishhook, and all of 'em yores. God bless our home!"

He flicked at the white stripe on Blancocito's hips with the end of his own bridle rein; whereat Blancocito sprang a dozen feet one side—but Taisie with him, not at all concerned.

"Don't, Jim!" she protested. "You always treat me like a child."

"Well, ain't you?" replied Jim. "Shore you'll be the richest child in Texas six months from now."

The girl reined over to where her faithful adjutant stood, led him one side. Her face was troubled.

"Jim ——" she began.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Jim, what's wrong around Del Sol? Something's wrong!"

"What is it, Miss Taisie?"

She drew yet closer.

"Someone's been around the house."

"What? What's that?"

"Someone's been in the house! I don't know just when. You know my little old trunk—I mean the Spanish-leather box with the big hinges?"

"Why, yes, ma'am. I seen it a hundred times in the front room—seen it just the other day."

"It was in the front room. It isn't there now."

"What! What you telling me, Miss Taisie?"

"It's gone! I missed it today."

"What all was in it?"

"Some things of my mother's; laces, you know, a silver comb, pictures—and some clothes. That's almost all, except a lot of old papers. There were bundles and bundles of my father's old land scrip. He was always buying it, as you know; no one could stop him. He said it would be worth something some day."

"Miss Taisie, he said right! He told me that land would be worth five dollars an acre in Texas some day; maybe even ten. He said a beef four'd bring twelve dollars here on the Texas range. He said he was going to buy land, all he could get, at five cents a acre, while he could. And he'd of got a heap more in his pasture if he'd lived. And his trunk of scrip ——"

"By my mother's grave!"—the girl rose to her full height in her stirrups, in a sudden tempest of wrath, her right hand high above her head—"I swear I'll make the drive for him—and her! I swear if I ever find the thief that came in my house I'll live for my family's revenge, and for that alone!

"Jim, they're robbing us! I know that herd! Do you think I'm blind? Don't I know cows? Yon's the leavings, the trimmings, of the Del Sol range! All right! We'll drive the leavings. My word and my life for it, I'll be only a man now till all these things are squared! Will you stand by me?"

"You ortn't to ask, Miss Taisie."

"Jim, now listen! I want every corner of the bunk house searched, every tent, every wagon, every jacal, before we start north. If we find the box we'll know what to do."

IX

AN EMPIRE in embryo lay threading out vein filaments, insentient, antenatal—Texas, not having an identity, not yet born, but soon to be a world. What a world! How rich a world!

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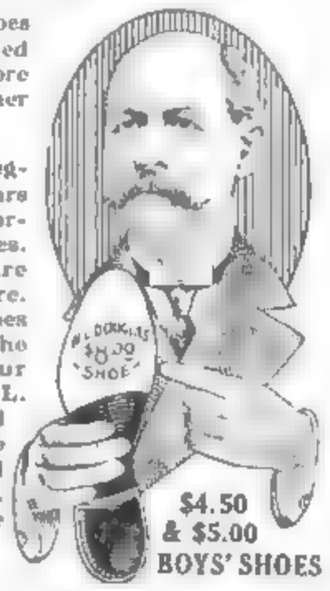

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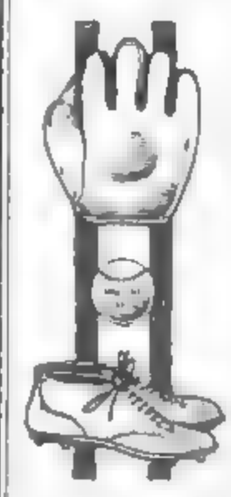

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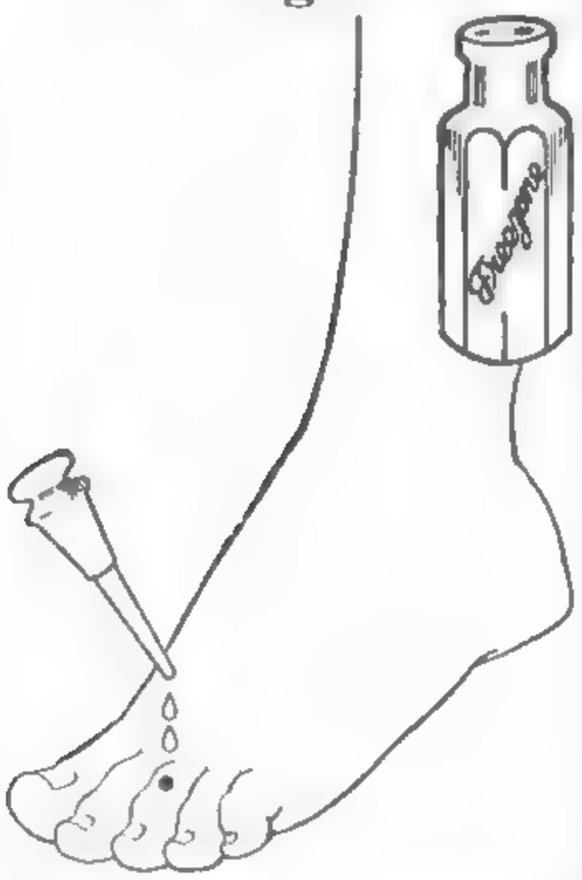

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Above, for two thousand miles, nigh a thousand miles right-angled across the needle's path, swept another unknown world, the Great West of America, marked till now only by big-game trails and pony paths and wagon tracks. The road to Oregon was by then won. The iron rails that very year bound California to the Union. But nothing bound Texas to the Union. Unknown, discredited, aloof, a measureless wilderness herself, she did not know the wilderness above her, and until now had cared nothing for it.

In this central part of the great varied state the grasses grew tall, the undergrowth along the streams was rank. The live oaks were gigantic, standing sometimes in great groves, always hung with gray Spanish moss. Among and beyond these lay vast glades, prairies, unfenced pastures for countless game and countless cows. It was a land of sunshine and of plenty.

A cool haze, almost a mist, lay before dawn on the prairie lands. Now, when morning came on the Del Sol range, a sea of wide horns moved above the tall grass. With comfortable groans the bedded herd arose one by one, in groups, by scores and hundreds, stretching backs and tails. The night riders ceased their circles, the cattle began to spread out slowly, away from the bed ground, a little eminence covered with good dry grass and free of hillocks, holes and stones, chosen by men who knew the natural preferences of kine.

A clatter of hoofs came as the young night herd—the boy Cinquo Centavos, vastly proud of his late promotion—drove up his remuda to the rope corral. A blue smoke rose where the cook pushed mesquite brands together again. It was morning on the range. Aye, and it was morning of a new, great day for unknown Texas and the unknown West that lay waiting far above her.

The two great trails—that running east and west, that running north and south—now were about to approach and to meet at a great crossroads, the greatest and most epochal crossroads the world has ever seen. Here was the vague beginning of a road soon to be bold and plain; almost as soon to be forgotten.

Slow and tousled, men and boys kicked out of the cotton quilts which had made their scant covering, each taking from under his saddle pillow the heavy gun and such hat as he had. Few had need to hunt for boots, for most had slept in them. Bearded, hard, rude, unbrushed, they made a wild group when they stumped up to the morning fire, where each squatted on one knee while using tin cup and tin plate. Cutlery was scanty, but each man had some sort of knife. Sugar there was none, but a heavy black molasses did for sweetening to the coffee, which itself largely was made of parched grain. A vessel of great red beans had been hidden in the hot ashes overnight; there was plenty of bacon aswim in the pans for spearing; and of corn pones, baked before the fire, many lay about. Of this provender Buck, the negro cook, made them all free by his call to "Come an' git it!" Of the regular chuck wagon of the well-appointed later trail outfits, of the rough but better abundance, there was no more than faint prophecy here in the rude high-wheeled Mexican cart. In truth, the Del Sol outfit was poor, bitterly poor. Here was a *noli-me-tangere* assembly of truculent men whose adventure into unknown lands bordered close upon the desperate.

Of the later accepted costume of the trail and range there was no more than indication. The hats were a dozen sorts for a dozen men. The neck scarf of each man above his collarless tow shirt was a scanty plain red bandanna, for use, not show. Spurs, saddles, bridles, boots—these things were good, for the Spanish influence lingered in Texas a generation after the "dead body of Coahuila" had been shaken off. The saddles were heavy and broad of horn, each with double cinches. The stirrups were without exception covered with heavy tapaderos. The reata at each horn was thin, of hide close braided, pliable, tough as steel. Of chaparajos, or leggings, as these men always called them, perhaps half a dozen pairs were owned by older men; the young could not afford them. Now, freed of the necessity of riding chaparral in the round-up of the herd, the leggings were cast into the cook wagon along with the ragged bed rolls. So now they stood or kneeled or squatted, coatless, collarless, unbrushed, belted and booted, without exception thin, almost without exception tall, each with his white-and-black checkered pants in his boots, his garb light, insufficient, meager. They were poor.

But of good weaponry these men of the border were covetous. The older men had each a pair of the army Colts—cap and ball, for fixed ammunition was not yet on the range. His pistol flask, his little cleaning rod, his bag of round balls, each man guarded with more care than his less weight of coin. The rifles were nondescript as the men themselves. One man had a revolving Colt rifle, a relic of the New Mexican expedition of '42. Of the new Henry rifles, repeaters, many had found their way thus far south; and of the heavy Sharpe rifles, such as were used by Berdan's sharpshooter corps in the Civil War—with the great Minié ball and its parchment cartridge and the lever breech action—half a dozen survived. Most prized by some, execrated by others, were the Spencer repeating carbines, throwing their heavy ball with at least approximate accuracy if one could guess the distance of the shot. The Yager and the Kentucky rifle, which won Texas, now had disappeared. The first trail men had yet to wait seven years before the Winchester and the Frontier Colt ushered in the general day of fixed ammunition. The first wild cavalcades of the Texas trail certainly were unstandardized.

Of the Del Sol men, all alike were silent now. Jim Nabours, a long leg bent up, knelt over his plate on the ground. Del Williams, bearded, young, comely, sat on a cart tongue. Sanchez, old and gray, was under the cart itself. Cinquo Centavos, name and family unknown, called Sinker by his fellows, slim, eager, boyish, stood as he ate, shivering in his cottons. A reticent, ragged, grim, unprepossessing band they made, ill matched and wild as the diverse cattle which now began to edge out from their bed ground.

Nabours, shutting his jackknife and putting it in his pocket, paused as he saw a man ride out from the cover of the mesquite. He knew him—McMasters, who had not been seen since the affair of the Rudabaugh herd cutters.

"Huh! There's Gonzales at last! He's powerful searchy about his work."

McMasters came in, the last at the fire, and was hardly welcomed. About him hung still the indefinable difference that set him apart from these whose lives were spent in the saddle, and this now had grown intensified. He was dressed as they were, but his garments fitted better, he was neater, trimmer. His eye, gray and narrow, was calm, his tongue silent as ever. A slow ease, deliberate, unhurrying, unwasting, marked his movements. Still he seemed with them, not of them, and they held their peace of him.

"I ask your pardon," said he at length to Nabours, "but you see, I'm a cow hand and a sheriff both. I had a little business overnight. I'm ready to make a hand now if I can."

"Well, we're ready to pull out," replied the foreman. "Del, didn't Sanchez tell you the two carts was ready?"

"*Si, señor,*" nodded his segundo.

"Old Milly went to bed in hern last night, to get a good start, she said," volunteered Len Hersey. "She taken her old Long Tom musket to bed with her. You see, enduring the war, Milly's husband, Tom, he done jine a Yankee nigger regiment and never did come back home a-tall. That's how come Milly to go north—she's lookin' fer Tom. 'Ef Ah ever kotch sight'n dat nigger,' says she, 'Ah sho gwine blow out his lights fer him.'"

"Well, don't let Milly talk war too much, so's to spoil her cooking for the boss," said Nabours. "They'll make a separate camp. Put Anita on Miss Taisie's cart, for when she gets tired of the saddle Milly can ride in the cook cart."

"Is Miss Lockhart really going?" asked Dan McMasters suddenly.

"She shore is going. I told her to pull out late in the morning from the big house and follow our trail. Lord help the girl! There ain't no woman belongs on a fool trip like this here one.

"Move 'em out, boys," said he at length, quietly. "Mr. McMasters, I want you on point, with Del Williams."

And so, unemotionally, there began one of the wildest and strangest journeys ever made in any land.

Under the ancient art of handling cattle, known to each of these men, the herd began

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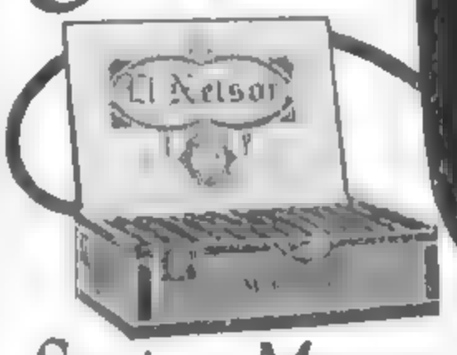

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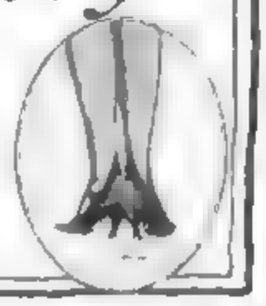

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slowly to move. McMasters and Del Williams, a couple of hundred yards apart, gently threaded out the farther edge of the loosely grazing cattle, along whose flanks a dozen hands sat loose in saddle, ready to take their appointed places on swing and drag. A few old steers, rangy, tall, wild, sunburned, trotted out ahead—the natural vanguard, pacemaking, electing itself then and there, and holding place for a thousand miles. The point almost formed itself, as should be; for the art of trailing cattle was to use their instincts, not to alter them; to follow them and not to crowd them; to let them feed and travel, and never to take a back track on the road.

Gently, intoning a comforting bar or so now and then, the swing men spread and gently pushed additional numbers back of the front wedge. The column began to form, to stretch, loose, indefinite, not close packed, stopping, hurrying, turning to look back, lowing, no set purpose having yet been developed in the vast band. A pair of swing men, no more, must serve to control each three or four hundred head of cattle on the march.

The rangy vanguard were kept moving out, heading north, still on their own native range. Soon they struck a steady walk, in which they were encouraged.

"Roll along, little doggies! Roll along, roll along!" chanted Len Hersey, on the head swing, as the great motley herd got form.

Far at the back came the unhappy drivers of the drag—the old, the maimed, the halt and the blind, steers bowed down with weight of woe. Here were gaunt cows heavy with young, calves newborn trotting with their dams, all in a vast pastoral hegira.

Young Cinquo Centavos, hustling his caballada together, wailed in a high thin treble, "'Neeter, 'Neeter, Wah-a-hah-neeter, ast thy-y-y so-o-oul ef we mus' part!"

Came shuffling of hoofs, crack and creak of joints, rattling of wide horns not yet shaken down into good spacing in the march. At times the great remuda, a hundred and fifty head of saddle stock, would thunder off in a brief side break, and Cinquo must cease in his appeal to Juanita. Forsooth, to his young soul Juanita was a tall maid, of red hair that curled up only at the ends.

In less than an hour after they first moved, the lone herd of Del Sol was made and trailed. Sinuous among the tall grasses, it rolled out and on, northbound. It made a vast historic picture, in a vast forgotten day; a day when a new world was made and peopled overnight.

Jim Nabours rode ahead of the herd as general guide and forelooper. From his place, a half mile in advance, he turned back in his saddle, looking at the long cloud of dust, the rolling sea of backs, the pale swing of wide horns above. His fierce soul exulted at the sight. He shut his teeth, his eyes gleaming, as he faced north and settled down into a plodding walk.

Ten in the morning, and the last of Del Sol's drag, little calves and all, misfits, ignorant mistakes and all, had rabbled off and away, sore under the fly-bitten road brand fresh on every hide. The dust cloud was hours old at the upper edge of the flat, when at the opposite edge, on the rim that divided the flat and the big house of Del Sol, another and lesser dust cloud appeared over the broken turf.

It was made by two rude two-wheeled carts, each drawn by a double span of oxen. The roughly spoked wheels, stiffened by slats lashed on with rawhide thongs, emitted shrieking protest at each revolution on the axle. Each carreta had a tilt of canvas stretched above its rough bows, and each had certain cargo. On the front seat of the first vehicle sat old Anita, brown and gray and wrinkled. The rear cart was handled by a vast negro woman with a long musket at her side—Milly, as usual, grumbling to herself.

These two women, old beyond love and life, doggedly loyal, passionately affectionate, made the bodyguard of Anastasie Lockhart, educated and dead broke orphan, setting out into the world at twenty-two on one of the most impossible adventures any woman ever knew.

Just now Anastasie Lockhart, trousered, booted, gloved and hatted like some slim, curiously eye-arresting young man, rode alone on her crossbar, Blancocito. Her mass of heavy hair was down her back, burned tawnier beyond the shade of the sombrero. Her eye moody, she gazed on ahead at the procession that held every friend she had on earth and every dollar that she owned.

She dropped back and rode alongside the leading cart.

"Anita," she said, "if I only had my stolen trunk I'd not be leaving a single thing on earth behind me!"

Anita vouchsafed nothing for a time. She understood English.

"Tronk?" said she presently. "What-a tronk, Señorita?"

"The one that was stolen from my parlor—you know very well what one."

"That-a tronk? He is not stole. He's back. I setta on him now."

"What? What's that, Anita?"

"*Si, seguro.* I gotta heem under seat, serape on top. Sanchez, my man, he bring. Las' night he got heem back."

"The lost trunk? Where? Where did he find it?"

"Sanchez, he look in waggone, he look in corral. In one waggone, come from Gonzales, he find-a thees-a tronk. Sanchez, he take-a heem and put-a heem in here. You like-a heem, dose tronk?"

The hand of Anastasie Lockhart fell lax at her saddle horn.

"Anita, tell me, was it in his wagon—Mr. McMasters', the Gonzales wagon that went back yesterday? Was it in the wagon of Señor McMasters, the sheriff of Gonzales?"

"*Oh, si!*"

"Ah!" A long sighing breath.

"*Vamenos!*" exclaimed Anastasie Lockhart after a long time. She looked straight forward, not turning, as one who left a used-out world behind.

x

"WE GOT 'em going!" called Jim Nabours, riding back to his men. "Keep 'em moving! Push 'em hard for the first day, so's they'll be tired and sleep good. Look at them long shanks walk! I'll bet that old dun coaster that's done elect hisself head leader has got horns six feet acrost, and ef he's ten year old he's a hunderd. Well, anyhow, he's on his way north. *Andelay*, old Alamo!"

"He knows about as much where he's going as we do," said Del Williams, whom he had addressed.

"Shore he does, and more. I come from Uvalde, where it's plumb wild. I was raised on squirrel and corn pone, and all the learning I got was out of the little old blue-back speller. But my pap done told me that since Texas taken most of the earth away from Mayheeco, Uncle Sam, he's had about six government surveys made, a-trying and a-trying to find whereat is the one hundredth meridian, and likewise how far north is 36-30, so's they can tell where Texas stops at. They can't, not one of them people, agree even with hisself where either of them places is at. Them surveyors don't know no more'n that claybank steer. Trail? There ain't no trail. We're lost from the first jump, unless'n that steer knows. There wasn't never no Chisholm Trail nowheres, and I can whip ary man says there was. I didn't read of no such thing in the blue-back speller. But I allow, give me a good North Star and a dun steer, I kin find Aberlene ef there is ary such place."

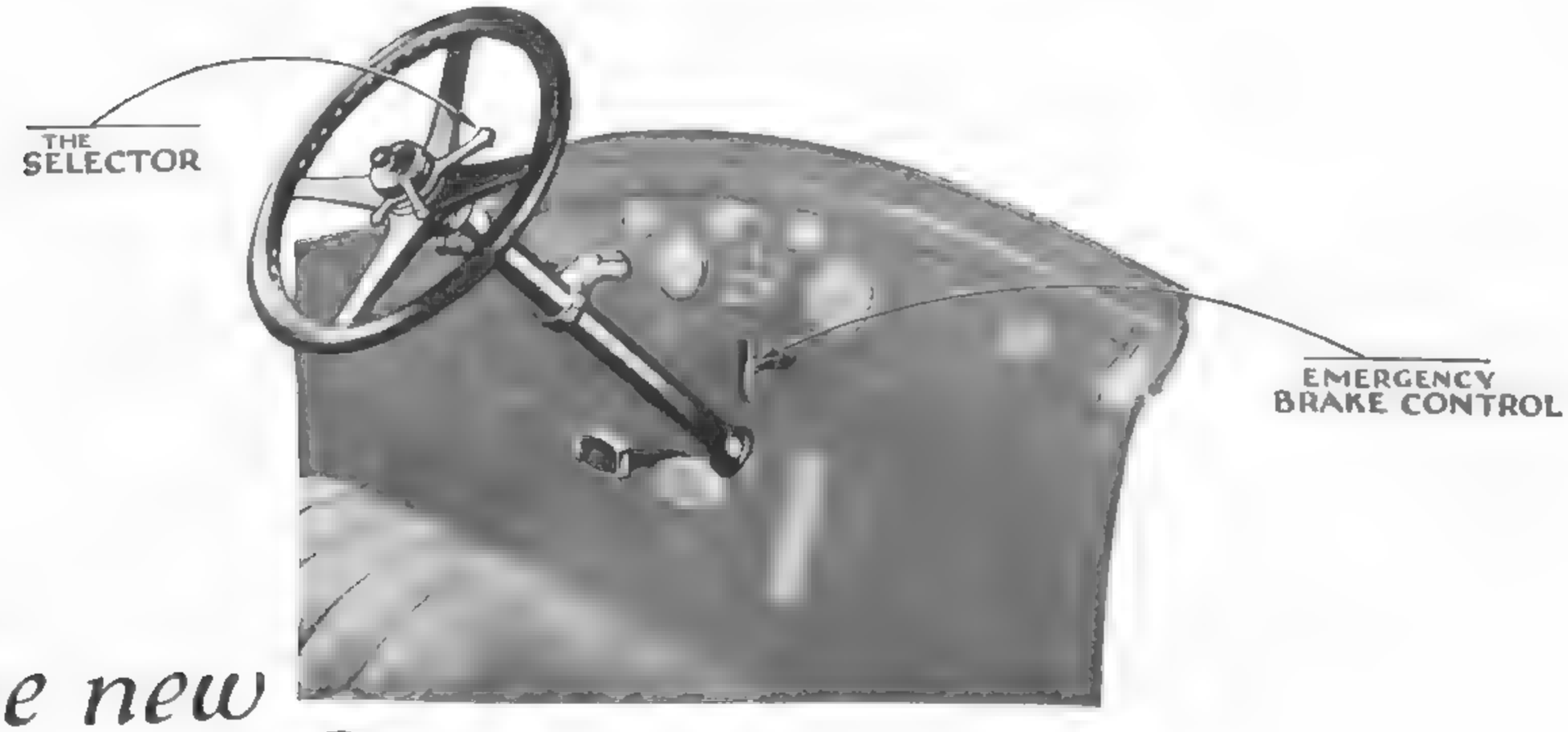
"Oh, we'll find a trail," replied the younger man. "I'm telling you, there is a trace called the Chisholm Trail north of the Red River. You can get to Baxter Springs that way, or to Little Rock, and I reckon to Wichita; and Aberlene's north of Wichita somewheres. There's grass and water all the way through."

"All trails is alike to a cowman," assented Nabours. "My pap said all trails was begun by horse thiefs. My pap come west into Texas from Lousianny. He come over the Trammel Trace, from the prairies west.

"Injuns made that, but it didn't get nowheres. Injuns, horse thiefs, whisky peddlers—I reckon that's about how the cow trails started. What they call the Chisholm Trail runs up to the Arbuckle Mountains. That's where we'll hit the reservation Indians. They'll all want beef—and whisky.

"There's a road up from Santone to San Marcos and Austin, so I reckon we'll head up Plum Creek and strike in north over Cedar and Onion. Ef there is a trail we'll find it. Ef there ain't we'll make one. Foller that dun steer—he knows where Aberlene is at."

(Continued on Page 192)



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(Continued from Page 190)

Wheeling and riding far at one side of the scattered herd, the foreman rode to the rear, where the cows and calves were straggling on. His drag on that side met him—Sid Collins, flap-hatted, tobacco-stained.

"Corporal," said he, "we got more cows now'n what we had at breakfast. They'd ought to be riding mostly on a rawhide under the cook wagon, but that nigger says if we put ary 'nother calf in his cart he's gwine fer to quit right now. Milly's so big she fill up the hull carreter; and besides, old Sanchez and Aniter has got it plumb full of chickens."

"Calfs, huh? Well, now, that somehow hadn't seem to come to my mind none, about calfs. How many new ones you got?"

"Six. Not big enough to brand, but big enough to bawl. An' we got six cows on the prod, follerin' the cook cart, so's the cook he's afraid to git offen the seat. Ef this here now keep up, we'll have half the herd in the cook cart and the other half follerin', lookin' for war. I most hatter shoot one cow right now. We got to hold the remuda way back. Miss Taisie's behind that, even, with the other cart."

"Tell Miss Taisie to ride front, where she belongs on her own cows, son."

"I segest that, but she won't," said the troubled cow hand.

"Does she know who's riding point?"

"Shore! I told her."

"And she wouldn't come?"

"No."

Nabours shut his lips grimly; then, as usual when in trouble, broke out into song: "Oh, granny, will yore dog bite, dog bite, dog bite? Granny, will yore dog bite, dog bite me?"

"Leave me shoot all them calfs, Mr. Nabours," urged Sid Collins. "They kain't walk, an' they ain't wuth a damn. Then the cows'd behave."

"It's what we shore orto do," agreed Nabours. "They hold up the herd. But we need every critter we got. Maybe we'll find somebody to trade 'em to fer something."

"Why don't we cut back all the she stuff an' on'y drive steers, Mr. Jim?"

"Because ef we left a cow or a calf on Del Sol this spring, by fall neither'd be on our range. As well us clean it and let it take a chance as have thieves do it for us. No, ef our calfs die, I'm going to die 'em as fur north as I can. Yes, and ef ary one of 'em dies I'm going to run the T. L. iron on him after he dies—and, yes, the Fishhook road brand over that—so's 't the buzzards'll know whose stock they're a-eating of! My good Lord! . . . Oh, granny, will yore dog bite, dog bite ——"

He rode on back, through the thinning dust. The two carts were still a mile behind. He could see the white-band horse ridden by the mistress of Del Sol.

There were sixteen men on the T. L. herd. Sixteen loved Taisie Lockhart in sixteen ways, save for the one element of fiercely reverent loyalty. This grizzled old foreman loved her as his child. His brows narrowed, his grim mouth shut tight under the graying beard as he approached the slender figure which came on, facing her great road into the unknown.

"Push on up, Miss Taisie," called Nabours. "Yore place is at the head. We'll see nothing hurts ye."

"I don't want to ride front," replied the girl. "You've got men enough there. Who's riding point besides Del?"

"Mr. Dan McMasters is on left point, Miss Lockhart," said Jim Nabours quietly.

"Oh!"

"Well, he's been over the road north, anyways—the onliest one of us has. He's a cowman. So fur, I taken him fer a square man. Not that I care a damn fer a hand's morerls. He may be a horse thief, but jest so he don't steal from us I don't care."

"Suppose a hand did steal from us."

"I never did hear of no such thing!"

"Jim, listen! I've found my trunk."

"No! Where at?"

"Sanchez found it in the—well, the McMasters wagon that went back to Gonzales this morning. We've got it in our cart now."

Nabours looked far out over the gray and green of the landscape a long time before he ventured speech. His face then was sad.

"I've knowed men shot for less," said he at length. "But are you sure? Do you know who done it?"

"I haven't seen anything. I only know what Sanchez says. None of my men stole the trunk. It meant nothing to them. The land scrip in it might some day mean a fortune to a man who did know about such things; and he did know it was there; and he did say that there'd be a boom in land and cows in Texas in less than ten years, maybe five.

"Well, we Lockharts always did open our doors. We thought the world was honest! It's hard for me to doubt—to doubt—him."

Downcast, she rode on. It was long before Nabours made comment.

"Miss Taisie," said he at last, "there can't no man rob you and get away with it. Us men won't have it. After supper I'll be back at yore camp. I'll have with me my left-point man. I'll have besides my segundo and Sanchez and six of the best hands of Del Sol."

"What do you mean to do, Jim?"

"Mean to do? You ast that, and you a cowman, and daughter of one? I mean to hold a court, that's what I mean to do. What us fellers decides is right is what'll happen. It'll happen soon."

"But, Jim"—the girl was suddenly pale—"we'd have to take any—any suspected man to Austin. And he's a sheriff himself!"

"Austin be damned, ma'am! Likewise, sher'f be damned! Del Sol runs her own laws. That man's father and yores was friends—until the war. Then they wasn't so much, maybe.

"Calvin McMasters was a Yankee sympathizer. We don't know it wasn't him that killed yore father. But there can't no man rob Burleson Lockhart's girl and get by with it!

"We'll try him fair," he added. "I'd never of believed it. This shore does hurt."

"It hurts, Jim. He was our visitor. Did he eat—with you boys?"

"He shore et. We taken him in. He done broke the one law of this country."

XI

THE sun swung low. Nabours rode back, addressing his point men impersonally. "We bed on the slope, yon. Let 'em water full."

As the cattle quenched their thirst, the men quietly pressed them to the left of the route, urging them one side, blocking further progress. The half-wild cattle seemed to know that here, on high, smooth ground, breeze swept and dry, with good mattress not only of new but old grass, they could get a good night's lodging. They grazed, slowed down, and the men held them till they should bed down for sleep. Over four thousand cattle, of all ages—too large and too mixed a body for good trailing—now were by way of forming good trail habits.

But Nabours left the herd and spoke a time with Del Williams, five other men of his oldest. Together they rode to where Dan McMasters sat his horse, idly watching the cattle in the cool of evening. They rode so silently, so grimly, that a shadow of menace must have lain before them. Without a word the tall, slender figure whirled his horse to front them. Like a rattler, he always was on guard. His elbows nearly level with his hips, his two hands touched his guns.

"Yes, gentlemen?" McMasters spoke quietly.

"Better drop the guns," said Nabours, also unagitated. "There's six of us."

"There's twelve of me," said Dan McMasters evenly. "You wanted me?"

"Yes. Drop yore guns on the ground."

"Don't any of you make a move," was the other's reply to this. "I don't know what you mean."

Both guns were out.

"We came to arrest you, for trial, tonight, now. That's my duty."

"Nabours," said McMasters, slowly, at last, "I ought to kill you for that. But I've got to have this clear."

"Give up your guns and stand fair trial. We'll make it clear."

"No man lives who shall touch my guns. But who brings charge against Dan McMasters, sheriff and ranger and deputy marshal of the United States? What sort of mean joke is this?"

"It's Miss Taisie Lockhart brings the charge," said Nabours.

The young man flinched as though struck.

"What charge?"

"Theft; stealing from a friend; stealing from folks that has fed you."

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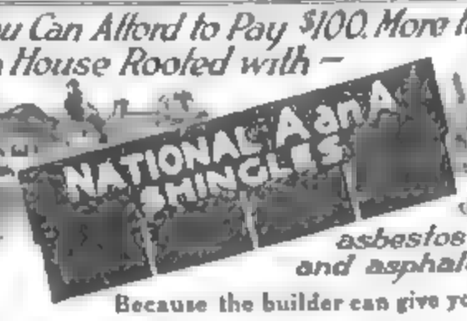

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Slowly the black muzzles drooped. With a movement as deliberate as their withdrawal had been swift, McMasters thrust both guns into their scabbards, unbuckled his belt and hung it over his saddle horn.

"Has she sent for me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'll come." McMasters spoke as though with difficulty.

Nabours pointed to a little fire whose smoke arose at the edge of a clump of cover a quarter of a mile away; a small tent, two white-topped carts making an individual encampment, apart from the trail cook's mess.

Without a word the accused man, his head slightly dropped forward, rode toward the fire, both hands on the pommel of his saddle and looking neither to the right nor to the left.

Anastasie Lockhart came from her little tent at the call of Nabours. Her hands suddenly were clasped at her throat as she saw the tall figure among these other stern-faced men. It was too late for her now to reason, to withdraw her charge.

"We brung in the man," announced Nabours. "You are the judge. We'll hear what he has to say."

A strange, inscrutable quality was one of the singular characteristics of Dan McMasters. His face was a coldly serene mask now as he stood beside his horse, looking straight at the tall girl who stood, woman in spite of her man's garb, her men's surroundings. If any emotion could be traced on his face it was a shade of pity, of great patience. Concern for his personal safety seemed not to be in his mind. This indifference to danger, this calm did not lack effect.

The men who guarded him suddenly wished they were well out of it.

"I a judge? No! I've nothing to say." Taisie choked.

"Yes, you have had something to say, and you done said it to me," rejoined Nabours. "You started something and you got to go through with it. Set down there on that bed roll. You got to tell us all what you told me. As owner of this herd, you're the main judge. There can't nobody shirk no right and no duty here.

"Set down here, prisoner. It seems to me you'd orto give up your weapons to the court."

"I'll give Miss Lockhart anything on earth but my guns," said McMasters evenly. "No one touches them but me."

"I reckon no man here is scared to do what he's got to do," remarked Nabours simply.

McMasters made no reply. He never had a hand far from his revolvers. He seated himself now so that he could face all his accusers, flat on the ground. His buckled pistol belt lay over one leg. An exact observer must have noted that the toe of one boot rested inside the farther end of the buckled belt, so that proper resistance would be offered in case their owner should snatch at the butts of the heavy guns, both of which were turned ready for convenient grasp.

So he sat, facing his jury, facing his Portia—facing what was a far worse thing than death itself to any man of honor.

They were a jury of his peers, as nearly as might be, though he had had no hand in their selection. Had he known all the histories of these men he might have challenged for cause Del Williams, trail segundo, who rode right point. He had heard a man or two pass a rude joke or so, although he did not know that as Del Sol ranch hand Del Williams, ten years her senior, had known Burleson Lockhart's daughter from her infancy. The way of Del Williams' love was silence and reverence. But Del Williams was of some chivalric strain. That now was to be proved. That his most dangerous rival was this prisoner he knew perfectly well by the primal instincts of man, and now came a certain test.

"Del," began Nabours, turning to his lieutenant as next in authority, "tell us what you know about this man since he come to our house."

"I don't know anything at all," answered Williams slowly. "Ef I did I wouldn't tell it."

His thin, brown-bearded face was set in quiet resolution. Talebearer he would not be. His fellows looked at him stolidly.

"Ma'am," went on the prosecutor, "you told me yore trunk was stole out of yore parlor. It had papers in it—land scrip, God knows how many sections."

"Yes, I missed the trunk." Taisie was very pale, her voice a whisper.

"Mr. Dan McMasters, did you ever see that trunk? I hate to ask you."

"Oh, yes; I did."

"What was in it?"

"I don't know. It was open, close to me, where I sat in the parlor. I saw some lace, some women's gloves, or mitts. I didn't look again."

"Did you see it after that?"

"Yes."

"Where was it?"

"Near the gate—outside the gate, in the edge of the brush. I thought it odd it should be there. I was sure I'd seen it up at the house, the only time I was in the house. You were there."

"Shore I was! She said all her father's land scrip was in that box; we all said it'd be worth money some day to any cowman. You heard it. You knowed where the trunk was and what was in it."

"Yes; so did you."

"Then why did you put it in your wagon that was going back to Gonzales?"

"I did not. That is either a mistake or a lie."

"But it was there. Sanchez found it there. He taken it and put it in Anita's carreta. It's there now. We declare that to you. It was missing from the house. It was found in yore wagon. Yore wagon was going back home. That was right where some men was laying up in the brush when you left. You didn't let me foller them. You didn't show up when them same men—we proved by the split-hoof track—was trying to cut our herd. Only the Rangers saved that. Ef you're a Ranger, why wasn't you there?"

"I'll not have any man ask me such questions."

"Don't tell us what you'll have or won't have. You'll have what we give you, no more, no less. Explain how come that trunk in your wagon. Not a man on Del Sol except you and me knowed what was in it or where it was. Now who done put it in yore wagon? It looked right easy to sneak that south while we was going north, huh? And it with half a million acres in it."

"How come him to bring ary wagon up here anyhow?" demanded Cal Taney, a top rider on Del Sol.

"I wouldn't ast him that," said Del Williams quietly.

"But I do!" retorted Nabours.

"Well, I had some supplies, you know," answered McMasters. "A wagon goes better than a cart. You said you didn't want my wagon."

"A wagon carries trunks or boxes better."

"Yes."

"Shore! Was you planning fer a load both ways—what you'd kerry in a wagon from Del Sol?"

"You may guess," said McMasters, suddenly dull red. "Most of you have guessed."

"We have!" asserted Nabours. "Miss Taisie, ma'am"—he turned to the white-faced girl—"this here is hard for you. Del won't talk and won't vote. The rest of us thinks the trunk and wagon is not explained. Am I right, men?"

Four men nodded. Del Williams, gentleman in rags, sat staring straight ahead. The gray eyes of Dan McMasters were fixed on the pale face of the woman whom now he knew he had loved since first he saw her, would always love. What price?

"We're the jury, ma'am," said Nabours. "You're the judge. It looks to us like all along the McMasterses was Yankee sympathizers. It looks like this man, after all, was standing in with his own kind of politics at Austin. That explains a lot of things that's been going on. Rangers? Arrest them folks? Huh! I'll bet they won't stay in jail two days! You'll have to say sentence on this man we-all thought was square, thought was our friend, a

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square Texan and a good man. What shall it be?"

Taisie Lockhart, Portia, spoke not of the quality of mercy. Instead, she bowed her head in her hands and wept without reserve. That act utterly changed the whole complexion of the trial.

Dan McMasters threw up a hand—his left hand. An instant later he was on his feet, but his attitude had no hostility.

"Wait, men!" he commanded. "Don't move, any of you! I'll pronounce sentence on myself!

"Or course I don't recognize any trial or any court here I came myself. But some men do fool things. You'd like enough say death or banishment. All right! Let it be banishment! You haven't proved more than a suspicion. I'll accept banishment and leave the herd quietly now—not taking anything but what I have now, here"

His face hardened into gray marble.

"If Miss Lockhart has had one suspicion in her mind that I—that I'd—well, touch anything of hers, or of any other human being's, then it's plain enough I don't belong here. I can't square that for her. She can never square that with me.

"I'm going now!"

There was no hand or voice raised at this. Turning his back on them for the first time, McMasters swung his belt to place, buckled it, caught his saddle horn and was mounted and away, not looking back. He rode gently, easily, straight. They knew no more of him now than they had before.

"Del! Del, call him back!" broke out Taisie Lockhart. But Del Williams shook his head. "I wish I could, Miss Taisie," said he simply. "I don't reckon any of us could now."

"It had to be," said Nabours after a time. "I'll pay him back after we sell our herd. Del Sol can't have no obligations to him now. But he's one of the mysteriousest men ever crossed this range. He's cold, that man. He needs watching."

"Pay him back? What do you mean, Jim?" Taisie was still in open tears. But she got no reply from her foreman.

"He's a killer, Jim," broke in Cal Taney. "We know his ree-cord. He's done killed five or six men a'ready, young as he is four since he was sher'f, and not countin' Mexicans. He's bad, that feller."

"He never killed no man as sher'f that didn't resist comin' along," ventured Del Williams. "Them two other men—one was coming at him with a ax, on the buffalo range, and t'other had a even break on the street o' Uvalde. But no man has a chance with him on a even break."

"He's cold," reiterated Nabours, hesitant. But he suddenly was agonized over the discharge of what he had held duty to his owner—the hardest duty he had ever known.

"Good thing fer us he was cold," said Del Williams. "He'd never have went out alone if things had popped loose. He kep' his mind and his hand to hisself. Why?"

But he knew why.

Taisie Lockhart, alone in her encampment except for her serving women, threw herself face down on her blankets. A black and ominous world surrounded her. She knew that yonder man, riding away into the twilight, never would come back to her.

"Get your night horses staked, men," ordered Nabours gruffly, after the return to the encampment.

Against a wagon wheel old Sanchez dreamily thrummed a guitar. Sitting on his bed roll, a little apart in the dusk, Cinquo Centavos, for the time off remuda watch, engaged in song. His face was turned toward a certain star, above a certain remote camp fire, a quarter of a mile away. He thought his voice might carry so far. He was fourteen, and very, very much in love. His voice quavered and roared and broke:

"'Neeter, Wah-hah-ha-neeter, ast thy a-o-oul ef we-e-e mus' pa-a-art'"

"Damn you, kid, shut up!" called the voice of the foreman. "We got troubles enough."

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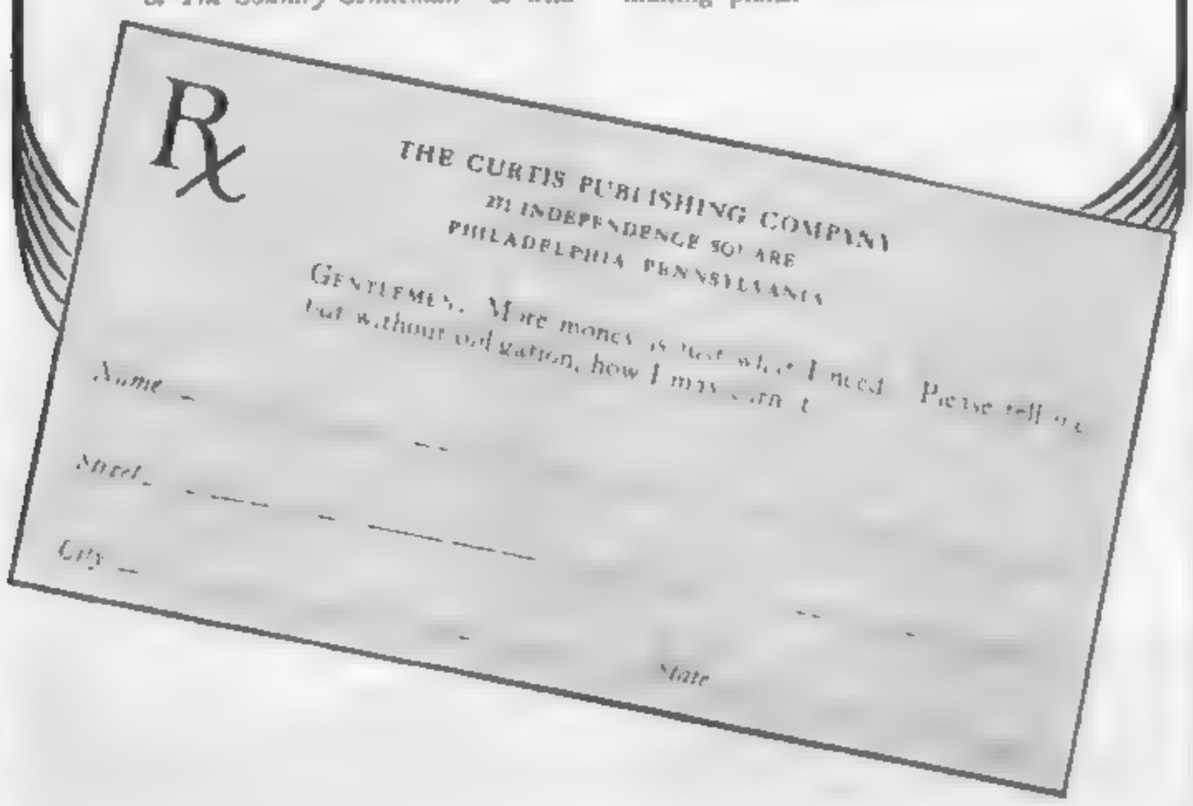

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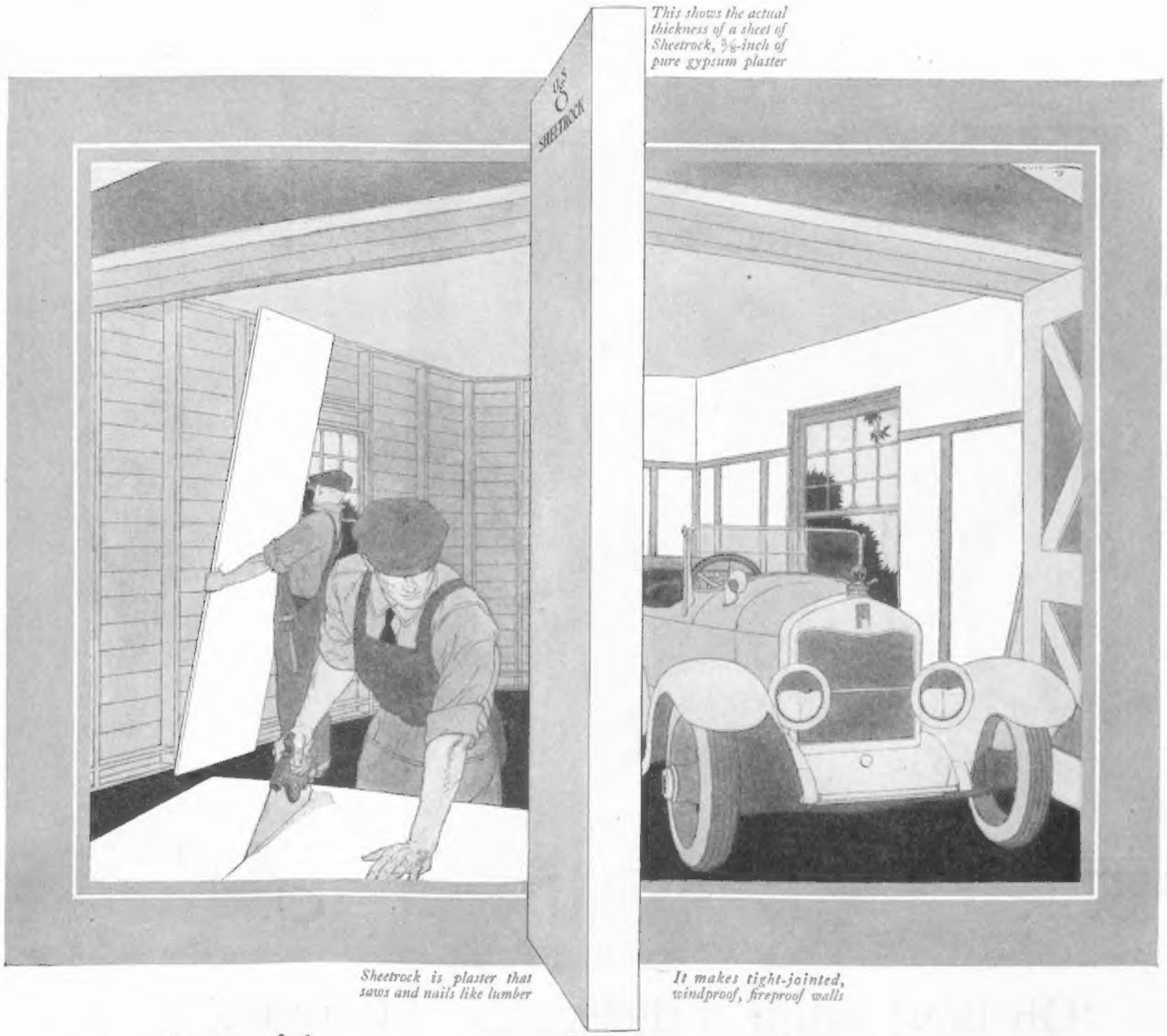

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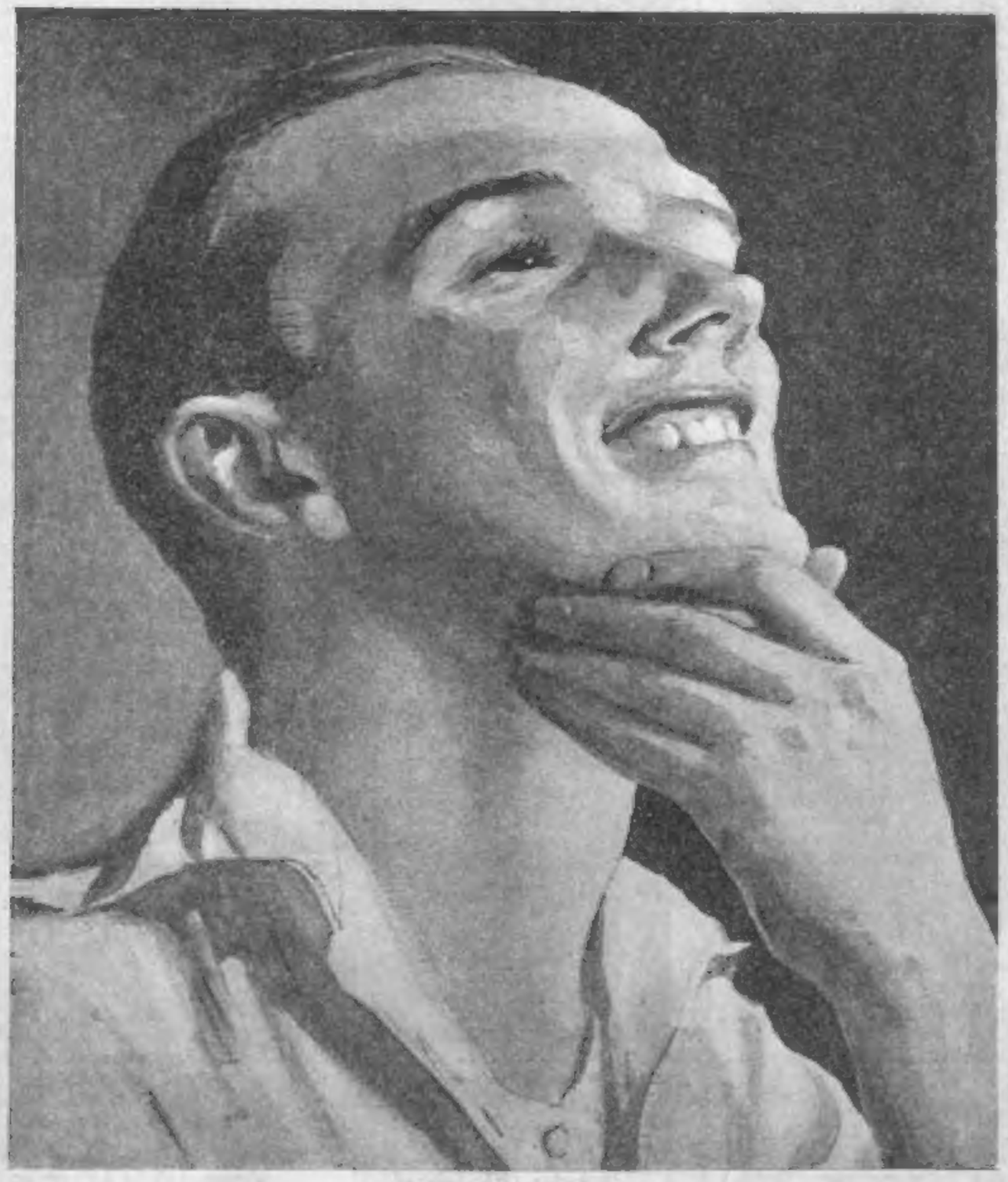

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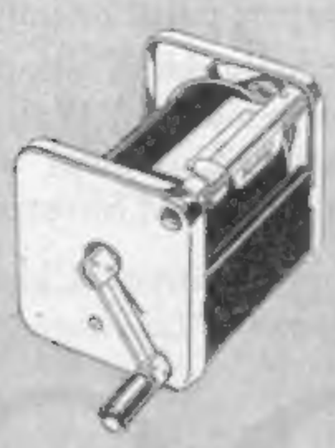

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